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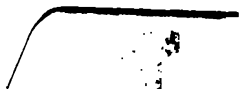
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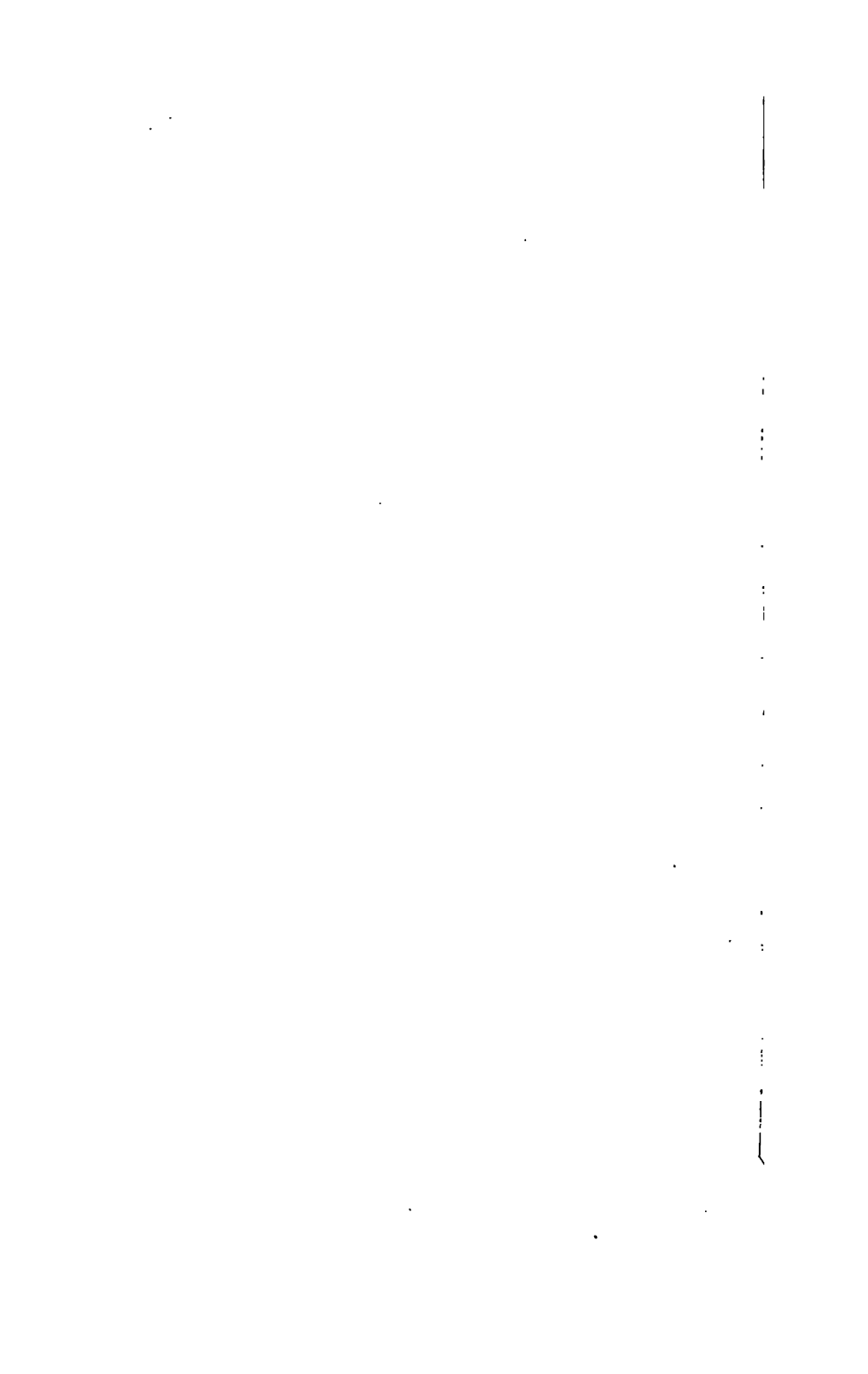
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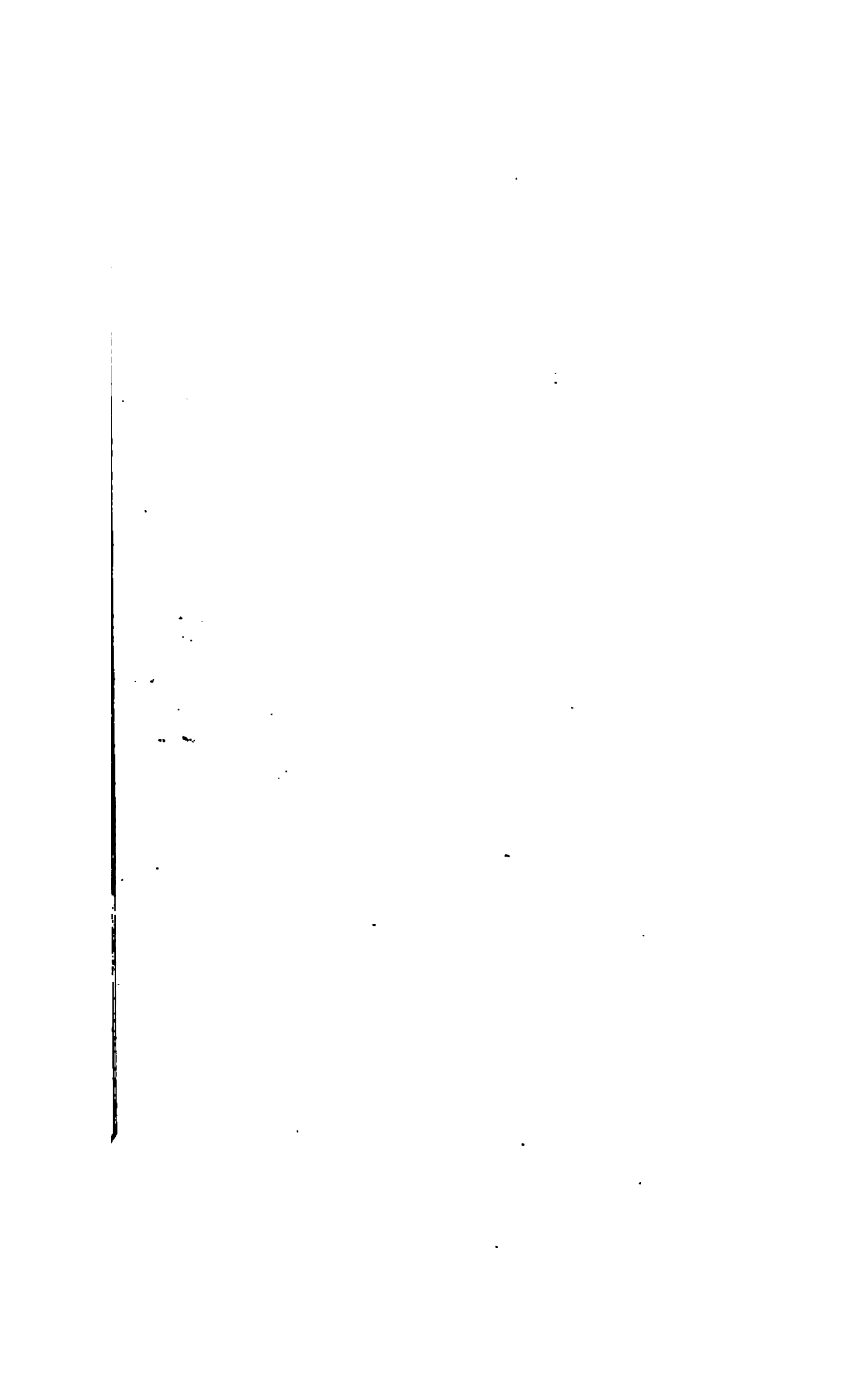






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THE  
ELEMENTARY  
ELOCUTIONIST:

*2d. ed.*

A SELECTION OF PIECES

IN

Prose and Verse,

TO EXEMPLIFY

THE ART OF READING;

Accompanied with

EXERCISES AND NOTES,

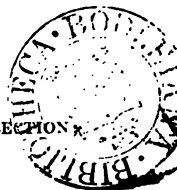
And preceded by

AN INTRODUCTION,

CONTAINING A NEW VIEW OF THE CAUSE OF INFLECTION.

From which Mr. Walker's System of Rules

IS SHOWN TO BE ERRONEOUS.



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By JOHN WHITE, A.M.

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, GRAMMAR, ETC. ABERDEEN.

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TO  
FRANCIS JEFFREY, Esq.



SIR,

*I BEG leave to dedicate this Compilation to you. For the satisfaction of the inquisitive, I say that, respect for your character and opinions, the instruction and pleasure which I have derived from your Works, your attention to Education in general, and to Elocution in particular, your desire to give every literary subject a candid hearing, are the motives which have urged me to trespass upon your attention. Had it been a work of much greater importance than it really can pretend to be, I should in so far have derived an additional pleasure in subscribing myself,*

SIR,

*With much respect,*

*Your most obedient Servant,*

*J. W.*

## THE

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## Preface.

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WHEN we began to think for ourselves on Elocution, we found Mr. Walker's rules not only unsatisfactory, but obviously contradictory. The longer we investigated, the more were we convinced of the truth of this opinion. We, therefore, abandoned them completely, but not without remembering that he stood alone in Elocution, and that his system of rules has been promulgated, so far as we know, by every teacher in the empire. This, however, did not appear to us a powerful, or an unanswerable argument. Our view of the subject, briefly stated in the Introduction, is the only motive that has induced us to publish the appended Collection. We leave the Introduction to speak for itself. But if the view which we have there given, is not founded on Nature, let it be given to the wind. It has no right to rear its head, and arrogate to itself the importance, in which its singularity appears even at first sight to envelope it, unless Nature and Truth step forward to advocate its cause. While expressing these sentiments, we



need not add, that we ourselves have not the shadow of a doubt as to the truth of the system which we have endeavoured to explain. But to please those who disguise their vanity under diffident terms, *we hope*, were it for nothing but the sake of abridging the labour of the student; that our view is built upon the rock of Nature, against which, all intellectual tempests however appalling, all the sneers, and the opprobrious epithets which envy or malice can devise, however galling, will beat for ever in vain. In fine, we hope that no unfortunate circumstances will prevent us from early exhibiting the subject in a more enlarged and favourable state.

As to the extracts, it becomes us to say, that we have endeavoured to make them bear as much as possible upon the present state of society and literature—to meet, and keep pace with the exigencies of the times—a circumstance, in our opinion, of the highest importance to the rising generation. We are yet sorry that the duties of our profession have prevented us from doing this to our own satisfaction. The questions and exercises occasionally introduced at the end of the exercises, while an original, is, we think, a very important feature of the work; inasmuch as it promises to rivet the attention of the pupil to the consideration of the subject—without which, nothing truly valuable can ever be achieved. The notes and observations, not decidedly elocutionary, have the same end in view—that of arresting the mind of the

pupil, and leading him to notice the beauties of his own language; which, unfortunately, is so much, and so generally neglected, by the remains of a monkish and selfish system, which, we heartily trust, the present dawn of literature will very speedily and for ever chase away. We have to remind those persons who may imagine that any of our observations, in favour of any authors dead or living, were designed to gratify some base or sinister motive, that they and their suspected motive are, in our estimation, equally despicable.

Teachers, who may think proper to use the work in their higher classes of common reading, have only to pass over the exercises.

In hastening to the conclusion of the preface, we entreat all to notice the importance of the subject. When we say that there is no person or station which it cannot adorn, we assert, that we neither exaggerate on the one hand, nor diminish on the other. Need we remind any, that ideas the grandest, and the most sublime, clothed in language equally grand and captivating, are completely at the mercy of utterance?—remind any of the local and limited nature, of the utter insubility of all written language to express the various tones, emotions, and states of the mind?—remind those intellectual beings and fair forms, tinged with the mania of wielding gracefully their superior or inferior extremities—priding themselves on their dexterous and elegant *chassez* and *pirouette*, that it is a thousand times more be-

coming the rational creature to learn to wield, with grace and grandeur, the organs of speech?—tell the student, who has not carefully attended to this department of knowledge, that, whatever stores of Latin, or Grecian, or other lore, he may have hoarded up for his thousand exigencies, *he* has left undone one half of his duty?—and consequently suggesting that, if there is any responsibility attached to the medical practitioner, there is a tenfold responsibility entailed upon the head of the Pulpit Orator. There can be no excuse on the ground of the want of the instructor, as Nature, who distributes her favours with no mean or niggardly hand, is incessantly lifting up her voice—to whom alone we appeal for proof of our observations. Through the child, she becomes his instructor, and may teach him to avoid those rocks and quicksands, which have proved fatal to many public speakers, in despite of all their superior knowledge, and all their splendid and boasted classical attainments. He may, if he is wise, gather instruction on every hand—from the Miss in the drawing-room, down to the beggar on the dunghill—from the man of grey hairs, tottering on the brink of the grave, to the helpless infant on the breast of its mother.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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IN an elementary treatise of this kind, it would be out of place to say much on Elocution, not only because such a dissertation would unfit it for a school, but because we have been collecting materials for a larger and a more critical work, in which such observations can more properly be included. But the view which we have taken of the rules for the inflection of the voice being new, a few words on the subject cannot be deemed superfluous. It may be observed, that, while almost all the arts and sciences have experienced very important, and, in many instances, unlooked-for improvements, the arts of Reading and Speaking seem destined to have no share in the general progress towards perfection. The causes, with the means for their removal, is a subject particularly worthy of attention. But whatever causes may be assigned for this unequal progress, we must not imagine that the difficulties of the subject are the only barriers in the way of their march towards improvement. Mentioning, as we do, difficulties, we wish neither to magnify nor to diminish them. We merely think, with those who have considered the subject, that, to excel much in this department of an Orator, requires no ordinary share of attention, even though nature may have highly favoured the individual. To prove this,



it is not necessary to quote authorities. We have only to look at the few of the thousands who have surpassed their fellow creatures. In several places, Blair alludes to this subject: "How little reason to wonder," says he, after speaking of the qualifications of an Orator, "that a perfect and an accomplished Orator should be one of the characters that is most rarely to be found!" All the world knows the opinion of Demosthenes, which we need not quote here. In noticing an accomplished Orator, it is evident that we do not mean to assert, that all, or even many, can, by assiduous application, become accomplished Orators, neither indeed is it necessary; but "there is a wide interval," as Blair observes, "between mediocrity and perfection." Waving the subject of difficulties, we are of opinion, that the little improvement, or the very ordinary mediocrity, in which this department of an Orator exists among us, must be attributed to other causes. Without any circumlocution, we think it is in a great measure owing to our present system of education. We have, of course, no hope of a general improvement, till there be a change of system. If we take an extensive glance of this system, it will at once appear that there is one grand object, for the attainment of which, all our guardians, and parents, and schools, appear determined, we were about to say, to sacrifice every other object, every other consideration. The question with them is not, Which are those branches of education that are likely to be most useful to our children in the situations for which they are destined? But the mode of conducting their education seems to be nearly as absurd and ridiculous, as the professional conduct of that surgeon who applies one kind of medicine to every disease. The question of the prudent surgeon is, What is the disease? He

then prescribes an appropriate medicine. So should the parent or guardian. But in place of this, we have the following absurd and ridiculous advice, deduced from the present system of education. If he is to be a grocer, give him Latin; if a mechanic, give him Latin; if a farmer, give him Latin; if a clerk or merchant, give him Latin; in fine, if any thing, give him Latin. This direction must, like the universal nostrum of the quack, sometimes happen to be proper; but the chances are a thousand to one. Further, the question is not, What particular *quantum* of Latin—since Latin he must have—may be useful to him? But in place of this rational inquiry, we have the following recipe:—If the pupil cannot get as far as Livy or Horace, give him Virgil; if time does not admit of reading Virgil, give him Sallust, Ovid, or Cæsar. But the ignorance of our parents and guardians may prevent them from regulating, by the names of the books, the progress of their son's education; this recipe is then put into our hands—If you cannot give him four, five, or six years of Latin, give him one, two, or three; at all events, give him Latin. But some upstart may ask, What has all this to do with reading or elocution? We said that, for the attainment of a certain object, our present system seems determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Among these we number the knowledge of our own language. What knowledge of English is requisite for a pupil before he enters upon the study of Latin?—and since Latin is necessary, ornamental, or useful, how might the study of his native tongue be combined with the study of Latin? might be thought very proper and very rational questions. But are they so? Our system says, by all means, let him learn to read his native tongue. But what kind of reading

is it? It is, let him read in such a manner as will most unavoidably secure the disgust of all those who know what good reading is—let him murder words or sentences, drawl or sing, hem or ha; accompanied with a long list of eccentric and monstrous tones, to which are very often joined uncouth, vulgar, and disgusting gestures. While the system says, beware of giving him time to correct these, or of putting him under a master capable of correcting them; it adds, let him know that there is a grammar of his own language, but see that he does not understand it, or rather that it is not necessary to be understood. Let him know, of course, that his native tongue is a language, but that is all. To sum up the whole, it is so trifling, useless, and even ungrammatical, if grammatical at all, by no means equal to the Latin, that the less knowledge of it the better. Now, let any unprejudiced literary spectator, for a moment, look at the thousands that are yearly ushered into the Latin, and we have no doubt of these observations receiving an unconditional confirmation. But whatever may be said, we affirm, they cannot be denied. With such a state of things before us, how is it possible that the pupil, hurried as he is away so prematurely from the study of his native language—a language, which, in all its connections—its structure—its eloquence—its poetry—its prose—its philosophy—its politics—its excellencies in every department, is unrivalled by any, either of ancient or modern times?—how is it possible, that such a pupil can become master of that knowledge which alone can enable him to know how, when, or where, to inflect with propriety a single sentence, or even to read with any tolerable decency without the knowledge of the *hows, whens, or wheres?*—how, we ask, can such a pupil,

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without grammatical knowledge, in which is included elementary composition, indispensable to enable him to become an Elocutionist in the proper sense of the term—how is it possible, that such a pupil can be a fit subject for the Elocutionist? As well may you tell the Arithmetician that two and two make eight,—tell the Mathematician that the three angles of a triangle are not equal to two right angles,—tell the Agriculturalist that any kind of soil will grow any kind of grain,—or the Politician that he must never yield to popular whim, as tell us that such a system of education is not fitted to injure the interests of Reading and Elocution, and most evidently those of Oratory. But it would be endless to enumerate the baneful effects, and the wide-extending destructive ramifications of such a system, or trace its influence over the pulpit, the bar, and the transactions of mercantile, domestic, and every-day life. We should probably have said more, had we not perceived some excellent observations in the *Edinburgh Review*, connected with the same subject; to which we beg leave to refer our readers.\*

Now that we have dismissed our observations on system, at least for the meantime, we come to that view of the

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\* A few months ago, we lectured publicly in Aberdeen on Education, in which we noticed some of the ideas connected with this subject,—the neglect of our own language in despite of its superior importance,—this neglect attributable to our present system. The first number of the *Edinburgh Review* which appeared after our Lecture, happened to contain ideas completely the same as those delivered in that Lecture. From this article of the *Edinburgh Review*, which owes its origin to the proposed London University, we have taken two extracts, the pages of which will be seen by looking at the Index. The subject is pregnant with importance. All those who have children to educate should, as well for their, as their own interest, peruse the whole of the article carefully.—*Ed. Rev. No. 86.*

rules for the inflection of the voice, which we have denominated new. Walker has been considered, and justly too, the founder of those numerous rules for the inflection of the voice, which we find re-echoed in every elocutionary compilation, since the announcement of his system. His indefatigable and persevering researches demand no ordinary share of praise and respect. He is also entitled to a share of that praise of genius, which Dr. Johnson calls the highest,—we mean invention. Many of his observations upon the propriety and necessity of modulating and varying the tone and the inflection of the voice, are not only good, but probably cannot be excelled. In short, one would think that no man, at all acquainted with the state of this department of Oratory previous to his time, could ever think of withholding from him that tribute of praise, to which, as a man of genius, research, and observation, he is justly and most unequivocally entitled. But such men have existed, who, slaves to envy, malice, prejudice, or education, have endeavoured to wrest even from Walker this his peculiar tribute. And of such he had to complain. Such men are always to be found, who, if they cannot sily, and cunningly, and meanly, and without acknowledgment, claim to themselves the inventions of men of genius, will, by some means or other, try, we regret too often successfully, to depreciate the value of their inventions. These are the meanest, the most despicable, and the greatest enemies of their species.

But, high as is Walker's authority, good as are his observations on many points, venerable by years as his system of rules may be considered by some, and ingenious as we willingly acknowledge him to be, we are notwithstanding compelled to dissent from him. The numerous rules on

which his system is founded, must undoubtedly have been considered by many, as the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable. But there are those of the highest respectability, as teachers of Elocution, who have complained of the number, the complexity, inconsistency, and in many instances, of the inapplicability of his rules. But these complainers have not been able to give any other view of the subject, neither have they been able materially to reduce the number of his rules, though some favourable attempts have lately been made.\* We, however, do it for them. In the outset, we say, that we disclaim all connection with Walker's rules—and we know no other Elocutionist who has proposed any other view—yet it will appear after all, that many of Walker's observations will not be opposed, but confirmed. We consider Walker to have erred egregiously in having so many rules—and these, too, so liable to objection. We think, too, that the formidable appearance which they present, has had no inconsiderable influence in preventing this department of education from being either so particularly studied, or so generally understood as it might have been, had simplicity, conciseness, and generalization, been its characteristics. This was the impression which, on our entrance on the consideration of the subject, was made upon us. It was this impression, originating from the formidable appearance of his system, that led us to think for ourselves, and to try to discover the

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\* Mr. Knowles, Teacher of Elocution, Glasgow, has pointed out several inconsistencies of Walker, and proposed, with success, a reduction of two or three of his rules. The late unfortunate Mr. Hamilton, of Glasgow, some years ago used a rule, which, though more verbose than that of Mr. Knowles, came nearly to the same result.

source from which Walker derived his information. The result has been what we propose. We have frequently thought that Nature is a much greater lover of generalisation, order, and consistency, than he has represented her; and after investigating the subject, we have found no reason to change our opinion. We have done nothing but consulted nature. And after our consultation, we affirm, that Walker has separated and mutilated a system complete in itself—that he has broken down a grand whole, the fabric and the gift of nature, into a disgraceful number of isolated and independent parts:—he has done more; he has, by this mutilation, misrepresented, in many instances, of course, through ignorance, her general grasping views, and her every-day principles,—a crime which, in consequence of his system, he could not avoid,—a crime, which the limited ungeneralizing principle of his mind some-how-or-other impelled him to commit.

Without dwelling longer on these introductory observations, particularly in a book of this kind, we shall now introduce our view of the subject. It is evident to the most superficial observer of the inflections of the voice, that there are two—the one decidedly opposite to the other—the rising to the falling. Walker, whom all Elocutionists in this particular have followed, says, that interrogative sentences formed without the interrogative words, such as *who*, *why*, *what*, assume the former; while those formed with these, take the latter. This we broadly deny; and for some proof of our assertion, we go to no others than to Walker and his followers. Conscious that the rule is not altogether correct, Elocutionists have couched it in some such vague and unphilosophical terms as the following—Such interrogative sentences *may* terminate with, will *generally* require,

the rising inflection. Why a may, a might, or a generally, unless the rule is built upon a sandy foundation? If applicable to one sentence, why not applicable to all sentences similarly constructed? Inconsistency is marked upon its forehead. It carries along with it its own refutation.

We say that neither the one nor the other inflection is peculiar to sentences vulgarly called interrogative, or to *those* that have not received this distinguished appellation. We likewise affirm, *what* Walker may not deny, that sentences not vulgarly interrogative may become so, by applying to them one or other of these inflections—in short, that all sentences may assume the rising or the falling side, and that not in consequence of commencing with any particular part of speech. We also assert, that, whenever, or wherever, this rising inflection is used, it is, in the strictest sense of the term, a question,—giving us to understand that some word or words, either more nearly or more distantly related to the words which have assumed this inflection, are either expected or about to follow. Further, that we look upon all sentences in no other light than as questions and answers; and consequently, belonging to one or other, or to both, of these states.

These observations prepare us for the assertion, that Walker's rules for the inflection of the voice are radically wrong—and, as a natural consequence of this assertion, that sentences constructed either with or without the interrogative words can never, because they are such, necessarily lead either to the falling or the rising inflection.

When we consider, not to say how useless and false, but how opposite, in many cases, to the sense, and the palpable meaning of sentences, are these rules, we have a right to say, that long ago should these, unphilosophical as we



term them, have been given to the wind—long ago should they have ceased to exercise such an unquestioned, and, we may add, such a universal dominion over the minds and the understandings of a literary world ; —a literary world, too, not in a state of embryo, nor in a state of infancy, nor in a state of boyhood, nor in a state of towering manhood, but in a state of manhood unexampled and unparalleled in the annals of time—yes, a literary world, not emerging from the dark, the gloomy, the degrading, and the unmanly superstition of the fourteenth, fifteenth, or sixteenth centuries ; but a literary world, which, though almost strangled in its birth, though assailed, assaulted, besieged, and attacked in its growth, with all the wiles, and all the stratagems, and all the manœuvres of its deadly, yet ignoble and dastardly foes, the interested supporters of this pernicious, this tyrannical, and overbearing superstition—has yet risen victorious over all its enemies—now presenting to the great, the refined, the liberal mind, a something far more splendid, far more glorious than all the splendors, and all the glories, and all the fruits of yonder Peruvian and Mexican mines, for which millions of the human race have been wantonly and inhumanly butchered. But great and glorious as is the era in which we now live, many, it must be confessed, are the unfounded theories, many the disgraceful systems which usurp an almost unaccountable sway over the destinies of this moral and intellectual world.

However, we asserted, and not without giving some proof, that sentences constructed either with or without the interrogative words, can occasion neither the rising nor the falling inflection. And since these rules cannot account for the proper inflections, there must, it is plain, be some reason

why nature inflects with so much propriety and so much justice. Has she no rule? Is there no principle by which she regulates these well-known and indispensable tones? Does she act blindly and inconsistently?—at one time giving the falling and at another the rising slide to sentences, between which, if we look merely at their external appearances, no difference is discernible? Is she so capricious, so vague, and indefinite, so ignorant of the language of the human heart, as to leave, at the mercy of a may, or a might, or a generally, her unequivocal feelings, and her definite and pointed expressions? It cannot be. Whatever man's character is, her character is consistency. However men may represent and interpret her, she, we are persuaded, knows neither knavery nor hypocrisy, neither caprice nor insincerity. She speaks from the heart to the heart. And if we have not stumbled on the principle, or principles, which regulate her inflections, it is not her fault, it is not because she knows none, neither is it altogether because her principle is involved in such obscurity and doubt.

With these observations before us, we now say, that emphasis is the great *primum mobile*. Emphasis is the regulator of our system, or rather what we conceive to be the system of nature. By it, we not only hope and trust, but we see, in fact, feel, that we can satisfactorily account for the may's, and the might's, and the generally's, and for other incongruities so conspicuous in the formidable and bulky system of Walker. Since we see how much emphasis is capable of accomplishing—how easily she puts down his numerous rules, and even more numerous exceptions—how she, establishing inflection on its true and legitimate basis, the sense, opens up a prospect bound-

less as is the human race, unexceptionable as unexceptionability itself; since we see all this, we shall show that Walker was not altogether blind to the great and unbounded influence which emphasis exercised over his rules—an influence which he felt as stubborn and as unaccommodating as facts themselves—an influence, over which, in defiance of all his schemes and resources, he could never obtain a complete and independent mastery. And though we do not conceive, that, by quoting his language, our view of emphasis can ever receive one additional particle of truth or falsehood; yet, we are aware, that his words will not have a little ascendancy over many grovelling minds who are naturally formed to enlist under the banners of a leader—whose whole life consists almost in nothing else but in praising great names, in explaining and defending systems and theories, however slimly built, or destitute of foundation—and, as a prominent part of their character, in endeavouring to put down, not too often, indeed, by the most manly, noble, and systematic attacks, those great, enterprising, and eccentric souls, whom necessity, or some more rational cause, has forced to break loose from the bondage of such imposing names, such venerable and majestic systems.

It were well, indeed, if this respect for names and systems were always such as it should be. It may, it is true, be now and then doomed to feel the rude and vulgar grasp of ignoble minds, who, stirred up by envy, malice, or prejudice, wish to confound in a mass, as ignoble as their origin, all that is splendid, great, and dignified in intellect. But it must never be forgotten, that many men of undoubted genius have, in by far too many instances, allowed an unfounded respect to wield, over their better judgments, a

childish, a disgraceful, and a most ungovernable sway. It, we venture to say, has been one of the greatest enemies to Literature—one of the greatest curses to the interests, and the unalienable rights of sovereign intellect.

However, speaking of the influence of emphasis, Walker says, "Emphasis which controls every other rule in Reading, forms an exception to this." Had this indefatigable man listened attentively to this idea, and investigated the subject, he would not only have seen and asserted that emphasis controls, but that it completely overturns, and consequently renders useless, almost all his rules—he would not have foolishly, unphilosophically, referred us to a part of speech as the cause of inflection—neither should he have felt the control of emphasis so distinctly and yet so indistinctly, as only to involve him in difficulties—a control which, while by arresting him almost at every step of his progress, it obliged him to invent rules, as easily and as speedily furnished him with matter for overturning them. And hence his just-alluded-to free and unsophisticated declaration, which, tending to overthrow, as it most certainly does, his inflecting system, becomes, at the same time, an irresistible advocate in favour of our view of the subject.

Emphasis, therefore, will now be introduced as the basis of our rule, which, keeping for the moment in the shade, sentences connected with a number of particulars, is the only one which we think nature uses or requires. We said, that we look upon sentences in no other light than as questions and answers: which view, may be considered as bearing some relation to the rule which we now give.

RULE.—The questioning part, or that part intimating that some expression is to come, will, unless the first word is emphatic, end with the rising inflection; but the answering part, or

that part making known that the expression alluded to is come, will assume the falling inflection.

To illustrate which, we shall give a few sentences, or parts of sentences. The following simple sentence, *man is a being*, comes under the latter part. It is the answer to some question expressed or understood. It may be, *what is man?* *Being* will, therefore, terminate with the falling inflection. But its question, *what is man?* belongs to the former part of the rule; and because we think the sense makes *what*, the first word, emphatic, *man* consequently terminates in the downward slide. To give *man* this inflection, because it begins with *what*, is quite ridiculous. It is astonishing, but not less astonishing than true, that so many men, otherwise of superior sense, should day after day have reiterated this nonsense in our ears. We farther notice, what to an inattentive observer may appear rather strange, that nature and the sense terminate *man* with the opposite inflection—the rising. Of this, examples occur every day in life. The following case, among others, may serve for illustration. Let the question, *what is man?* be addressed to some person or persons. Suppose the person either mistake the word *man* for some other word—or, if the answer given be a wretched one. In either case we, under the guidance of the sense, and with the prospect of an answer, make *man* emphatic, and ending of course with the rising inflection.

Again, notice the following words or question: *Has he been considered a sinful creature?* may, according to circumstances, end with either the rising or the falling slide. Should we wish to call the attention of the answerer to that part of the idea or question which belongs to past time, since we have no doubt that *man* at the *present time* is considered

a sinful creature ; or if we do entertain some doubt, or what amounts to the same thing, should we wish to know, whether the answerer is aware that man, in *past times*, *has* been considered a sinful creature, *has*, will most certainly become emphatic, and necessarily cause the question to terminate in the falling slide. On the other hand, should we fix on it does not matter what part of the expression, the question will as positively take the opposite slide. Suppose we are anxious about the *sinful* part of the idea, *sinful* must be emphatic ; and being connected with a question, and consequently having in prospect an answer, it necessarily assumes the upward slide.

Once more : Suppose we are favoured with this answer, *He is considered a sinful creature*—an answer which, if we have not applied the emphasis to the proper word, may be given—we are at once sensible that this is not the answer. To rectify the mistake, we either reply that we do not ask you whether he *is*, but whether he *has* been considered a sinful creature ; or, suspecting that, either *we* have erred in not giving the emphasis to the proper word, or that the *person*, to whom the words were addressed, has mistaken the word on which the whole question depends, we will repeat the question, giving a decidedly emphatic stress to *has*—the necessity and propriety of which, being at once evident, will therefore occasion the falling slide.

Farther, look at that question, *Is there a guide to show that path ?* It, we remark, is placed in precisely the same circumstances as the preceding interrogation—liable, according to the sense or the mind of the proposer, to receive either inflection. If the inquirer is rivetted to the *existence* of such a guide, he does not, in short, he cannot, consider himself called upon to dwell particularly on any thing be-

longing to that path. : He of course knows of such a path, but his whole soul, fixed upon the *existence* or *non-existence* of a guide to that path, forgets, as it were, for the moment, every other idea, and dwells emphatically on *is*—which, when once properly given, leads him, almost without an effort, to the downward slide.

It were easy to give other examples, but we must not forget the limits assigned to our Introduction. These, however, can satisfactorily account for such parts of sentences, taking, according to the sense, either the falling or the rising inflection—and, consequently, for the inconsistencies of the vague and unphilosophical rule which has too long imposed upon the literary world. It is this view which puts an end to the *mays*, the *mights*, and the *generallys*, and which establishes our rule upon an invulnerable basis. It is this view which almost inclines us to pause here, and enjoy, at least for a moment, the pleasure derived from the simplicity of nature's works and nature's inventions—to dwell on the enchanting prospect which she, in the freedom, the liberality, and the kindness of her heart, has opened up for us ;—which she, trampling under foot the niggardly conceptions of the miser, as well as the cold, the calculating, the measured benevolence of the selfish, bids all her children equally and heartily enjoy : but a prospect, to the enjoyment of which, she, it seems, has hitherto called, has hitherto bidden them in vain.

But farther. There are sentences, as we have remarked, which include both states—the question and answer,—of which we shall give examples. *If man is a sinful being, he ought to think of the consequences of sin.* The questioning part terminates with *being* ; the inflection of which must depend on whether *if* is emphatic. If so, *being* must terminate with the falling slide. On the other hand, it will as

positively assume the rising. *If there is a judgment to come, what shall become of the wicked?* In this example, *come* ends the questioning state. And here let us remark, the same consideration,—do we intend to impress upon ourselves or others, the idea of *if*?—meets us. Every other idea or word must give place to that on which we, or the writer, or the speaker, builds, so to speak, the whole structure. Hence, the falling inflection on *come* and *being*, on the supposition that we direct the mind to these ideas. Hence, the ease and the rapidity with which the other words of these and other questioning parts are uttered. Hence, the same emphatic stress, and precisely the same inflection will be given to *if*, as Walker and his followers apply to *why* the first word of the following questioning state, *Why don't you act the part of a wise man?* This, according to their notions, is a question beginning with the interrogative word *why*; which, say they, takes the falling inflection, because, forsooth, it is a *why*. *Sin*, which is the last word belonging to the answering state of the first example, adopts, in consistency with our rule, the falling slide. The second example furnishes us with a kind of answer in the state of a question—a question becoming an answer to the questioning part. In this sentence we may make *what* emphatic, which, on that account, requires the falling inflection. But if *what* surrenders its emphatic stress to *wicked*, we shall then have the rising inflection. We might here add one or two other instances of the questioning part, in a measure answered by words in a similar state. Notice the following:—

But, whatever be the external evidence of testimony, or however strong may be its visible characters of truth and honesty, is



not the falsehood or the contradiction, which we may detect in the subject of that testimony, sufficient to discredit it?

When the people of America look up to you with the eyes of filial love and affection, will you turn to them the shameful parts of the constitution?—FOX'S SPEECH.

These two parts, the one commencing with *is not the falsehood*—the other, *will you turn*, call upon us to consider whether *is* and *will* be emphatic. Whatever inflection be given to *is*, we think that *will* might very properly be read with the emphatic stress; which, in our opinion, would prodigiously strengthen the idea of disgraceful conduct attached to the Ministers by holding up *willingly those parts* of the constitution to such near relations. Though the other words will not be forgotten, they will yield the superiority to *will*; which superiority will therefore lead to the downward slide.

We have already seen and observed, that either the questioning or the answering state may be understood. We have seen that other sentences, than those commencing with verbs or interrogative words, may be questions. We have likewise seen that the questioning state may, in part or in whole, be answered by another question, whose inflection also depends on emphasis. Taking these observations, or, if you will, facts, along with us, we shall apply them to a few negative sentences, or members of sentences, which, by-the-bye, we have been told, end with the *rising* inflection. Walker calls this negative rule, one "of very great extent." It is quite impossible that this assertion could go farther. His system could not admit of it. His erroneous notion of emphasis stood in its way. We must not forget that it was emphasis that gave him so much trouble and uneasiness. For, whithersoever he turned his face, it presented itself in battle array against him,—which,

though he had, as he undoubtedly thought, vanquished in one quarter, it re-appeared in all its vigour and strength against him in another. And though he sometimes seems about to close in peace this unhappy contest, yet we have no sooner con-ceived the thought, than we are obliged to confess that we are *de*-ceived. Some of his observations on emphasis, in relation to negative sentences, have led us to these remarks, and to think that he had almost, if not altogether, discovered the true nature and power of emphasis. But it very soon appears that, as to a proper knowledge of these, he still remains as completely in the dark as ever. He was very sensible, however, as he himself tells us, that "a negative member of a sentence may often have the falling, and a positive member the rising inflection." His researches and his attention to nature compelled him to admit this. None of his observations or rules, however, account for it, or give us a single reason why some of these sentences take the falling and others the rising slide. His negative rule, like his other rules, is founded on a very limited and superficial view of the cause of inflection. He has only observed, and told us what he has observed, that which indeed is far from being in the dark, that some sentences including a negation, take the rising, and some the falling inflection. But beyond this, he has gone scarcely a single step. From this view and some relative remarks, he has deduced what he denominates a general rule, which, to say the least of it, is any thing but applicable. This rule and other observations we cannot admit, because they will swell this Introduction too much. But the *great* error into which this plodding man fell, was his considering emphasis as something *altogether independent* of his rules of inflection. It would appear after all, that the words, " of very great

extent" present a rule apparently more general than it should be. For we have to affirm, that another rule equally extensive, equally well founded, and completely at variance with this rule, can be placed by its side. We mean *that negative sentences or members of sentences end with the downward slide*. This, too, we maintain is a rule of *very great extent*. This view of the case leads us obviously into a dilemma. But in one sense both rules are true, in another they are false. To be able, therefore, to inflect such sentences or parts of sentences with propriety, we must know when these rules are false, and when true. In short, we must have another rule than either. But we have referred them to our own rule. Questioning negatives take the rising, answering negatives the falling inflection—subject, however, to the control of emphasis, and such a control as we have already exhibited.

Considering the great importance of the emphatic rising and falling inflections, is it wonderful that Walker should appear, on many occasions, so very anxious to discover the cause? And though he extended, as he says, his speculations for this purpose, yet it does not appear that he has succeeded in coming much nearer to the point. Labouring strenuously and alone in the dark, he exclaims "whatever may be the reason why the positive member of a sentence should adopt the emphasis with the falling inflection, and the negative member the rising; certain it is, that this appropriation of emphatic inflection to a positive or negative signification runs through the whole system of pronunciation."

But we must reserve farther remarks for another time. In the meantime, we shall take some other examples for illustrating our rule and observations. Demosthenes, when called

upon to defend himself from the malicious attacks of his opponent *Æschines*, says,—

As to those public works, so much the object of your ridicule, they, undoubtedly, demand a due share of honour and applause; but I rate them far beneath the great merit of my administration. It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city. It is not from works like these that I derive my reputation. Would you know my methods of fortifying? Examine, and you will find them in the arms, the towns, the territories, the harbours, I have secured; the navies, the troops, the armies I have raised.

The two negative members, *It is not with stones nor bricks, It is not from works like these*, may belong either to the questioning or the answering part of our rule. In the former light, they, as the first words are not emphatic, terminate in the upward slide. The answer is to be drawn from *Demosthenes'* following observations. Both states may be thus expressed. *It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city, but with arms, by securing the towns and territories, by raising navies and troops*. So far Walker has taken a right view of this passage and such negative sentences. But here he leaves us. He could not see what we have to affirm, that these same sentences when beheld in another sense *must* take the falling inflection—at all events he could not account for it. Should a person accost the Orator thus, *Is it with stones or bricks that you have fortified the city?*—or should some person say in his hearing, *Demosthenes has fortified the city with stones or bricks*; he would answer, *It is not with stones nor bricks that I have fortified the city, or, I have not fortified the city only with stones and bricks*,—giving city and bricks the falling inflection. This inflection of the negative member proceeds on the idea that, in what way soever

he has fortified the city, it is not his intention of telling immediately the way by which he has fortified the city, or of his intention, that he has not thought proper to give notice of it by using the rising slide. But as soon as this idea influences, or breaks in upon the mind of the Orator, or Speaker, so soon will these words, still existing in the answering state, become a question ; and as the first word is not emphatic, the falling inflection is at an end. This falling slide, then, supposes that there is nothing to come—that there is nothing at the moment existing in the mind, or if existing, it does not exercise any control. The Orator does know, of course, that he has fortified the city with other things than bricks or stones ; but still this idea is as it were for the moment excluded. In short the inflection seems admirably designed to put an end to farther quibbling—to farther explanations and reasoning. But when the opposite inflection is used, there is either notice given that *we* are about to speak, or if not about to speak, that there is yet something understood connected with the subject, to which the Orator wishes the hearer to give attention, or there is *liberty granted* that the hearer may express his sentiments. Notice the following example :—

The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land. There your fathers are, and thither every other friend shall follow you in due season.

This sentence might be thus pointed. The region beyond the grave is not a solitary land ; for there your fathers are.—In this state, we are more disposed to read *solitary land* with the rising inflection. *Land*, terminating the questioning part, consequently warns the hearer, that beyond it there is something, which does not permit the

voice to fall till it is uttered. But lay aside this idea, the falling inflection must ensue. Let this idea exist, let it be even completely in the eye of the mind, only let the Speaker, having in view a previous question, assertion, or something understood, be intent upon answering it without raising the expectation of the hearer to some other relative idea, the downward slide, whether belonging to a negative or an affirmative sentence, *must* be the consequence. *This is one of the unalterable principles of the inflections of nature, over which no part of speech either has or can have any control;—and to which there is no conception.*

By saying that, in pointing *land* with a semicolon, we are more disposed to read it with the upward slide, we are not to be understood as sanctioning the idea that points are by any means *certain* guides to the inflections. They may occasionally assist those who have some knowledge of the principles of inflection, but the sense must, in every sentence, be our directrix. On this subject, Printers, while not too often unanimous, frequently err; and Authors are likewise liable to the same objection. We mean, however, to say, that such a pointing, founded on a just knowledge of the sense, might, at first, and even at second sight, cause us to imagine that, between the two parts into which this sentence is obviously divided, there is a very close, perhaps an inseparable connection,—a connection which might authorize a good reader to think that the one is decidedly modified by the other; and that, in consequence of this modification, the former should adopt the rising, the latter the falling inflection.

We shall here give two examples of a rather lengthened kind. The one is taken from Cowper, the other from the

Edinburgh Review. Cowper, speaking of what constitutes the dignity of man, says,—

It is not from his form ; in which we trace  
 Strength join'd with beauty, dignity with grace,  
 That man, the master of this world, derives  
 His right to empire over all that lives'.  
 That form indeed, th' associate of a mind  
 Vast in its powers, etherial in its kind,  
 That form, the labour of Almighty skill,  
 Framed for the service of a free-born will,  
 Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control',  
 But borrows all its grandeur from the soul'.

The Hebraic character may certainly have been that in use in the celebrated cities founded by Ninus and Semiramis, whose structures attested the progress which the arts had made at the time they flourished'. But the matter must be considered as still doubtful ; and the affirmative does not appear to be confirmed by an inspection of the bricks recently brought to Europe from Babylon'.

The questioning parts of these extracts terminate at *lives* and *flourished*. Cowper's one is enlarged by dwelling on the idea belonging to *form*, which ends at *control*. It might be thus exhibited, *It is not from his form that man derives his empire over all that lives', but from the grandeur of the soul'*. Whether it might be better to join such sentences with points more nearly related is a question. *Lives* is marked with a period, and so is *flourished*. The other extract is what is called by Elocutionists a concessive sentence, but what we denominate the questioning state. It is needless to remark that the concessive rule is liable to the same objection as the negative rule. For nothing is more evident than the fact, that some concessive members terminate with the rising and some with the falling slide; for

*which our rule at once accounts.* From our preceding remarks in illustration of the rule, it will at once be obvious *how* we should inflect the following and all similar sentences :—

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

We have come to defend our country, not to betray it.

The duty of a soldier is to obey, not to direct his General.

Now we say that *Cæsar, country, and obey*, ought not to be read with the downward slide, which is done by those who read according to Walker's negative rule, unless it can be shown that these words bear no relation to the words that follow—unless it can be proved that the writer or speaker, having in view, or answering a past, without awakening a future idea, considers the words, *I come to bury Cæsar*, a sufficient and an unmodified answer. But *bury* and *praise* are inseparably connected; therefore the hypothesis is absurd—and, as an unavoidable consequence of this absurdity, the falling inflection, which, unless governed by emphasis, unexceptionably acts on the principle of complete sense, is inevitable.

It is needless to say that these sentences might have been thus expressed, *I come not to praise Cæsar, but to bury him. We have come not to betray our country, but to defend it.* This mode of expression, however, cannot alter the inflection. To think so, must be attributed to the influence of education or system, and not to the tuition of nature. It is in this particular that many of the followers of Walker have scandalously abused his negative rule and given and marked with the rising slide, sentences, to which his superior sense and discernment would, without a moment's consideration, have assigned the falling. It is in this, as in



many other particulars belonging to our rule, that we not unfrequently see the sense sacrificed to the whim of a particular creed, the truth of which, if ever questioned, has neither been ascertained nor proved. It is here, too, that we may occasionally see the blind leading the blind.

We have farther to remark, that it is in consistency with the principle of our rule, that nature inflects upward, what is called the *penultimate member* of a sentence. Notice the following:—

Beloved ! be not ignorant of this one thing, that *one day is with the Lord as a thousand years*, and a thousand years as one day.

We here have *thousand years* assuming the rising slide, because these words are modified by the succeeding—because there is something to come, which, till it is uttered, cannot admit of the downward slide.

We are perhaps precluded from remarking, that the falling inflection not being regulated by points, may occur at any one of them. Look at this sentence, in which we meet with it at the semicolon:—

We may lay it down as a maxim confirmed by universal experience, that every man dies as he lives ; and it is by the general tenor of the life, that we are to be judged at the tribunal of God.

The falling inflection is as equally and as distinctly to be found at *lives* as at *God*. It would be easy to extend parts of sentences in this way almost *ad infinitum*. But such a mode of composition is not the characteristic of our best writers. The Elocutionist, however, has to do with all kinds of authors—with the vulgar and coarse, as well as the refined and the polished,—with the loose and the slovenly, no less than the correct and the connected,—the perspicuous and the clear, as well as the obscure and the unintelli-

gible,—the stiff, the formal, and the pedantic, which remind us of the easy, the graceful, and the natural; to which, let us also join the elegant, the eloquent, and the harmonious.

But the limited, we should rather say the *erroneous* view which Walker took of the cause of inflection, obliged him to have several rules, and as many exceptions, for the regulation of interrogations alone. According to him, it is not only necessary to know the part of speech—a *knowledge which we have seen is not only not necessary, but which, if acted upon, must inevitably destroy the sense*—the part of speech with which the interrogation begins, but also whether there be any *ors* in the sentence; and not only whether there be any *ors*, but whether these be *con-junctive* or *dis-junctive*; and not only whether there be any of these of such a character, but whether, exclusive of these, the interrogations imply agreement or disagreement, qualified, too, with a long list of paraphrases and minor observations, which, if unable to frighten, must puzzle and perplex any intellect. His followers might indeed sit down and be thankful, if these were able to answer all purposes. But, alas! they have to bear in mind, that even all these rules and observations, modified as they may be by a thousand circumstances, are founded only on equivocation—that they rest but on the baseless fabric of a *may* or a *generally*. It is not, then, without reason, that Walker, aware of the frowning aspect of his system, encourages inquirers not to throw aside in disgust the study of this department of education, merely because it is burdened with rules and exceptions. And, for their consolation, he points them to the capricious subject, Grammar, which, in defiance of its numerous rules and exceptions, we still continue to study. Never, perhaps, was consolation more necessary, never,

perhaps, was a system better calculated to create and cherish disgust than his—yet he has forgotten to tell us that the principles on which these two departments depend are very different. There is, however, no part of his system of rules and exceptions more apt to excite this passion than that of interrogations, about which we have still to say a few words. His observations on them afford a striking picture of a mind on the rack to unravel the difficulties in which it has involved itself—of a mind, after having wandered from the road of rectitude, fearlessly and undauntedly groping its way in the dark—aye, too, companionless—a circumstance which sometimes unhinges a strong intellect, and throws, even over all the blandishments of Nature, the hue and the cast of melancholy and gloom.

The following example is given by Walker as an instance of interrogations placed in opposition, which, he says, is equivalent to his disjunctive *or* rule:—

As for the particular occasion of these (charity) schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without return?—do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation? Would you do it for the public good?—do it for one who shall be an honest artificer? Would you do it for the sake of heaven?—give it for one who shall be instructed in the worship of Him for whose sake you gave it?—SPECTATOR.

On this, he makes the following remarks:—"In this extract there is evidently an opposition in the interrogations which is equivalent to the disjunctive *or*; and if the ellipses were supplied, which this opposition suggests, the sentence would run thus: If you would not do a handsome thing without return, would you do it for the public good? and if not for the public good, would you do it for the sake of

heaven? So that this exception may be said to come under Rule II. of this article."

We really think that though he had ransacked all the authors of the English language, he could not have found a more unfortunate example on which to build his exception and rule. For, we must notice that, like the *chest* in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, it contrives to pay a *double debt*,—coming under Rule Second, while it is brought forward as an exception to his fourth interrogative rule—

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,  
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.

—a sentence, the sense of which he has evidently mistaken. We have marked with the inflections, and pointed it, as it is given by him from the *Spectator*. And we have now to say, that it is not pointed as it should have been. There ought to be no mark of interrogation at all according to the vulgarly received notion. But if any plea can be urged in favour of a mark of interrogation at any one of those sentences, it can only be at *return, good, heaven*. It ought to be thus:—

Would you do a handsome thing without return, do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for the public good, do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven, give it for one who shall be instructed in the worship of Him for whose sake you gave it.

Walker might have known that *would* is every day thus associated to sentences which we call the questioning part, but which, consulting the general ideas on this subject, is not a question. *If you would do a handsome thing without*

*return, do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation.* And we affirm that this is the meaning of the author. It is rather strange that Walker should have given place to the idea that, *do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation*, is a question. Make a positive command a question! What a glaring perversion of the sense!! We suppose he has consulted the *points*, and not the *sense* of the writer. To tally with his rules, he has marked *return* with the rising, *good* and *heaven* with the falling inflection.

We have been told that in these sentences there is opposition of interrogations. We may now wonder where he finds either it or them. We cannot see that his disjunctive or rule has any existence in nature. We consider it and his other interrogative rules mere creatures of his own brain. We apply the same mode of reasoning here as we did to some of his other rules. If they are built upon a right foundation, whence all these exceptions. If applicable to one, they *must* be applicable to all similar sentences. They refute themselves.

The rule is—"When interrogative sentences connected by the disjunctive or, succeed each other, the first ends with the rising, and the rest with the falling inflection.

The following sentences are given by him as examples :—

Shall we in your person crown the author of the public calamities, or shall we destroy him? *Æschines* or the crown. Is the goodness, or wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?—SPECTATOR.

But should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it, what harm could ensue? Would it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable? The rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly?—Would it make worse parents or children; husbands or wives; masters or servants; friends or

destitute; or would it make men more virtuous, and, consequently more happy in every situation?

His remarks upon these are—"In the two former of these examples, we find the disjunctive *or* necessarily direct the voice in the last member of each to the falling inflection; and, in the third example, we have not only an instance of the diversity of voice on the several questions according to their form, but an illustration of the exception, formed by the conjunction *or*; for, in the former part of this passage, where it is used conjunctly, it does not occasion any more alteration of the voice on the word *ensue*, than on any other conjunctive word; but when used disjunctively, as in the last member of the question, commencing at—or would it not make men more virtuous, &c.—we find it very properly change the tone of voice from the interrogative to the declarative; that is, from the rising to the falling inflection." What a deal of trouble and research might this indefatigable man have saved himself, if he had had a right view of the cause of inflection! He tells us that *or* used disjunctively occasions the member, *would it not make men more virtuous in every situation*, "to change very properly the tone of voice from the interrogative to the declarative." *Over the inflection of this or any other member it can have no control.* But this member will very properly take the falling inflection, if *would* be emphatic: if not, it will decidedly take the rising. This was all he had to discover; and this is the principle which we apply to these examples. The questioning state, from believing it, *what harm could ensue?* is somewhat inverted; not inverted, it would stand thus: *What harm could ensue from believing it? What is the emphatic word which causes the downward slide.*

We have put the inflections as they are given by Walker.

Speaking of this rule, he says—"It may throw light upon a passage in Shakspeare, very difficult to pronounce with variety, if we terminate every question with the rising inflection, which, however, must necessarily be the case, as the questions do not imply opposition to, or exclusion of each other. The passage referred to is in Henry V., where that monarch, after the discovery of the conspiracy against him, thus expostulates with Lord Scroope, who was concerned in it;"—

We shall give the passage, and mark it as he has done.

Oh how hast thou with jealousy infected

The sweetens of affiance! show men doubtful?

Why so didst thou: or seem they grave and learned?

Why so didst thou: come they of noble family?

Why so didst thou: seem they religious?

Why so didst thou: or are they spare in diet;

Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger;

Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blind,

Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,

Not working with the eye without the ear,

And but in purged judgment trusting neither?

Such and so finely boulded didst thou seem.

He farther observes that, "in pronouncing this passage, it should seem most eligible to use the rising inflection at the end of the several questions: but after the first four, the falling inflection seems very properly adopted in the word *diet*, as this is the first branch of the last series of questions.\*

We cannot find room for his other remarks on this passage of Shakspeare. But proper and eligible as his mode of in-

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\* Those who wish to consult Walker farther on this part of the subject, will observe that our edition is the fifth—p. 123.

flecting these lines may be, there is nothing here from which we can decide with certainty. Had he not listened so much to the dictates of variety, however good in themselves—had he shut his eyes on his notions of opposition or exclusion, with his other interrogative principles, and attended first and last of all to the sense and emphasis, O how he must have cleared this part of his system of rubbish, and opened up a path at once smooth, uniform, and captivating! Had he, with one sweep of a generalizing eye, beheld nature's few, yet grand, and universal inflecting principles, he might have easily cast, over this department of education, a charm, to which it has hitherto been a total stranger—he might have caused even many a straggling traveller, who, in the midst of his literary rambles, had only come to take a wayward glance, not only to sit down and partake of her dainties, but enticed by the luxuries, yet simplicities of her board, to prolong his stay,—aye, and to turn, if not a deaf, at least, an unwilling ear to the serious calls of some as important, but more forbidding hostess. But in following Walker farther, we perceive him once more grappling with a difficulty, which, some persons may imagine, might be very easily overcome. He discovers that it is not always very obvious whether *or* be *con-junctive* or *dis-junctive*. To supply this great *desideratum*, he proposes another rule. There is a stanza in Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* in which *or* occurs. It is thus:—

Can storied urn or animated bust

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,

*Or* flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

And to account for the rising slide which, he thinks,



*death* should take, he of course affirms that *or* is conjunctive. It is just as much *con*-junctive, or, if you will, *dis*-junctive, as the *or* in the following lines given by him in the preceding page, as an example of *dis*-junction. The lines are :—

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just ;  
 See god-like Turenne prostrate in the dust ;  
 See Sydney bleeds amid the martial strife :  
 Was this their virtue or contempt of life ?

All that the authors here insinuate is, that if not the one, it must be the other ; if not honour, it is flattery ; if not virtue, it must be contempt.

But we must proceed to the note of exclamation. And here we have to say that our rule is equally applicable. Nevertheless we meet with another vague rule for the inflection of sentences, to which this note has been affixed, " When a word is repeated in the form of an exclamation it has *generally* the rising inflection." Why not always ? Why only *generally* ? Why is nature either so capricious, or so capriciously represented ? Nature ! who in this case does not act blindly. Nature ! who in this particular guides her inflection by a principle not buried in the dark.

Before giving any examples, it might be observed, what Walker has noticed, that this point has been frequently confounded with that of interrogation. Though the close connection evidently subsisting between the one and the other may plead for a palliation of the crime, it certainly can neither altogether excuse nor conceal an ignorance of the radical distinction which nature invariably maintains and unhesitatingly recognizes. But in this very close connection, which has, in many instances, occasioned this

indiscriminate use of the interrogative for the exclamatory point, we behold some proof in favour of that view, in which we comprehend all sentences—their being under the same laws by which nature governs all the inflections of language.

With the general, though not the particular ideas of Walker on this subject, we are glad to say that we agree. He refers these sentences to his other rules, and we refer his other rules to our rule. It must not be forgotten, however, that he has mentioned one exception to his general rule—an exception which, reasoning, *a priori*, from his system, we could have divined he must meet. But in another page, he very properly notices that even this exception does not in reality exist.

The following extract contains an exclamation coming under the first part of our rule. In other words, it is the questioning state of the exclamation, the emphasis of which is thrown on the last word; and consequently terminating in the rising inflection.

Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city asking one another, what news? What news! Is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to Greece?

It is evident that there are some words understood to *what news!* These are to be collected from the preceding—from the sense of the passage, without attending to which, we shall completely bewilder ourselves. They may be, *will you do nothing but ask one another what news!*

And this is the mode by which Walker nullifies his exception to which we have just alluded. He gives the falling inflection to all *exclamatory* sentences beginning with the interrogative words, *how, what*—the same inflection

that he gives to interrogative sentences formed with these words. This is his general rule. His exception, of which we have been speaking, is embodied in *What news!* We also meet with his exception in the following passage of the Essay on Man, where we find Pope thus addressing happiness:—

Plant of celestial seed, if dropp'd below,  
Say in what mental soil thou deign'st to grow:  
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,  
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?  
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,  
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?  
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our toil,  
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.

Walker says, that “here the phrase, *where grows* assumes the rising inflection, and ought to be marked with the note of exclamation.”

He very justly makes *where grows* end in the rising slide—and that too on the principle of supplying the ellipsis, which, he says, would be equivalent to *Do you ask where it grows*; which, according to his rule of interrogative sentences, formed without the interrogative words, takes the rising inflection. Here he has shown more of the generalizing principle than he usually does. An ellipsis, he says, does not change the meaning of the sentence. This is likewise what we have proposed. We consider, as we always do, the import of the sentence, and if elliptical, we supply, so as to make the cause of the inflection more evident and satisfactory. There might have been only one word, *grows*, which not unfrequently happens. We, therefore, as we have already remarked, supply the ellipsis, and refer it to that part of the rule to which nature has assigned it.

Look at that exclamation of Lord Chatham's, in his celebrated speech on the barbarity of employing the Indians in the American war, where he, speaking in reply to what Lord Suffolk says about "using all the means that God and Nature have put into our hands," thus exclaims, *That God and Nature have put into our hands!* This is a questioning exclamation. The words understood might be, *Does Lord Suffolk recommend the use of all the means that God and Nature have put into our hands?* The words of Lord Suffolk, "for it is perfectly allowable to use all the means which God and Nature have put into our hands," belong to the answer, and consequently adopt the falling inflection. This, however, has no influence over the inflection of Lord Chatham's exclamation, which is allied to the questioning part of the rule; and, as the first word is not emphatic, it assumes the rising inflection.

The examples which follow, are sentences exhibiting the emphatic stress on the first words, and, by consequence, the falling inflection on the last.

What a beautiful landscape! What a command of language!  
How far removed from selfishness! How full of benevolence!

If we analyze any of these, we shall find that there is a particular stress which we give to *what* or *how*, much superior to any other of these words. The person who expresses such exclamations, proceeds on the supposition of receiving, we might say, an entire confirmation of his sentiment—in other words, it is to extort some such words as these, *yes, it is a beautiful landscape—true, your emotion is very proper and natural.* But whether an affirmation or negation is immaterial. A knave may express his senti-

ment in this manner to drag some innocent victim to the rack.

As our limits remind us that we must take leave of exclamation-sentences, we have now to notice those of the parenthesis; which do not warrant us to propose any distinct rule for their regulation, at least, in as far as inflection is concerned. We repeat, all that we have to do here, and elsewhere, is, to consult the sentence of which they form a part. But whether a parenthesis forms a part, or the whole of a sentence—by which we mean the questioning and the answering parts—Nature, we conceive, bids us inflect in consistency with the rule. It is plain, that different tones and inflections of voice, and various degrees of rapidity may attend sentences not strictly parenthetical. But it is as plain that the same, with equal truth, may be affirmed of those decidedly and vulgarly known by this appellation. While some claim to themselves a higher, or even a lower tone of voice than the sentences or parts of sentences to which they more immediately stand related, others arrogate to themselves nothing in this respect peculiar. While nature and the sense join in recommending some to be read with a greater rapidity than the neighbouring members, they justly, evidently, and unhesitatingly condemn in others a rapidity foreign to the general tenor of the passage. And while we, supposing ourselves under the guidance of their dictates, would read or deliver some with a greater rapidity, we equally, in obedience to their dictates, would deliver others with a less degree of rapidity than the adjoining members. Though we have little doubt of the truth of these observations, it must be remarked, that, in a great number of instances, a more rapid delivery, and lower

tone of voice than the members immediately preceding them, will, we have as little doubt, characterize a great number of parenthetical sentences.

Some disagreement has arisen as to the mode of enclosing a parenthesis. Conceiving that printers have erred egregiously in substituting commas for hooks, which mark the vulgar parenthesis, Walker severely reprobates the practice, because he believes it productive of much injury to the proper reading, as well as the right understanding of sentences. There may be some truth in this. But if every member is to be distinguished by a particular mark for the proper reading or the right understanding of the sense, there will be no end to marks. Besides, there are members to be met with in almost every sentence, but more particularly in eloquent authors, as strictly parenthetical as those to which the general voice has awarded the exclusive appellation.

Keeping in mind what has been affirmed, that all such sentences come under the same rule, we give the following as one which includes both states—the questioning and the answering: the latter consequently terminating in the downward inflection.

Had I, when speaking in the assembly, been absolute and independent master of affairs, then your other speakers might call me to account. But if you were ever present, if you were all in general invited to propose your sentiments, if you were all agreed that the measures then suggested were really the best; if you *Æschines*, in particular, were thus persuaded—and it was no partial affection for me, that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applauses, the honours, which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible course—if this was the case, I say, is it

not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

The questioning part ends in the rising inflection at *advised*. But whatever is the inflection of *persuaded*—which, by-the-bye, Walker makes the falling—it can have no power over the inflection of *eligible course*, which, as it is an unmodified answer, demands the downward slide. This parenthesis evidently forms in itself a complete sentence—uncontrolled by either the *pre*-ceding or the *suc*-ceeding members.

Observe the next sentence, which contains only the questioning member.

Dr. Clarke has observed, that Homer is more perspicuous than any other author; but if he is so—which yet may be questioned—the perspicuity arises from his subject, and not from the language itself in which he writes.

Now, if *questioned* assumes the rising slide, it is on the principle of our rule—on the supposition of something being understood. But take away this something, you at once deprive it of this inflection. We, it is needless to remark, likewise regulate the inflection of *so*, the first word which precedes the parenthetical member, by the same principle.

We are of opinion, that a great number of parenthetical members will be found to belong to the questioning state; and to that part of it, the first word of which is not under the dominion of emphasis. This opinion of ours, it is to be understood, is entirely at the mercy of a qualification which it is unnecessary to explain. This sentence, however, is an example of the falling:—

Now, I will come unto you, when I pass through Macedonia;

*—for I do pass through Macedonia—and it may be that I will abide, yea, and winter with you, that you may bring me on my journey whithersoever I go.*

But, as our Introduction has enlarged considerably beyond what we at first anticipated, we shall now hasten to the last circumstance with which the question and answer may be encumbered. We have seen that all sentences belong to one or other of these states—that the one under the regulation of emphasis, with the prospect of an answer, assumes either the falling or the rising inflection; while the other, re-echoing to the question and emphasis, strictly confines itself to the former. From this exhibition of the subject, we see that Nature does not require an almost endless variety of rules, and as endless a variety of exceptions; and this altogether originating from her unlimited views presenting the simple and obvious principle which we have endeavoured to explain—a principle which is not confined to one language or one people, but which unites, in its grasp, all languages and all peoples—a principle which attends, as well the collected, grave, and serious manner of the Asiatic, as the trifling and frivolous air of the Frenchman—a principle which regulates no less the inflection of the untutored inhabitant of the desert, than that of the civilized inhabitant of a dense and thickly-peopled London or Pekin—in short, a principle which cannot be numbered among the many-marked distinctions, which divide the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned, the sable-countenanced and despised African, and his imperious and tyrannising master.

But, in adverting particularly to the last circumstance in which we sometimes find the question and answer, we have



to say that, were every sentence what is called simple, we should have no need for any other rule than that which we have already given. Were every sentence confined to one particular, we should not be obliged to seek for another rule. But we are aware that this is not the case. We are sensible that either the question or answer may be attended, not with one or two only, but with six, seven, eight, nine, or more particulars. We are also sensible that these particulars may consist of one word or more than one. The question, then, *how are we to inflect such a sentence?* meets us at the very threshold. But, on the other hand, we have to ask, *What does Nature say?* However much or little we may have consulted Nature, we entertain some doubt on this part of the subject. We could still come forward and crave time for a farther consultation. And the subject is certainly not without its difficulties. Here the indefatigable man had to *wade* through these almost alone. Scarcely one of the thousands around him could give him a helping hand. And since his time, not one has made a single successful attempt to simplify or point out the inconsistencies of this part of his system. In expressing our opinion on the difficulties in which the subject is involved, we have to add, that we do not conceive that these exist in Nature: of them, we believe she is ignorant. Why, then, any doubt about the matter? In relation to some parts of it we ourselves have none. But of all others we cannot affirm the same. Neither have we any hesitation in expressing these doubts. Walker himself had his. Besides, how many of our literary men are here mere children! What ignorance do most of our public speakers display on this subject! How little light have the thousands who have passed through our various universities, since the

announcement of Walker's system, thrown on any part of it! To be sure this is not Latin or Greek. But if they could inflect either of these languages with propriety, the difficulties of English, in so far as inflection is concerned, would soon disappear. From the time and attention bestowed upon them, a stranger might be forgiven, should he imagine that their devotees find every thing there. But the fact is, they are read as wretchedly ill as ever English was. If their native tongue is in this respect unworthy of notice, do they deem the Latin or Greek, to which some of our universities almost exclusively devote their attention, equally despicable? In this department, they seem to be blind to their own interests. They seem to have forgot the end for which all this knowledge of theirs is intended or hoarded up. They seem to have forgot the influence which true and natural oratory must ever exercise over a people learned or unlearned. Tottering as this system of theirs is to its very foundation, why is it that they do not see it? Why is it that these literati do not see *homines*, in many respects, *rudes et indoctos* gaining an ascendancy over those who have spent the best part of their lives at these distinguished *sedes literarum*?\* Tell it not in Gath! But the circumstances to which we now turn our attention are to be found in the following sentences:—

If it were possible to imagine that any jealousy of popular rights, any idle dread of popular excesses, any indifference to the sufferings of the people, in short, or any reverence for their oppressors, should exist in such an assembly, I think I may say that the people of Scotland would not readily believe that I

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\* This applies more decidedly to South Britain.

should voluntarily stand forward as the advocate of such opinions.

I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, were to affirm the truth of it, I could not believe it.

The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved.

We think of Astartè as young, beautiful, innocent, guilty, lost, murdered, judged, pardoned.

Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness faith, meekness, temperance, are the fruits of the Spirit.

Among Elocutionists, the following terms are well known—simple series, compound series, simple commencing and concluding serieses, compound commencing and concluding serieses, series of serieses, &c.

We have a simple concluding series in *Astartè*. *Love, joy, peace*, is an example of a simple commencing series. The other sentences belong to the compound series. It is in relation to the simple series, as it is called, that we have some doubt, particularly when extended to a considerable length, as is the case in these two examples. And yet we firmly believe, that here Nature knows none. Our doubts altogether arise from the limited number of the *data* which alone can remove these doubts. We seldom can find, in the children of nature, such sentences, and such sentences uttered completely free from the influence of habits, education, and circumstances. The question is not, *what variety is necessary?* what Walker recommends. This we deny. Our object, and that of all Elocutionists should be, *what does Nature recommend?* Before proceeding farther, we

shall give the table which Elocutionists have put into our hands for the reading of a simple series:—

*Table for the Inflection of the Simple Series.*

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
No. of Members.		No. of Members.	
2	- - - 1' 2'	2	- - - 1' 2'
3	- - - 1' 2' 3'	3	- - - 1' 2' 3'
4	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4'	4	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4'
5	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	- - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

The great objection to this table is, that it cannot be reduced to practice, particularly when the members amount to six, seven, eight, &c. It is plain that if we have always time to number the members before we read, it may be capable of being reduced. But this can very seldom happen. Though there were no other reason than this, it of itself is quite sufficient to put it aside. We therefore do consider it in this state. It is easy to make theories, but it is another thing to show that they are well founded or practicable. In proposing any other mode for the reading of sentences including a number of particulars, we are to be understood as having practicability, whatever other reason we may have in view. We may sacrifice a part of the variety of this systematical table, but we may after all be as near the dictates of Nature. But be that as it may, the charge of impracticability is not trifling. It ought to have a hearing—a charge which we have frequently heard made—and made too, not by those who had any sinister motive to gratify—in fact, a charge advanced by the children of Nature. We are indeed astonished, that it has been

allowed to rear its head, even for a moment, in the thinking world, especially when such a charge could be substantiated. By right, the inventor of this table ought to have given us another. If he reckoned it so full of variety, and, by consequence, so well fitted, as he thought, to please the ear, he should have given us another for reading such sentences at *sight*, in other words, without any previous consideration or preparation. *To remedy this defect, we have been in the habit of reading such sentences, by using the falling inflection, without dropping the voice on every word except the last of a commencing series, and if a concluding, on the last but one. We likewise consider ourselves called upon to begin the falling inflection on a low key, and to increase gradually in force and elevation, which any ordinary voice may do at least for five members—and if the number extend beyond this, to begin this climax anew,—remembering, however, what we have just said, to use the rising inflection on the last member of a commencing, and, on the last but one of a concluding series. This is what we believe practicable; and whatever defects it may have, we are convinced that it is as near the sense as the table of variety. If this increase of force and elevation, accompanied with the falling suspended inflection, be properly given, we do think it will form a very good variety, but by no means a bad auxiliary to the sense. We are of opinion, too, that this reading could be defended on principles, upon which we at present must not enter. Let us apply this mode of reading to one of the examples.*

I tell you, though you, though all the world, though an angel from heaven, were to affirm the truth of it, I could not believe it.

Here, we have our questioning state, requiring in itself

the rising inflection, which terminates at it. But by giving the suspended falling inflection to *you, world, and heaven*, we make an approach to this rising inflection. Even *heaven* might admit of a gentle rise, but if so, it must be much inferior to the final rising inflection which *truth* begins.

The same inflection we would apply to Mr. Jeffrey's sentence. We likewise apply the same mode of reading and inflection to all sentences whether simple or compound. When the particulars consist of a considerable number of words, as is the case in *and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder*, we do what Nature admits of, and that is, *what we can* to increase our force and elevation. We by no means wish, however, to quarrel with those who will take another mode of reading sentences connected with the series.

The general rule for the inflection of a compound series is, when a commencing series, the falling inflection is given to every member but the last, and to a concluding, the falling inflection to every member except the last but one. This, it is evident, is easily put in practice. If it has any fault, it is rather dull.

In the examples which we have given, there is no compound concluding series. But *the clanking of the chains* is an instance of a commencing compound series. When the particulars end the sentence, whether they begin it or not, it then receives the name of compound concluding series. As many examples of the different kinds of sentences will be noticed in the extracts, we have refrained from enlarging in the Introduction.

There are many things, in themselves very important, which we might term minutiae, but which we must pass un-

noticed. There are also other things, such as accent, rhetorical division of words, rhetorical phrase, and punctuation, and harmonic inflection, which our Introduction will not permit us to particularize. Of accent, it might be said that when the syllable of a word is opposed to the syllable of another word, it may lead to a change of accent, as, *we have no sooner con-ceived the thought, than we are obliged to confess that we are de-ceived.*

There are sentences or members of sentences, all of whose words are emphatic, which give rise to the name *emphatic phrase*. But, in relation to rhetorical punctuation, which of late years has become so fashionable, and which has easily imposed on the unthinking, we agree cordially with Mr. Knowles, that a *nice* attention to it has an *extremely mischievous tendency*—that it is *totally inconsistent with Nature*.

We have hitherto proceeded on the supposition that there are only two inflections—the rising and falling. We, however, occasionally meet with a tone both in reading and speaking, which belongs neither to the one nor the other—that which is generally called the monotone. In some sentences we find of course more of it than in others. Poetry probably furnishes a greater number of examples than prose. Subjects, which are dignified and sublime, require more of it than the colloquial and familiar. The greater part of the following lines, which are taken from Milton, may be read in this tone:—

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand  
 Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat.

Besides this, there is a union formed by the rising and falling inflections, which has received the name, circumflex, of which there are two—the rising and falling, the falling and rising.

*Rising and Falling.*

If yǒu called him such a name, I did not do sò.

*Falling and Rising.*

Nòthing but merit should decide the fate of a mǎn.

First word emphatic, terminating in the downward inflection :—

Since he did so?  
 Why has he done it?  
 If that is the case?  
 Can he do any thing?  
 When will you value a man according to his merit?  
 How few men think for themselves?  
 Should you judge candidly?  
 Is she only accomplished?  
 Does he act manly?  
 Is that man a cringer?  
 Will you disgrace yourself?  
 Have you acted properly?  
 Would you aggravate his sufferings?  
 Should you rest your happiness on the opinion of others?

First word not emphatic, terminating in the rising inflection :—

What is the cause of so much thought?  
 She may, indeed, be a very accomplished lady?  
 Did he strive to acquire the good-will of wise men?  
 Can any good thing come out of Galilee?  
 Is man the child of circumstances?  
 Since he acted in such a manner?  
 Why is it done in that way?  
 Does he speak to publicans and sinners?



Do some think that we degrade ourselves by speaking to a poor man ?

Is there a guide to show that path ?

Can intellect be degraded by poverty ?

Should we look merely to terrestrial things ?

Is the essence of Christianity love ?

Do some of its professors act as if its essence were hatred ?

Now, at the conclusion of our Introduction, many observations might be made, many cautions might be presented, but we shall only remark that, if we intend to act as rational creatures, we shall sit down, and, unbiassed by one suggestion or another, study nature, who, in this department of education, is our only lawgiver, our only umpire. By her dictates we stand or fall. For it is here as in many other departments of nature, that we behold creeds, systems, and theories, fleeing like stubble before the wind. It is here that we behold mind embodying itself in language, struggling for expression, put to a stand—dumb ; but Nature coming up with the mighty orator or actor leaning on her one arm, and the inductive philosopher on the other, terminates her pangs by soothingly telling her, that

—“ Ill can Poetry express

Full many a tone of thought sublime ;

And Painting mute and motionless,

Steals but a glance of time:

But, by the mighty actor brought,

Illusion's perfect triumphs come ;

Verse ceases to be airy thought,

And Sculpture to be dumb.”

THE  
ELEMENTARY ELOCUTIONIST.

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*To excel in the Arts of Speaking and Writing,  
Enthusiasm necessary.*

ALLOW me to recommend, in the third place, not only the attainment of useful knowledge, but a habit of application and industry. Without this, it is impossible to excel in any thing. We must not imagine that it is by a sort of mushroom growth that one can rise to be a distinguished pleader, or preacher, or speaker, in any assembly. It is not by starts of application, or by a few years' preparation of study, afterwards discontinued, that eminence can be attained. No: it can be attained only by means of regular industry, grown up into a habit, and ready to be exerted on every occasion that calls for industry. This is the fixed law of our nature; and he must have a very high opinion of his own genius indeed, that can believe himself an exception to it. A very wise law of our nature it is; for industry is, in truth, the great condimentum, the seasoning of every pleasure, without which, life is doomed to languish. Nothing is so great an enemy both to honourable attainments, and to the real, to the brisk, and spirited enjoyment of life, as that relaxed state of mind which arises from indolence and dissipation. One that is destined to excel in any art, especially in the arts of speaking and writing, will be known by this more than by any other mark whatever—an enthusiasm

for that art; an enthusiasm which, firing his mind with the object he has in view, will dispose him to relish every labour which the means require. It was this that characterised the great men of antiquity; it is this which must distinguish the moderns who would tread in their steps. This honourable enthusiasm, it is highly necessary for such as are studying oratory to cultivate. If youth wants it, manhood will flag miserably.

Blair.

What inflection at knowledge, this, assembly, attained, nature, life, writing? What words do you consider emphatic in the first four sentences? Where would you begin to use the rising or the falling inflection in these sentences? Why? Do they contain within themselves the nature of a question and answer? Or do they only belong to one of these states? What tone of voice do you think is necessary in reading this extract?

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*Orators of Greece and the Athenians.*

BUT another inference may be drawn from the comparisons into which we have entered. If they prove the extreme pains taken by the Orator, they illustrate as strikingly the delicate sense of rhetorical excellence in the Athenian audience; and seem even to show that they enjoyed a speech, as modern assemblies do a theatrical exhibition, a fine drama, or piece of music, which, far from losing by repetition, can only produce its full effect, after a first, or even a second representation has made it thoroughly understood. It seems hardly possible, on any other supposition, to account for many of the repetitions in Demosthenes. A single sentence, or even a passage of some length, if it contain nothing very striking, might be given twice to a court or a popular assembly in modern times, after no great interval of time; but who could now venture upon making a speech, about two-thirds of which had been spoken at different times, and nearly half of it upon one occasion the very year before? This would be impossible, how



*The following Description and Reflections among the Ruins of Bijanagur, the last Capital of the last Hinda Empire, overthrown in 1564.*

You cross the garden, where imprisoned beauty once strayed, you look at the elephant-stable, and the remaining gateway, with a mind busied in conjuring up some associations of luxury and magnificence. Sorrowfully I passed on. Every stone beneath my feet bore the mark of chisels or of human skill and labour. You tread continually on steps, pavement, pillar, capital, or cornice, of rude relief, displaced or fallen, and mingled in confusion. There large masses of such materials have formed brush-covered rocks,—there pagodas\* are still standing entire. You may for miles trace the city-walls, and can often discover, by the fallen pillars of the long piazza, where it has been adorned with streets of uncommon width. One, indeed, yet remains nearly perfect; at one end of it, a few poor ryots, who contrive to cultivate some patches of rice, cotton, or sugar-cane, in detached spots near the river, have formed mud-dwellings under the piazza.

While, with a mind thus occupied, you pass on through this wilderness, the desolating judgments on other renowned cities, so solemnly foretold, so dreadfully fulfilled, rise naturally to your recollection. Now, as you tread, the wild peacock, with a startling whirr, rises in your path; now you disturb the basking snake; and here, as the rustling of a thicket attracts your eye, are reminded that these ruins are the haunts of the hyena and the panther; that the small and frequent patches of sugar-cane give shelter to the wild boar; and that wolves are common in the rocky hills above you. I climbed the very loftiest rock at day-break, on the morrow of my first visit to the ruins, by rude and broken steps, winding between and over immense and detached masses of stone; and seated myself near a small pagoda, at the

\* Heathen temples.

very summit. From hence I commanded the whole extent of what was once a city, described by Cæsar Frædesick as twenty-four miles in circumference. Not above eight or nine pagodas are standing, but there are choultries innumerable. Fallen columns, arches, piazzas, and fragments of all shapes, on every side for miles.—Can there have been streets and roads in these choked up valleys? Has the war-horse pranced, the palfrey ambled there? Have jewelled turbans once glittered where those dew-drops now sparkle on the thick-growing bamboos? Have the delicate small feet of female dancers practised their graceful steps, where that rugged and thorn-covered ruin bars up the path? Have their soft voices, and the Indian guitar, and the gold bells on their ankles, ever made music in so lone and almost a spot? They have; but other sights and other sounds have been seen and heard among these ruins. There, near that beautiful banyan tree, whole families, at the will of a merciless prince, have been thrown to trampling elephants, kept for a work so savage, that they learn it with reluctance, and must be taught by man. Where those cocoas wave, once stood a vast seraglio, filled at the expense of tears and crimes; there, within that retreat of voluptuousness, have poison or the crease obeyed, often anticipated, the sovereign's wish. By those green banks, near which the sacred waters of the Toombudra flow, many aged parents have been carried forth, and exposed to perish, by those whose infancy they fostered.

Better, thought I, better the wilderness should lie fallow a week of centuries, than be fertile only in errors and crimes; than bring forth nothing but the bitter fruits of man's apostasy!

Sketches of India.

Several parts of this extract, certainly not without its beauties, may be read with a soothing melancholy tone. The sentence, *you tread continually on steps*, has a few particulars—simple series. Would you make *can, has, have*, emphatic, and thus lead to the downward slide? *Have their soft voices*—a compound commencing series. What inflection at *standing, piazzas, wave, thoughts, centuries*?

*Character of the Puritans.*

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him, was, with them, the great end of existence. They rejected, with contempt, the ceremonious language which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on the intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but his favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory, which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt. For they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language; nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged—on whose

slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest; who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events, which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes had been ordained on his account. For his sake, empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake, the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist, and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested, by no common deliverer, from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God!

Edinburgh Review.

In this energetic and eloquent description of those religious men called Puritans, we have many sentences which divide themselves into two parts—the one taking the rising, the other the falling inflection; such as *Not*, the rising terminating at *providence*; instead of rising ending at *veil*. The same slide attends *jumpers*, *poets*, *heralds*, *menials*. We shall always find it more easy to inflect good than bad composition. To the former this most evidently belongs.

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*An Account of the dreadful Earthquake which visited the Calabrian Coast, a part of South Italy, in the year 1783.*

THE shock which all this portion of the Calabrian coast experienced the morning of the 5th of February, had been highly detrimental to the town of Scylla, and levelled with the dust most of the houses situated in the upper range. The castle had also suffered considerable damage; it was the residence of the prince, whom advanced age and infirmities had rendered almost indifferent to the fate which appeared to threaten his existence, in common with that of the



whole population. He had determined to await the event before the crucifix in his chapel, but was persuaded to leave the walls of a mansion which appeared scarcely able to resist further concussion, and seek his safety in flight towards the mountains, where he possessed a magnificent residence, called *La-Melia*. But the road that led out of the town was so encumbered with the ruins of the buildings which had been overthrown, that it was resolved to defer his departure until the following day; and a temporary and apparently secure asylum was sought on the strand of one of the two small bays which are separated by the castle, and form the harbours for the fishing boats. To the largest of these, on the southern side of the promontory, this nobleman retired, and prepared to pass the night in a felucca, which had been hauled up on the sand, with all the other vessels belonging to the place, serving as receptacles for the remains of property or household goods saved by the unfortunate owners out of their fallen habitations. Here, all the surviving individuals had assembled, and, after a day of terror, hoped to pass a few hours of comparative ease and tranquillity. The *Ave Maria* had been saved, in which the feudal despot and all his vassals, now reduced to one common level of humiliation by the visitations they apprehended, had joined with all the fervour of penitence and fear. The cries of motherless babes, and the lamentations of childless parents, had subsided with the commotions of the earth; while grief, terror, and even despair, lost their power of excitement, and all had sunk under the languor of bodily as well as mental exhaustion. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the atmosphere; not the slightest ripple was visible on the surface of the sea: it seemed as if the elements, mankind, and nature herself, had wasted their energies, and yielded to the necessity of repose.

At about half-past seven, a distant but loud crash proclaimed some new disaster, and awakened to a fearful state of suspense all the silent sufferers. A powerful recurrence of the morning's shocks had se-

vered a large portion of Mount Baci, which forms the next promontory towards the south, and dashed its shivered mass into the sea. The darkness precluded an immediate communication of this event to the trembling population on the sands, and also shrouded from their knowledge the anticipation of its consequences. They were roused by the earthquake; but, extended on the beach, and out of the reach of all buildings, they thought themselves comparatively secure from real danger. A low rustling noise was soon heard, and gradually but rapidly increased to the roar of the most impetuous hurricane. The waters of the whole canal, impelled by the pressure of the fallen mountain, in a single wave, had rushed with irresistible force over the opposite point of the Faro, which it entirely inundated. Thrown back towards the Calabrian coast, it passed with impetuosity over the shore of Scylla, and, in its retreat to the bosom of the deep, swept from its surface every individual who had thought to find safety in the bareness of its sands. One abhorrent shriek uttered by the united voices of 4000 beings, thus snatched to eternity, re-echoed from the mountains; and the tremendous wave returning a second and last time, rose to the elevation of the highest houses that yet remained entire, and buried many of them in masses of mud and sand, leaving on their flat roofs, and among the branches of the trees which grew out of the impending rocks, the mangled bodies of the victims it had destroyed. But these were not many; for the mass, including the Prince of Scylla, were never seen nor heard of more.

Craven's Tour.

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*Inattention to Oratory, the bane of the Church of  
England.*

It is a truth, too self-evident to be denied, that every part of divine service ought to be properly

performed. The prayers ought to be properly read; the psalms ought to be properly sung; and the anthem ought not only to be good as a composition, but it ought to be properly delivered. Shakespeare fills us with disgust from the lips of a bad performer; and our transcendently beautiful liturgy, and the best sermon, are heard with impatience and pain from the lips of a bad orator. A clergyman who is not a reasonably good orator is not qualified for the pulpit; he cannot perform in a proper manner the most important of his duties; he cannot withstand the competition of the dissenters; and he cannot avoid losing that flock which the Church commits to his keeping. Every clergyman who is a bad orator, no matter what his life and learning may be, immediately loses the body of his congregation when the dissenting preacher raises his voice to oppose him; and people will scarcely go to hear him even if he have no competitor.

On this matter, we think our church government is exceedingly defective. Our candidates for holy orders are compelled to qualify themselves with regard to learning, doctrine, and character, but not with regard to Oratory. One of the main qualifications—that which is necessary to give due effect to all others—is entirely disregarded, and the poorest orator may, without any difficulty, become a clergyman. The natural consequence is, that a very large number of our clergy are most wretched readers and preachers. Some have impediments, and cannot be understood; others have no voice, and cannot be heard; and many who have proper powers will not exert them. This holds good to a very great extent in the country. In the churches of the metropolis, particularly those of the west end, eloquent preachers are numerous, but the readers are generally miserable ones. How any man can read our service in an idle, lifeless, unemphatic, hurried manner, we cannot conceive, and still we rarely can hear it read differently. This is deeply to be lamented; such a service, if read with due feeling, emphasis, and solemnity, could scarcely fail to rivet the attention, and

reach the hearts of any congregation whatever. The Disciples manage these matters differently. With them, no man can be admitted as a regular preacher who has not preached some time previously on trial. They make oratorical ability, as well as proper life and doctrine, a *sine qua non*, and the consequence is, that the worst of these regular preachers would, as an orator, put to shame a very large number of our clergymen.

**Blackwood's Magazine.**

In this extract, there are several members including a number of particulars. Point out those of this character, whether simple or compound. This ought to be read in an earnest energetic tone, approaching to anger, occasioned by the vivid perception of the faults of those who, pretending to qualify candidates for the Church, forget "one of the main qualifications—that which is necessary to give effect to all others"—Oratory. How true!

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10 *Character of Marquis Cornwallis, by Napoleon.*

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“CORNWALLIS,” said he, “was a man of probity, a generous and sincere character. Un très brave homme.” He is the man who first gave me a good opinion of the English; his integrity, fidelity, frankness, and the nobleness of his sentiments, impressed me with a very favourable opinion of you. I recollect Cornwallis saying, one day, ‘There are certain qualities which may be bought; but a good character, sincerity, a proper pride, and calmness in the hour of danger, are not to be purchased.’ These words made an impression upon me. I gave him a regiment of cavalry to amuse himself with at Amiens, which used to manœuvre before him. The officers of it loved him much. I do not believe that he was a man of first-rate abilities; but he had talent, great probity, and sincerity. He never broke his word. At Amiens, the treaty was ready, and was to be signed by him at the Hôtel de la Ville, at nine

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o'clock. Something happened which prevented him from going ; but he sent word to the French ministers, that they might consider the treaty as having been signed ; and that he would sign it the following day. A courier from England arrived at night, with directions to him to refuse his consent to certain articles, and not to sign the treaty. Although Cornwallis had not signed it, and might have easily availed himself of this order, he was a man of such strict honour, that he said he considered his promise to be equivalent to his signature, and wrote to his government, that he had promised, and that having once pledged his word, he would keep it. That if they were not satisfied, they might refuse to ratify the treaty. There was a man of honour—a true Englishman. Such a man as Cornwallis ought to have been sent hither, instead of a compound of falsehood, suspicion, and meanness. I was much grieved when I heard of his death. Some of his family occasionally wrote to me to request favours for some prisoners, which I always complied with."

O'Meara.

As there is something to come, *said he* will take the rising slide. His *integrity, fidelity*—simple series. *There are certain qualities*, contains in its latter member a negation, with the downward slide. But if so, altogether on the supposition of not being modified by any succeeding member. What inflection *at bought, going, treaty, order* ? What tone of voice does *There was a man of honour—a true Englishman*, require ?

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*The New Testament incomparably better authenticated than Tacitus.*

BRING Tacitus and the New Testament to an immediate comparison, and subject them both to the touchstone of ordinary and received principles, and it will be found that the latter leaves the former out of sight in all the marks, and characters, and evidences, of an authentic history. The truth of the gospel stands on a much firmer and more indepen-

dent footing, than many of its defenders would dare to give us any conception of. They want that boldness of argument which the merits of the question entitle them to assume. They ought to maintain a more decided front to their adversaries, and tell them that in the New Testament itself—in the concurrence of its numerous, and distant, and independent authors—in the uncontradicted authority which it has maintained from the earliest times of the church—in the total inability of the bitterest adversaries of our religion to impeach its credibility—in the genuine characters of honesty and fairness which it carries on the very face of it; that in these, and in every thing else, which can give validity to the written history of past times, there is a weight and a splendor of evidence which the testimony of Tacitus cannot confirm, and which the absence of that testimony could not have diminished.

If it were necessary, in a court of justice, to ascertain the circumstances of a certain transaction which happened in a particular neighbourhood, the obvious expedient would be to examine the agents and the eye-witnesses of that transaction. If six or eight concurred in giving the same testimony—if there were no appearance of collusion amongst them—if they had the manner and aspect of creditable men—above all, if this testimony were made public, and not a single individual, from the numerous spectators of the transaction alluded to, stepped forward to falsify it, then, we apprehend, the proof would be looked upon as complete. Other witnesses might be summoned from a distance to give in their testimony, not of what they saw, but of what they heard upon the subject; but their concurrence, though a happy enough circumstance, would never be looked upon as any material addition to the evidence already brought forward. Another court of justice might be held in a distant country, and years after the death of the original witnesses. It might have occasion to verify the same transaction, and for this purpose might call in the only evidence which it was capable of collecting—the testimony of men who lived after

the transaction in question, and at a great distance from the place where it happened. There would be no hesitation, in ordinary cases, about the relative value of the two testimonies ; and the record of the first court could be appealed to by posterity as by far the more valuable document, and far more decisive of the point in controversy. Now, what we complain of is, that in the instance before us this principle is reversed. The report of hearsay witnesses is held in higher estimation than the report of the original agent and spectators. The most implicit credit is given to the testimony of the distant and later historians, and the testimony of the original witnesses is received with as much distrust as if they carried the marks of villany and imposture upon their foreheads. The genuineness of the first record can be established by a much greater weight and variety of evidence than the genuineness of the second. Yet all the suspicion that we feel upon this subject annexes to the former ; and the apostles and evangelists, with every evidence in their favour which it is in the power of testimony to furnish, are, in fact, degraded from the place which they ought to occupy among the accredited historians of past times.

Chalmers.

What inflection at *principles, characters, footing, itself, authors, church, credibility, it, these, times*? Whether do the sentences beginning thus, *The truth, They want, They ought*, belong to the answering or the questioning part? Look at that sentence, *If it were necessary*, and the following sentence. Where do the questioning parts end? Where would commence the rising inflection of the first? Why? Point out all the sentences which include the questioning and answering parts, and those which do not. Are there any parenthetical members in this extract? Does this extract require the same uniform tone? Are there any compound serieses? This piece is characteristic of Dr. Chalmers' energy.

*Character of the unclaimed Scottish Novels,—Waverly, &c.*

We have often been astonished at the quantity of talent, of invention, observation, and knowledge of character, as well as of spirited and graceful composition, that may be found in these works of fiction in our language, which are generally regarded as among the lower productions of our literature, upon which no great pains is understood to be bestowed, and which are seldom regarded as titles of a permanent reputation. If novels, however, are not rated to the same level as epic poems, they are at least a great deal more popular in their season; and slight as their structure, and imperfect as their finishing may often be thought in comparison, we have no hesitation in saying, that the better specimens of the set are incomparably more entertaining, and considerably more instructive. The great objection to them, indeed, is, that they are too entertaining, and they are so pleasing in the reading, as to be apt to produce a disrelish for other kinds of reading, which may be more necessary, and can in no way be made so agreeable. Neither science, nor authentic history, nor political nor profound instruction, can be conveyed in a pleasing tale; and, therefore, all these things are in danger of becoming dull and uninteresting to the votaries of those more seductive studies. Among the most popular of these popular productions that have appeared in our times, we must rank *Waverly*, *Guy Mannering*, and *The Antiquary*; and we do not hesitate to say, that they are well entitled to that distinction. They are, indeed, in many respects, very extraordinary performances—though in nothing more extraordinary than in having remained so long unclaimed. There is no name, we think, in our literature, to which they would not add lustre—and lustre, too, of a very enviable kind: for they not only show great talent, but infinite sense and good nature,—a more vigorous and wide-reaching intellect than is often displayed in novels, and a more power-



fabulancy, and a deeper sympathy with various passions, than is often combined with strength of understanding.

The author, whoever he is, has a truly graphic and creative power in the invention and delineation of characters, which he sketches with an ease, and colours with a brilliancy, which reminds us of Shakespeare himself; yet with all this force and feeling in the representation of living agents, he has the eye of a poet for all the striking aspects of nature, and usually contrives, both in his scenery, and in the groups with which it is enlivened, to combine the picturesque with the natural, with a grace that has rarely been attained by artists so copious and rapid. His narrative, in this way, is kept continually full of life, variety, and colour; and is so interspersed with glowing descriptions, and lively allusions, and flying traits of sagacity and pathos, as not only to keep our attention continually awake, but to afford a pleasing exercise to most of our other faculties. The prevailing tone is very gay and pleasant; but the author's most remarkable, and, perhaps, his most delightful talent, is that of representing kindness of heart in union with lightness of spirit and great simplicity of character, and of blending the expression of warm, and generous, and exalted affections, with scenes and persons that are themselves both lovely and ridiculous. This gift he shares with his illustrious countryman, Burns—as he does many of the other qualities we have mentioned with another living poet, who is only inferior to him perhaps in that to which we have alluded. It is very honourable indeed, we think, both to the author, and to the readers among whom he is so extremely popular, that the concern we take in his characters is less on account of their adventures than of their amiableness—and that the great charm of his works is derived from the kindness of heart, the capacity of generous emotions, and the lights of native taste, which he ascribes so lavishly, and, at the same time, with such an air of truth and familiarity, even to the humblest of his favourites.

The ingenious author has succeeded by far the

best in the representation of rustic and homely characters, not in the ludicrous or contemptuous representation of them—but by making them at once more natural and interesting than they had ever been made before in any work of fiction; by showing them not as clowns to be laughed at, or wretches to be pitied and despised—but as human creatures, with all their pleasures, and fewer cares than their superiors; with affections not only as strong, but often as delicate as those whose language is smoother—and with a view of humour, a force of sagacity, and very frequently an elevation of fancy, as high and as natural as can be met with among more cultivated beings. The great merit of all these delineations is their admirable truth and fidelity—the whole manner and cast of the characters being accurately moulded on their condition—and the finer attributes that are ascribed to them, so blended and harmonized with the native rudeness and simplicity of their life and occupations, that they are made interesting and even noble beings, without the least particle of foppery or exaggeration, and delight and amuse us, without trespassing at all on the province of pastoral or romance.

Edinburgh Review.

What words do you consider emphatic in the first and second sentences? Where begin to rise in the second sentence? Why? Would you make comparison the end of a rising slide? Look at the sentence, *the ingenious author* Does representation of them take the rising inflection? If so, where begin to rise? There are several sentences in this extract which demand some consideration—we mean in relation to inflection. Many of the answering states are encumbered with members, or parts of sentences, with which they could easily dispense. Of this, the first is an example. *Language* would permit the sentence to end. *Literature* gives the same permission, and so does *bestowed*—and yet not one of these finishes the sentence. Such sentences frequently occur—for which the tone of voice must make pro-

*The connection between Christianity and Freedom.*

The great body of the Colonists have resolutely opposed religious instruction; and they are in the right. They know, though their misinformed friends in England do not know, that christianity and slavery cannot long exist together. We have already given it as our opinion, that the great body of the negroes can never, while their political state remains the same, be expected to become christians. But, if that were possible, we are sure that their political state would very speedily be changed. At every step which the Negro makes in the knowledge, and discrimination of right and wrong, he will learn to reprobate more and more the system under which he lives. He will not indeed be so prone to engage in rash and foolish tumults; but he will be as willing as he now is to struggle for liberty, and far more capable of struggling with effect. The forms in which christianity has been at different times disguised, have been often hostile to liberty. But wherever the spirit has surmounted the forms—in France, during the wars of the Hugonots,—in Holland, during the reign of Philip II.,—in Scotland, at the time of the Reformation,—in England, through the whole contest against the Stuarts, from their accession to their expulsion,—in New England, through its whole history,—in every place,—in every age,—it has inspired a hatred of oppression, and a love of freedom. It would be thus in the West Indies. The attempts which have been made to press a few detached texts into the cause of tyranny, have never produced any extensive effect. Those who cannot refute them by reasoning and compassion, will be hurried forward by the sense of intolerable wrongs, and the madness of wounded affection. All this the Colonists have discovered; and we feel assured, that they will never suffer religious instruction to be unreservedly given to the slaves.

What inflection at instruction, know, never, possible, wrong, tumult, Hugonots, Holland, Scotland, Reformation? Are there any sentences, or members of sentences, which require to be read more rapidly, or in a lower tone of voice? *While their political state, is an example of greater rapidity. He will not, indeed, requires a tone peculiar to the idea.*

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*Rebecca and the Lady of Ivanhoe.*

It was upon the second morning of this happy bridal, that the Lady Rowena was made acquainted, by her handmaid Elgitha, that a damsel desired admission to her presence, and solicited that their parley might be without witness. Rowena wondered, hesitated, became curious, and ended by commanding the damsel to be admitted, and her attendants to withdraw. She entered—a noble and commanding figure, the long white veil in which she was shrouded, overshadowing rather than concealing the elegance and majesty of her shape. Her demeanour was that of respect, unmingled with the least shade either of fear, or of a wish to propitiate favour. Rowena was ever ready to acknowledge the claims, and attend to the feelings of others. She arose, and would have conducted the lovely stranger to a seat; but she looked at Elgitha, and again intimated a wish to discourse with the Lady Rowena alone. Elgitha had no sooner retired with unwilling steps, than, to the surprise of the Lady of Ivanhoe, her fair visitant knelt on one knee, pressed her hands to her forehead, and, bending her head to the ground, in spite of Rowena's resistance, kissed the embroidered hem of her tunic.—“What means this?” said the surprised bride; “or why do you offer to me a deference so unusual?”—“Because to you, Lady of Ivanhoe,” said Rebecca, rising up and resuming the usual quiet dignity of her manner, “I may lawfully, and without rebuke, pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfred of Ivanhoe. I am—forgive the boldness which has offered you the homage of my

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country—I am the unhappy Jewess for whom your husband hazarded his life against such fearful odds, in the tilt-yard of Templestowe.”—“Damsel,” said Rowena, “Wilfred of Ivanhoe on that day rendered back but in a slight measure your unceasing charity towards him in his wounds and misfortunes. Speak, is there aught remains in which he and I can serve thee?”—“Nothing,” said Rebecca, calmly, “unless you will transmit to him my grateful farewell.”—“You leave England, then,” said Rowena, scarce recovering the surprise of this extraordinary visit.—“I leave it, Lady, ere this moon again changes. My father has a brother high in favour with Mohammed Boabdil, King of Granada—thither we go, secure of peace and protection, for the payment of such ransom as the Moslem exact from our people.”—“And are you not then as well protected in England?” said Rowena.—“My husband has favour with the King—the King himself is just and generous.”—“Lady,” said Rebecca, “I doubt it not—but the people of England are a fierce race, quarrelling ever with their neighbours or among themselves, and ready to plunge the sword into the bowels of each other. Such is no safe abode for the children of my people. Ephraim is a heartless dove—Issachar an over-laboured drudge, which stoops between two burthens. Not in a land of war and blood, surrounded by hostile neighbours, and distracted by internal factions, can Israel hope to rest during her wanderings.”—“But you, maiden,” said Rowena, “you surely can have nothing to fear. She who nursed the sick bed of Ivanhoe,” she continued, rising with enthusiasm,—“she can have nothing to fear in England; where Saxon and Norman will contend who shall most do her honour.”—“Thy speech is fair, Lady,” said Rebecca, “and thy purpose fairer; but it may not be—there is a gulph betwixt us. Our breeding, our faith, alike forbid either to pass over it. Farewell—Yet, ere I go, indulge me one request. The bridal veil hangs over thy face; raise it, and let me see the features of which fame speaks so highly.”—“They are scarce worthy of being looked upon,” said Rowena; “but, expect-

ing the same from my visitant, I remove the veil." She took it off accordingly, and partly from the consciousness of beauty, partly from bashfulness, she blushed so intensely, that cheek, brow, neck, and bosom, were suffused with crimson. Rebecca blushed also ; but it was a momentary feeling ; and, mastered by higher emotions, passed slowly from her features, like the crimson flood, which changes colour when the sun sinks beneath the horizon.

"Lady," she said, "the countenance you have designed to show me will long dwell in my remembrance. There reigns in it gentleness and goodness ; and if a tinge of the world's pride or vanities may mix with an expression so lovely, how may we chide that which is of earth for bearing some colour of its original ? Long, long will I remember your features, and bless God that I leave my noble deliverer united with—" She stopped short—her eyes filled with tears. She hastily wiped them, and answered to the anxious inquiries of Rowena, "I am well, Lady—well. But my heart swells when I think of Torquilstone, and the lists of Templestowe.—Farewell. One, the most trifling part of my duty, remains undischarged ; accept this casket—startle not at its contents."—Rowena opened the small silver-chased casket, and perceived a carcanet or necklace, with ear-jewels, of diamonds, which were visibly of immense value.—"It is impossible," she said, tendering back the casket. "I dare not accept a gift of such consequence."—"Yet keep it, Lady," returned Rebecca.—"You have power, rank, command, influence ; we have health, the source both of our strength and weakness ; the value of these toys, ten times multiplied, would not influence half so much as your slightest wish. To you, therefore, the gift is of little value—and to me, what I part with is of much less. Let me not think you deem so wretchedly ill of my nation as your commons believe. Think ye that I prize these sparkling fragments of stone above my liberty ? or that my father values them in comparison to the honour of his only child ? Accept them, Lady—to me they are valueless. I will never wear jewels

more."—"You are then unhappy," said Rowena; struck with the manner in which Rebecca uttered the last words. "O, remain with us—the council of holy men will wean you from your unhappy laws, and I will be a sister to you."—"No, Lady," answered Rebecca, the same calm melancholy reigning in her soft voice and beautiful features,—~~"that may not be; I may not change the faith of my fathers like a garment unsuited to the climate in which I seek to dwell; and unhappy, Lady, I will not be. He to whom I dedicate my future life, will be my Comforter, if I do his will."~~—"Have you then ~~consented~~ to one of which you mean to retire?" asked Rowena.—"No, Lady," said the Jewess, "but among our people, since the time of Abraham downwards, have been women who have devoted their thoughts to Heaven; and their actions to works of kindness: to men, tending the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Among these will Rebecca be numbered. Say this to thy Lord, should he inquire after the fate of her whose life he saved." There was an involuntary tremor in Rebecca's voice, and a tenderness of accent, which perhaps betrayed more than she would have willingly expressed. She hastened to bid Rowena adieu.—"Farewell," she said; "may he who made both Jew and Christian shower down on you his choicest blessings."

She glided from the apartment, leaving Rowena surprised, as if a vision had passed before her. The fair Saxon related the singular conference to her husband, on whose mind it made a deep impression. He lived long and happily with Rowena, for they were attached to each other by the bonds of early affection; and they loved each other the more, from the recollections of the objects which had impeded their union. Yet it would be inquiring too curiously to ask, whether the recollection of Rebecca's beauty and magnanimity did not recur to his mind more frequently than the fair descendant of Alfred might altogether have approved.

The reader ought to change the tone of his voice, so that the ~~man~~ to whom he reads may not confound the two characters—the ladies conversing with each other.

*The folly of our present system of Education in relation to the Classics, to the neglect of our Native Tongue, exposed.*

No man, we allow, can be said to have received a complete and liberal education, unless he have acquired a knowledge of the ancient languages. But not one gentleman in fifty can possibly receive what we should call a complete and liberal education.—That term includes not only the ancient languages, but those of France, Italy, Germany, and Spain. It includes mathematics, the experimental sciences, and moral philosophy. An intimate acquaintance both with the profound and polite parts of English literature is indispensable. Few of those who are intended for professional or commercial life can find time for all these studies. It necessarily follows, that some portion of them must be given up: and the question is, what portion? We say provide for the mind as you provide for the body,—first, necessities,—then, conveniencies,—lastly, luxuries. Under which of these heads do the Greek and Latin languages come? Surely under the last. Of all the pursuits which we have mentioned, they require the greatest sacrifice of time. He who can afford time for them, and for the others also, is perfectly right in acquiring them. He who cannot, will, if he is wise, be content to go without them. If a man is able to continue his studies till his twenty-eighth or thirtieth year, by all means let him learn Latin and Greek. If he must terminate them at one-and-twenty, we should, in general, advise him to be satisfied with the modern languages. If he is forced to enter into active life at fifteen or sixteen, we should think it best that he should confine himself almost entirely to his native tongue, and thoroughly imbue his mind with the



spirit of its best writers. But, no! The artificial restraints and encouragements which our academic system has introduced, have altogether reversed this natural and salutary order of things. We deny ourselves what is indispensable, that we may procure what is superfluous. We act like a day-labourer, who should stint himself in bread that he might eat strawberries. Cicero tells us, in the Offices, an whimsical anecdote of Cato the Censor. Some body asked him, what was the best mode of employing capital? He said, to farm good pasture land. What next? To farm middling pasture land. What next? To farm bad pasture land. Now, the notions which prevail in England respecting classical learning, seem to us very much to resemble those which the old Roman entertained with regard to his favourite method of cultivation. Is one young man able to spare the time necessary for passing through the University? Make him a good classical scholar! But a second, instead of residing at the University, must go into business when he leaves school. Make him then a tolerable classical scholar! A third has still less time for snatching up knowledge, and is destined for active employment while still a boy. Make him a bad classical scholar! If he does not become a Flaminidæ or a Buchanan, he may learn to write nonsense verses. If he does not get on to Horace, he may read the first book of Cæsar. If there is not time even for such a degree of improvement, he may at least be flogged through that immemorial vestibule of learning. 'Quis docet? Who teacheth? Magister docet. The master teacheth.' Would to heaven, that he taught something better worth knowing!

DEO.

Edinburgh, 18th April.

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You will have very little difficulty in resolving these sentences into two parts. A very little attention will enable us to perceive where the rising inflection should terminate. It will, however, require more attention to know where to begin to rise, and where to fall; as this demands a knowledge of the inflected words. The quality and the quantity, or, if you will, the degree, of the rising and falling inflections, are likewise necessary to be considered.

1800. 11. 10. 1

*The Latin Language not more strictly grammatical than the English.*

1800. 11. 10. 11

We are often told that the Latin language is more strictly grammatical than the English; and that it is, therefore, necessary to study it, in order to speak English with elegance and accuracy. This is one of those remarks which are repeated till they pass into axioms, only because they have so little meaning, that nobody thinks it worth while to refute them at their first appearance. If those who say that the Latin language is more strictly grammatical than the English, mean only that it is more regular, that there are fewer exceptions to its general laws of derivation, inflection, and construction, we grant it. This is, at least, for the purposes of the orator and the poet, rather a defect than a merit; but be it merit or defect, it can in no possible way facilitate the acquisition of any other language. It would be about as reasonable to say, that the simplicity of the Code Napoleon renders the study of the laws of England easier than formerly. If it be meant, that the Latin language is formed in more strict accordance with the general principles of grammar than the English; that is to say, that the relations which words bear to each other are more strictly analogous to the relations between the ideas which they represent, in Latin than in English, we venture to doubt the fact. We are quite sure, that not one in ten thousand of those who repeat the hackneyed remark on which we are commenting, have ever considered whether there be any principles of grammar whatever, anterior to positive enactment,—any solecism which is a *malum in se*, as distinct from a *malum prohibitum*. Or, if we suppose that there exist such principles, is not the circumstance that a particular rule is found in one language and not in another, a sufficient proof that it is not one of those principles? That a man who knows Latin is likely to know the English better than one who does not, we do not dispute. But this advantage is not peculiar to the study of Latin. Every

language throws light on every other. There is not a single foreign tongue which will not suggest to a man of sense some new considerations respecting his own. We acknowledge, too, that the great body of our educated countrymen learn to grammaticise their English by means of their Latin. This, however, proves not the usefulness of their Latin; but the folly of their other instructors. Instead of being a vindication of the present system of education, it is a high charge against it. A man who thinks the knowledge of Latin essential to the purity of English diction, either has never conversed with an accomplished woman, or does not deserve to have conversed with her. We are sure that all persons who are in the habit of hearing public speaking must have observed, that the orators who are fondest of quoting Latin, are by no means the most scrupulous about marring their native tongue. We could mention several members of Parliament who never fail to usher in their scraps of Horace and Juvenal, with half-a-dozen false citations.

Edinburgh Review.

Are there any questioning members in this extract, the first words of which are under the dominion of emphasis? Point out those answers which, being modified by succeeding members, assume the rising slide. This sentence is one example, *This however does not*. Were *Latin* not followed by the succeeding member, *but the folly*, it might take the falling inflection, but as it now stands it must have the rising.

### *Virtue Man's Highest Interest.*

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion. Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own kind or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all my-

self?—Not—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not. But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible.—What consequence then follows; or can there be any other than this?—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence?

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here: this smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of beading animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest: without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations, and I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolute would I depend on this common general welfare:

What then have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into  
 duty? Not only honour and justice, and what is owing  
 to man, is my interest, but gratitude also; acquies-  
 cence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this  
 great polity, and its greater Governor, and omniscient  
 Parent.

In this extract, the questioning and answering states with, to  
 some of our readers, be more evident. It presents some very plain  
 and good illustrations of the rule—of the influence of emphasis  
 founded on the sense. The sentence, *The world appears to be*  
 marked with an interrogation, and yet it has no external pro-  
 nunciation authorizing that point. This is completely in ac-  
 cordance with our notions of the subject. Many writers would not  
 have sanctioned such a mark here—and this arises from ignorance.  
 There are many parts of sentences as strictly interrogative as pos-  
 sibility can admit, but ignorance has prevented the mark from be-  
 ing affixed. From this it may be inferred, that many parts of  
 sentences are transferred from the questioning to the answering  
 state; and thus the sense of an author in a great measure lost.—  
 From this we likewise infer that the inflection of a member is  
*a sine qua non*; in short, a something with which it cannot  
 dispense—with which, at least, we know Nature never takes  
 dispense.

### *The Planters and the Abolitionists.*

It is much to be regretted that the abolitionists  
 and the planters have hitherto stood at such an im-  
 practicable distance from each other; and more espe-  
 cially that a whole class of men, comprising in it  
 many humane and accomplished individuals, should  
 have had such an indiscriminate stigma affixed to  
 them, by the more intemperate advocates of a good  
 cause. There is a sacredness in property, which a  
 British legislature, in that calm and equitable spirit  
 by which it is so honourably characterised, will ever  
 hold in reverence; and every thing ought to be done,  
 consistently with the great object of a full and final  
 emancipation, to tranquillize the natural fears of the  
 slave-holders, and, it may be added, to meet and to  
 satisfy their natural appetite for justice. On the

part of the abolitionists, there is a frequent appeal to the abstract and original principles of the question. But, as the part of the proprietors, it may be asked, Who ought to bear the expense of reforming the mischief that has arisen from the violation of these principles?—whether the traders who have hitherto acted under the sanction and the shelter of existing laws, or the government that framed these laws?—whether the party that have been lured into a commerce which they found to be tolerated and protected by the state, or the party that, by this very toleration, may be said to have given their promise and their authority in its favour?—whether the children who have been misled, or the parent who has misled them?—whether, in a word, the men who have been singled out for the execration of the public, or that same public, under whose observation, and by whose connivance, the property that they would now seize upon has been legalized, and its present possessors have made their sacrifices of time, and labour, and money, to obtain it? It were a noble achievement, this conversion of slaves into free-men; and therefore the more important for its ultimate success, that in every step of its prosecution there should be an even-handed justice to all the parties concerned. More especially, would it serve to accredit the philanthropy that is now so widely and so warmly embarked upon this undertaking, did they who advocate its designs also bear their part in the expenses of them; and it would do much to allay the fermentation that now is among the West India planters, could they have any satisfying demonstration from Parliament, that, however intent on the emancipation of their slaves, it should be so devised and carried into effect as not to infringe on the present worth of their patrimony.

Chalmers.

This place has been selected in consequence of the *ors* which it contains. We consider the word, *should*, understood. It will then be expressed thus:—*Should the traders who have hitherto acted under the sanction and the shelter of existing laws? Or, Should the government that framed these laws? It matters little*



He went to the deer of Mora.—The daughter of Conloch would try his love.—She clothed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan!—He thought it was his foe.—His heart beat high.—His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes.—He drew the bow.—The arrow flew.—Galvina fell in blood!—He ran with wildness in his steps, and called the daughter of Conloch.—No answer in the lonely rock.—Where art thou, O my love? He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered arrow.—O Conloch's daughter, is it thou? He sunk upon her breast.—

The hunters found the hapless pair.—He afterwards walked the hill—but many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love.—The fleet of the ocean came.—He fought; the strangers fled.—He searched for death along the field.—But who could slay the mighty Comal!—He threw away his dark brown shield.—An arrow found his manly breast.—He sleeps with his loved Galvina, at the side of the sounding surge!—Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds o'er the waves of the north.

Ossian,

Ed. of 1793.

Ed. of 1793.

Ed. of 1793.

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Ed. of 1793.

*The Political Motives of the Author of Don Roderick, (an) unable to doom to obscurity Sir John Moore!*

Ed. of 1793.

We are not very apt to quarrel with a poet for his politics; and really supposed it next to impossible that Mr Scott should have given us any ground of dissatisfaction on this score, in the management of his present theme. Lord Wellington and his fellow soldiers have well deserved the laurels they have won; nor is there one British heart, we believe, that will not feel proud and grateful for all the honours with which British genius can invest their names.—In the praises which Mr Scott has bestowed, therefore, all his readers will sympathise; but for those which he has withheld, there are some that will not



so readily forgive him : And in our eyes, we will confess, it is a sin not easily to be expiated, that in a poem written substantially for the purpose of commemorating the brave who have fought or fallen in Spain and Portugal,—and written by a Scotchman,—there should be no mention of the name of *Moore* !—of the only Commander-in-chief who has fallen in this memorable contest ;—of a commander who was acknowledged as the model and pattern of a British soldier, when British soldiers stood most in need of such an example ;—and was, at the same time, distinguished not less for every manly virtue and generous affection, than for skill and gallantry in his profession. A more pure or a more exalted character certainly has not yet appeared upon that scene which Mr Scott has sought to illustrate with the splendor of his genius ; and it is with a mixture of shame and indignation, that we find him grudging a single ray of that profuse and readily yielded glory to gild the grave of his lamented countryman. To offer a lavish tribute of praise to the living, whose task is still incomplete, may be generous and munificent ;—but to departed merit, it is due in strictness of justice. Who will deny that Sir John Moore was all that we have now said of him ?—or who will doubt that his untimely death in the hour of victory would have been eagerly seized upon by an impartial poet, as a noble theme for generous lamentation and eloquent praise ? But Mr. Scott's political friends have fancied it their interest to calumniate the memory of this illustrious and accomplished person ; and Mr Scott has permitted the spirit of party to stand in the way, not only of poetical justice, but of patriotic and generous feeling.

It is this for which we grieve, and feel ashamed :—this hardening and deadening effect of political animosities, in cases where politics should have nothing to do ;—this apparent perversion, not merely of the judgment, but the heart ;—this implacable resentment, which was not only with the living, but with the dead :—and thinks it reason for defrauding a departed warrior of his glory, that a political antagonist

has been zealous in his praise. These things are lamentable; and they cannot be alluded to without some emotions of sorrow and resentment; but they affect not the fame of him on whose account these emotions are suggested. The wars of Spain, and the merits of Sir John Moore, will be commemorated in a more impartial and a more imperishable record than the Vision of Don Roderick; and his humble monument in the citadel of Corunna, will draw the tears and the admiration of thousands, who concern not themselves about the exploits of his more fortunate associates.

Edinburgh Review.

There seems to be little difficulty in inflecting with propriety any of the sentences of this justly merited tribute to the merit of Sir John Moore. The sentence, *And in our eyes we will confess*, may, if the connection is noticed, be very easily and properly inflected. The rising slide ends at *Scotchman*. The latter part of the sentence, the answer to the former, and embracing the falling inflection, is compound. *No mention*, it is evident, is understood—*no mention of the only Commander-in-chief; no mention of the only commander—a commander who was at the battle of Albuera*. Some parts of it at least may be read with the tone dignified accompanied with indignation. *Name of Moore*, and the following particulars might be read even with the rising inflection, on the ground of something being understood.

as need

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celebrity

next to *A Remarkable Instance of Friendship.*

mentioned

*Damon* was sentenced by *Dionysius of Syracuse* to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in his own country, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his permitting some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. *Pythias* heard these conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of *Damon*; he instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, *Damon* was immediately set at liberty. The king and

all the courtiers were astonished at this action ; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias, in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human action ; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise, to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. " My Lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, " I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my Lord ; I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds ! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own ; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, by the manner in which they were uttered : he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth ; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked, amidst the guards, with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there ; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came ; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators : " My prayers are heard," he cried, " the gods are propitious ; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come ; he could not conquer impossibilities ; he will be here to-morrow,

and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I hasten to prevent his speed: executioner! do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, "stop, stop the execution," was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. "You are safe," he cried, "you are safe, my friend, my beloved friend; the gods be praised, you are safe. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed. Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you." Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, Oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

*Fool of Quality.*

In this extract, you will at once perceive how unnatural, how monstrous, it would be, to read all these sentences with the same tone of voice, and the same expression of countenance. The situation and circumstances of these two—rare examples of benevolence and friendship—must be considered. Look at them on the scaffold. Consult the dictates of nature in such a case.—Turn your attention to the interference of Dionysius. Besides the tones of voice, and the expressions of countenance peculiar to such language, in such circumstances, there ought to be a tone characteristic, at all events supposed to be characteristic, of each of the three persons here pressed upon the notice of the hearer.

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### *Character of John Knox.*

Most of his faults may be traced to his natural temperament, and to the character of the age and country in which he lived. His passions were strong; he felt with the utmost keenness on every subject which interested him; and as he felt, he expressed himself, without disguise and without affectation. The warmth of his zeal was apt to betray him into intemperate language; his inflexible adherence to his opinions inclined him to obstinacy; and his independence of mind occasionally assumed the appearance of haughtiness and disdain. In one solitary instance, the anxiety which he felt for the preservation of the great cause in which he was so deeply interested, betrayed him into an advice which was not more inconsistent with the laws of strict morality, than it was contrary to the stern uprightness and undisguised sincerity which characterised the rest of his conduct. A stranger to complimentary or smooth language; little concerned about the manner in which his reproofs were received, provided they were merited; too much impressed with the evil of the offence to think of the rank or the character of the offender, he often "uttered his admonitions with an acrimony and vehemence more apt to irritate than to reclaim." But he protested, at a time when persons are least in danger of deception, and in a manner which should banish every suspicion of the purity of his motives,

that, in his sharpest rebukes, he was influenced by hatred of vice, not of the vicious ; that his great aim was to reclaim the guilty ; and that, in using those means which were necessary for this end, he frequently did violence to his own feelings.

Those who have charged him with insensibility and inhumanity, have fallen into a mistake very common with superficial thinkers, who, in judging of the characters of persons who lived in a state of society very different from their own, have pronounced upon their moral qualities from the mere aspect of their exterior manners. He was austere, not unfeeling ; stern, not savage ; vehement, not vindictive. There is not an instance of his employing his influence to revenge any personal injury which he had received.

In contemplating such a character as that of Knox, it is not the man, so much as the reformer, that ought to engage our attention.

M<sup>c</sup>Crie.

There are some examples of negation. *He was austere, not unfeeling ; stern, not savage.* We read *austere* with the rising, and *unfeeling* with the downward slide.

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*Observations on the Recommendation of Ministers to the Colonial Assemblies, in reference to Slavery.*

THE experienced friends of the slaves must have lost their memories or their understandings, if they had entertained a hope that such a course would produce any good effect. They saw in it, if not frustration and positive mischief, at least certain disappointment and delay. Recommendation to the Assemblies!! Why, the experiment had been tried repeatedly, during a period of twenty-six years, as well before as after the abolition of the slave-trade ; and had uniformly and totally failed ! The crown, the parliament, and that far more influential body, the West India Committee of this country, with Mr Ellis at the head of it, had all recommended, suppli-

ated; and even menaced, in vain. Not a single Assembly had deigned to relax one cord of their rigorous bondage; or to adopt a single measure that had been proposed to them for the temporal or spiritual benefit of the slaves, except in a way manifestly evasive, and plainly intended, as well proved by experience, to be useless; while some of those inexorable bodies had even met the solicitations of their sovereign, and the resolutions of the supreme legislature, with express rejection and contempt. Recommendation to the Assemblies!!! To the authors of every wrong to be redressed! of every oppression to be mitigated! to slave-masters, the representatives of slave-masters, hardened by familiarity with the odious system in which they have been long personally engaged, and surrounded with crowds of indigent and vulgar whites, to whom slavery yields a sordid subsistence, and the degradation of the blacks is privilege and respect! You might as well recommend toleration to Spanish inquisitors, or Grecian liberty to the Turkish Divan.

Stephen.

*Recommendation to the Assemblies!* of course terminating with the rising inflection, accompanied with the tone of indignation. This tone of indignation increased, if possible, at the second Recommendation. *To the authors of every wrong, etc.* takes the same inflection and tone. If *Turkish Divan* be read with the rising inflection, it must be on some idea being understood. It might be thus expressed—*You might as well recommend toleration to Spanish inquisitors, or Grecian liberty to the Turkish Divan, as to these Assemblies, to slave-masters, etc.*

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### *Love and Harmony between Brothers, how beautiful!*

Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him: "Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of

the blessings of prosperity?" "Certainly it is," replied Demetrius: "because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased, by sympathetic participation." "Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?" said Socrates; "Would you search among strangers? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals? They have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?" "Undoubtedly, there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances favourable to friendship; long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?" "I acknowledge," said Demetrius, "the powerful influence of these circumstances; but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting that are essential to mutual amity." "And what," said Socrates, "are those essentials which are wanting in Timon?" He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Demetrius. "And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?" "Far be it from me," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him. His conduct to others is, I believe, irreproachable; and it wounds me the more that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness."—"Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable?—Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of his fault, by language, looks, or words, or by any other marks of re-



sentiment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth than the services of a horse or the attachment of a dog? Why, then, do you delay to put in practice those means which may reconcile you to Timon?" "Acquaint me with those means," answered Demetrius, "for I am a stranger to them." "Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. "If you desire that one of your neighbours should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—"I would first invite him to mine." "And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—"I should be forward to do the same good office to him in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavour to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill-founded." "And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No," answered Demetrius; "I would repeat no grievances." "Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practise to a neighbour. His friendship is of inestimable worth; and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Percival,

What inflection at *prosperity*, certainly it is, replied Demetrius, participation, for a friend, said Socrates, strangers, about you, rivals, to yours, older, yourself, from yours, of friendship, answered Demetrius, etc. ? Why? The sentence, *May we not enumerate*, has a few particulars. The inflection of *union of interest* will depend on whether we think the sense requires *may* to become emphatic. In all questioning states this must never be overlooked. Here, too, Socrates' tone of voice must be considered different from Demetrius',—a circumstance essential to good reading.

and a to children. *(The Dead Ass.)* And then he took out a bit of bread, and said, 'This is for thee, my child.'

And this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet—and this should have been thy portion; said he; hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought, by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much; and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentations for his; but he did it with more touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannier and its bridle on one side; which he took up from time to time—then laid them down—looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand—then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle—looking wistfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, while the horses were getting ready: as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could see and hear over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the farthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when the ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

It had pleased Heaven, he said, to bless him with three sons, the finest lads in all Germany; but having in one week lost two of them by the small-pox, and the youngest falling ill of the same distemper, he was afraid of being bereft of them all, and made a vow, if Heaven would not take him from him also, he would go in gratitude to St. Iago, in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his story, he stopped to pay nature her tribute—and wept bitterly.

He said, Heaven had accepted the conditions; and

that he had set out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey—that it had eaten the same bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who stood about heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner said he did not want it—it was not the value of the ass—but the loss of him—The ass, he said, he was assured, loved him—and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days; during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that neither had scarce eaten or drunk till they met.

Thou hast one comfort, friend, said I, at least, in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him.—Alas! said the mourner, I thought so when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwise—I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for.—Shame on the world! said I to myself—Did we but love each other as this poor soul loved his ass—'twould be something.

Sterne.

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*Female Excellence consists in Intellectual Charm.*

LET a man of even the soundest judgment be presented to two women, equally strangers to him, but the one extremely handsome, the other without any remarkable advantages of person, and he will, without deliberation, attach himself first to the former. All men seem in this to be actuated by the same principle as Socrates, who used to say, that while he saw a beautiful person, he always expected to see it animated by a beautiful soul. The ladies, however, often fall into the fatal error of imagining that a fine

person is, in our eyes, superior to every other accomplishment, and those who are so happy as to be endowed with it, rely, with vain confidence, on its irresistible power to retain hearts as well as to subdue them. Hence the lavish care bestowed on the improvement of exterior and perishable charms, and the neglect of solid and durable excellence; hence the long list of arts that administer to vanity and folly, the countless train of glittering accomplishments, and the scanty catalogue of truly valuable acquirements, which compose, for the most part, the modern system of fashionable female education. Yet so far is beauty from being in our eyes an excuse for the want of a cultivated mind, that the women who are blessed with it, have, in reality, a much harder task to perform than those of their sex who are not so distinguished. Even our self-love here takes part against them; we feel ashamed of having suffered ourselves to be caught like children, by mere outside, and perhaps even fall into the contrary extreme. Could "the statue that enchants the world,"—the Venus de Medicis, at the prayer of some new Pygmalion, become suddenly animated, how disappointed would he be, if she were not endowed with a soul, answerable to the inestimable perfection of her heavenly form? Thus it is with a fine woman, whose only accomplishment is external excellence. She may dazzle for a time; but when a man has once thought, "What a pity that such a masterpiece should be but a walking statue," her empire is at an end. On the other hand, when a woman, the plainness of whose features prevented our noticing her at first, is found, upon nearer acquaintance, to be possessed of the more solid and valuable perfections of the mind, the pleasure we feel in being so agreeably undeceived, makes her appear to still greater advantage; and as the mind of man, when left to itself, is naturally an enemy to all injustice, we, even unknown to ourselves, strive to repair the wrong we have involuntarily done her, by a double portion of attention and regard.

If these observations be founded in truth, it will

appear that, though a woman with a cultivated mind may justly hope to please, without even any superior advantages of person, the loveliest creature that ever came from the hand of her creator can hope only for a transitory empire, unless she unite with her beauty the more durable charm of intellectual excellence.

Literary Gazette.

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*Anastasius and Euphrosyné.*

ALAS! I addressed one who, wholly bewildered by her own feelings, heeded not, perhaps heard not, my words. Euphrosyné, fixing upon me an eye at once vacant and supplicating, continued to preserve an unbroken, and, as I thought, stubborn silence, until at last I deemed it necessary to use terms more decisive and peremptory. Taking two or three hasty strides across the room, as if still to increase the ferment of my already heated blood: "Euphrosyné," cried I, "it is impossible you can still stay with me. I myself am a wanderer on the face of the globe,—to-day here, to-morrow perhaps flying to the earth's farthest extremity. Your remaining under my uncertain roof can only end in total ruin to us both. I must insist upon your quitting my abode, ere your own be no longer accessible to your tardy repentance." "Ah! no!" said Euphrosyné, convulsively clasping my knees: "be not so barbarous! Shut not your door against her, against whom you have barred every once friendly door. Do not deny her whom you have dishonoured the only asylum she has left. If I cannot be your wife, let me be your slave, your drudge. No service, however mean, shall I recoil from, when you command. At least, before you, I shall not have to blush. In your eyes, I shall not be what I must seem in those of others: I shall not from you incur the contempt which I must expect from my former companions; and my diligence to execute the lowest offices you may require, will earn

for me, not wholly as a bare alms at your hands, that support which, however scanty, I can elsewhere only receive as an unmerited indulgence. Since I did a few days please your eye, I may still please it a few days longer ;—perhaps a few days longer, therefore, I may still hope to live ; and when that last blessing, your love, is gone by,—when my cheek, faded with grief, has lost the last attraction that could arrest your favour, then speak, then tell me so, that, burthening you no longer, I may retire—and die !”

Anastasius

The scenes of the book from which this extract is taken are eastern : consequently, *Let me be your slave*, has a reference to eastern manners ; and might remind us of the difference between the state of the women of Britain and that of the women of the east. Euphrosyné’s address may, perhaps, be considered as an excellent example of earnest entreaty,—entreaty bordering on despair and anguish. It is, therefore, very evident how these words should be read, particularly in reference to gestures and tone of voice. Very emphatic words *her, whom, every once friendly door, only asylum, wife, slave, drudge*, which consequently require a corresponding emphatic tone of voice.

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### *The Monk.*

A poor Monk, of the order of St. Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous ; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look : I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tunic—a few scattered white hairs upon his temples, being all that remained of it—might be about seventy,—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy

than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat, contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, square form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it.—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the

sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters: but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*—

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him: he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast—and retired.

My heart smote me the moment the shut the door.—Pshaw! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times.—But it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language.—I consi-



dered his gray hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

Sterne.

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*The Perfect Orator.*

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion?—Adequate! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the heart, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly,

actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER OR DIE!

Sheridan.

You will observe some members of sentences marked with the note of admiration;—some requiring the falling, and others the rising inflection. *How awful*, the falling; *adequate*, the rising.

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*The Words of the White Inhabitants of the West Indies*  
*'But we will Rebel,' noticed.*

'But we will rebel!'—Who can refrain from thinking of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, who, while raised sixty feet from the ground on the hand of the King of Brobdignag, claps his hand on his sword, and tells his Majesty that he knows how to defend himself? You will rebel! Bravely resolved, most magnanimous Gildrig! But remember the wise remark of Lord Beefington—'courage without power,' said that illustrious exile, 'is like a consumptive running footman.' What are your means of resistance? Are there, in all the islands put together, ten thousand white men capable of bearing arms? Are not your forces, such as they are, divided into small portions, which can never act in concert? But this is mere trifling. Are you, in point of fact, at this moment able to protect yourselves against your slaves, without our assistance? If you can still rise up and lie down in security—if you can still eat the bread of the fatherless, and grind the faces of the poor—if you can still hold your petty parliaments, and say your little speeches, and make your little motions—if you can still outrage and insult the parliament and people of England, to what do you owe it? To nothing but our contemptuous mercy. If we suspend our protection—if we recall our troops—in a week the knife is at your throats! Look to it, that

we do not take you at your word: What are you to us, that we should pamper and defend you? If the Atlantic Ocean should pass over you, and your plate know you no more, what should we lose? Could we find no other cultivators to accept of our enormous bounties on sugar?—no other pestilential region to which we might send our soldiers to catch the yellow fever?—no other community for which we might pour forth our blood, and lavish our money, to purchase nothing but injuries and insults? What do we make by you? If England is no longer to be *the mistress* of her colonies—if she is to be only the handmaid of their pleasures, or the accomplice of their crimes, she may at least venture to ask, as a handmaid, what are to be the wages of her service—as an accomplice, what is to be her portion of the spoil? If justice, and mercy, and liberty, and the law of God, and the happiness of man, be words without a meaning, we at least talk to the purpose when we talk of pounds, shillings, and pence.

Edinburgh Review.

There are some sentences in this extract which must be read with the tone of ridicule, and some with the tone of anger and contempt. *If you can still rise up*, and the following *ye*, belong to the questioning state of the sentence, each of which, except the last, to be read with the suspended falling inflection. *People of England* is the last member.

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### *The Church of England and the Dissenters.*

THE Catholics call themselves the friends of the constitution; but this is a small matter, when we remember that the radicals assumed the same name. The principles of the former, say what they will, bring them into direct conflict with the constitution. The Pope, but a moment since, publicly prohibited the general circulation of the Bible. When the clergy prohibit their flocks from reading almost every thing that the press circulates, and from entering a

Protestant place of worship, can they be the friends of that constitution which establishes the freedom of the press, and religious liberty? When the Catholics pronounce the Protestant religion to be a false one—claim the whole of the possessions of our church as a right—and demand a portion of them immediately—can they be the friends of that constitution which makes the Protestant religion the religion of the state, and which gives to this religion the whole of the ecclesiastical wealth and dignities of the nation? If they had power to do it, will any man say that they would not destroy the liberty of the press, and religious freedom, and appropriate to themselves the whole that our church possesses? The man who would say this, would likewise say that, because he hated beef, he loved oxen. A man must be the enemy of the constitution, who is the enemy of what it has established, and of what it produces. The demand of the Catholics for a portion of the possessions of the church, is as direct an attack upon the constitution, as the demand of the radicals for universal suffrage and annual Parliaments. They, may, no doubt, act conscientiously, but nevertheless their conduct and objects lead to political revolution.

Our Protestant sects are influenced by no foreign head, and they can change their creed at their own pleasure; but the Catholics have a foreign leader, to whose principles they must conform. Catholicism must of necessity be always in sentiment, as far as practicable, the same in England and Ireland as on the continent. It is idle to say, that the Pope has no other than spiritual authority in these realms. He who is the religious Head of a large portion of the people, must always possess prodigious political influence in the nation, particularly if his followers have an equality of political power. Does the King derive no political power from his being the Head of the Church? Do the regular clergy draw no political power from their office? Do not the heads of the Methodists, the Calvinists, etc. possess what is tantamount to great political power? The Government at this moment seeks to put the Bible into the hands of

the Irish Catholics ; the Pope forbids it ; and which will the Catholics obey ? The Government permits them to read what they please, and to enter any place of worship whatever ; the Pope prohibits it, under heavy penalties. The Government is endeavouring to establish in Ireland a system of general education, and the Catholics are in consequence travelling to Rome for instructions. If the Pope cannot sue in our civil courts, he can yet inflict, at his pleasure, tremendous punishments. One part of his late letter was fiercely levelled against our constitution, and some of our best possessions. If this do not vitally affect our political interests, nothing whatever can affect them. A Catholic may declare, that the Pope shall not influence him in politics—a zealous churchman may declare, that his clergy shall not influence his political opinions—a Methodist may declare, that he will not be guided in political matters by his preachers—and who will believe any of them ? Let the minister say, that the political matter is likewise a religious one, and then whom will his flock follow in politics ? Party feelings and party interests will always be sufficient to carry the Catholics, as they would any other body, after their head, without compulsion. The Pope has most admirable means for taking our Catholics along with him in political matters. The heads of their clergy are in a great degree his creatures ; the inferior clergy can be deprived of bread at pleasure by, and therefore they are in a great degree the creatures of, these heads ; and the laity, as every one knows, are little better than the slaves of the general clergy.

If the continental Governments should use the Pope and the Catholic clergy generally, as their chief instruments in accomplishing any political projects, would our Catholics be inaccessible to their influence ?

Blackwood's Magazine.

In the composition of this extract, there is a good deal of energy and ease, which the reader must not pass unnoticed : for the pauses should bear a certain proportion to the energy.

about which I had heard so much. I had heard that she was a  
daughter of the great *Maria*. I had heard that she was  
the daughter of the great *Maria*.

When we had got within half a league of Moulins, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I discovered poor Maria sitting under a poplar—she was sitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one side within her hand—a small brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the postillion go on with the chaise to Moulins—and La Fleur to bespeak my supper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dressed in white, and much as my friend described her, except that her hair hung loose, which before was twisted within a silk net. She had super-added likewise to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell across her shoulder to the waist; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithful as her lover; and she had got a little dog in lieu of him, which she kept tied by a string to her girdle. As I looked at her dog, she drew him towards her with the string—"Thou shalt not leave me, Sylvio," said she. I looked in Maria's eyes, and saw she was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as she uttered the words, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I sat down close by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again—and as I did it, I felt such undescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am positive I have a soul; nor can all the books with which materialists have pestered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herself, I asked her if she remembered a pale thin person of a man, who had sat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She said, she was unsettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—

that ill as she was, she saw the person pitied her; and next, that her goat had stolen his handkerchief, and she had beaten him for the theft—she had washed it, she said, in the brook, and kept it ever since in her pocket, to restore it to him in case she should ever see him again, which, she added, he had half-promised her. As she told me this, she took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me see it: she had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril. On opening it, I saw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that she found her way alone across the Appennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes. How she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell—but God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I; and wert thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and shelter thee; thou shouldst eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings I would seek after thee and bring thee back—when the sun went down I would say my prayers, and when I had done, thou shouldst play the evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I—I will dry it in my bosom, said she—it will do me good.

And is your heart still so warm, Maria? said I. I touched upon the string on which hung all her sorrows—she looked with wistful disorder for some time in my face; and then, without saying any thing, took her pipe, and played her service to the Virgin.

—The string I had touched ceased to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herself—let her pipe fall—and rose up.

And where are you going, Maria? said I.—She said to Moulines—Let us go, said I, together. Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the string to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate salutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I stopped to take my last look and last farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheless of the first order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with something that was scarce earthly—still she was feminine:—and so much was there about her of all that the heart wishes, or the eyes look for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and those of Eliza's out of mine, she should not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup, but Maria should lie in my bosom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckless maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compassion of a stranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruised thee can only bind them up for ever.

Sterne.

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### *Differences in Mental Manifestations.*

IN mental manifestations the distinction between power and activity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs Siddons *senior*, and Mr. John Kemble, were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and action, and yet they were splendidly gifted in power. They carried captive at once the sympathies and understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming



greater under the influence of their energies.— This was a display of power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for vivacity of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Activity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of power. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great felicity of illustration, and fluency of elocution, surprising us with the quickness of their parts; who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They possess acuteness without power, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness and depth of understanding. This also proceeds from activity with little vigour. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate, their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain-wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy, to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and take possession of feebler minds, by impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

Combe.

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*The Elder's Death-bed.*

"JAMIE, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father, nor thy mother; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow,

drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father!" And I now knew, that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the Minister took the family-bible on his knee, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses,

"Within thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee?  
And in thy high and holy hill,  
Who shall a dweller be?

"The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William! for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—

now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!"

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side, and at last found voice to say, "Father! I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover, and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the churchyard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—aye, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—aye, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!"

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?" "Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself, in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, Oh! spare my husband—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long soft

white arms mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the Elder, "go even out of my bosom and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

"Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the gospel according to St. John." The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and, with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than thou couldst—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice, he said, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe! and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven." The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hand seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. "Into thy hands, O God! I commit my spirit;" and; so saying, he gently sunk back on his pillow;

and I thought I heard a sigh.—There was then a long deep silence, and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest ; and, without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER.

Wilson.

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*Rousseau's Testimony in Favour of the Gospel.*

“I ACKNOWLEDGE,” says Monsieur Rousseau, in the character of a sceptic Savoyard vicar, “at the same time, that the majesty which reigns in the sacred writings fills me with a solemn kind of astonishment, and that the sanctity of the gospel speaks in a powerful and commanding language to my heart. Cast your eye on the writings of the philosophers ; behold them in all their studied pomp, and see how trifling, how insignificant they appear, when compared with the holy records of the gospel ! Is it possible that a book so sublime, and yet so artless and simple, can be a production merely human ?

“Will any one say that the gospel history is all mere fiction ? Believe me, my friend, it is not so that impostors go to work ; I see nothing here that has the air of fiction : and the facts relating to Socrates, of which no mortal entertains the least doubt, are not so well attested as those which are recorded in the history of Christ. All your suppositions will be attended with the same difficulty, which they only remove some steps farther off, to return again in its full force ; for it is much more inconceivable and absurd to suppose that a number of persons should have laid their heads together to compose a book, than it is to grant that the subjects of it may have been taken from the real life and actions of one man. Jewish writers, with all their efforts, could never have arisen to that noble and elevated tone, to that pure and sublime

morality that reigns in the gospel ; and the history of Jesus is clothed with such characters of truth, such lines of credibility, that have something in them so grand, so striking, so absolutely inimitable, that the inventor of such things would be still a greater object of astonishment, than the person of whom they are reported.

“ Is it possible that the person, whose history it (the gospel) unfolds, can be considered by any as a mere man ? Hear him speak ! behold his actions ! Is that the language of enthusiasm ! Is that the lordly tone of an ambitious ringleader ? On the contrary, what gentleness and purity in his manners ! what mildness and affecting grace in his instructions ! what deep wisdom in his discourses ! what presence of mind, what delicacy, what precision in his answers to the demands of the ignorant, or the objections of the perverse ! What an amazing empire over his passions did his whole conduct and conversation discover ! Where is the man, where is the sage, who has so far attained the perfection of wisdom and virtue, as to live, act, suffer, and die, without weakness on the one hand, or ostentation on the other ? That sage was Christ. When Plato drew the *ideal* portrait of his good man, covered with the reproach which is due to iniquity when he deserved the immortal prize of virtue, he drew exactly the character of Jesus. The resemblance was so far striking that it was perceived by all the Christian fathers ; and, indeed, it is not possible to mistake it. Who, but such as the tyranny of prejudices and wilful blindness hinder from perceiving things in their true light, would dare to compare the son of Sophroniscus with the son of Mary ! What an immense distance is there between these two characters ! Socrates, expiring without pain or disgrace, acted his part, and sustained it to the end without much effort ; and if that easy death had not reflected a lustre upon his life, it would be a question whether Socrates, with all his wit and sagacity, was any thing more than a sophist. He was, say some, the inventor of morality ; but what do such mean ? Morality was practised long be-

fore Socrates ; and he had only the merit of saying what others had done, and of displaying, in his instructions, what they exhibited in their examples. Aristides had been just, before Socrates had defined what justice was. Leonidas had laid down his life for his country, before Socrates had recommended the love of our country as a moral duty. Sparta was frugal, before Socrates had praised frugality ; and Greece abounded with virtuous men, before he had explained the nature of virtue. But was it from the morals and example of his countrymen that Jesus derived the lines of that pure and sublime morality that was inculcated in his instructions, and shone forth in his example, and which he alone taught and practised with an equal degree of perfection ? In the midst of a people where the most furious fanaticism reigned, the most exalted wisdom raised its voice, and the grand simplicity of the most heroic virtues cast a lustre upon the vilest and most worthless of all the nations. The death of Socrates, who breathed his last in a philosophical conversation with his friends, was the mildest death that nature could desire ; while the death of Jesus, expiring in torment, injured, inhumanly treated, mocked, cursed by an assembled people, is the most horrible one that a mortal could apprehend. Socrates, while he takes the poisoned cup, gives his blessing to the person who presents it to him with the tenderest marks of sorrow. Jesus, in the midst of his dreadful agonies, prays—for whom ? for his executioners, who were foaming with rage against his person."

Sentiments so just, so true, and proper, clothed, too, in such elegant and eloquent language, cannot but challenge our warmest approbation ; and not the less so, when we consider the quarter from which they come. We have here many sentences requiring the tone—the passion of wonder. The greater number of the sentences marked with the note of admiration assume the falling inflection. *Is that the language of enthusiasm*, is marked with the note of admiration, and yet to the following member, ending with *ringleader*, the note of interrogation is affixed. But the fact is, the former is as much entitled to interrogation as the latter.

*First Impressions.*

PARDON me, my dear Miss Stanley, for the freedom with which I oppose your sentiments: I should not adopt that freedom, but I know that you are not in want of candour.

Presuming on the justness of your position, you contended, that it is ungenerous to form an opinion on a single interview: I once thought so. You seemed to consider it as absurd to decide upon a character, as to fall in love, at first sight. How absurd ~~never~~ the latter may be, as a fact it is unquestionable. The most romantic attachments have been created by a single glance; and, where a mutuality of passion could not exist, the most dreadful consequences have ensued. For the support of this assertion, I have learned authorities, the quotation of which, to a lady, would bear the semblance of pedantry. Surely, Ellinor, you are philosopher enough to know that, in nature, there is a repulsive, as well as a sympathetic power. Do not these powers act in a moral sense? Have you not, on entering a room, been irresistibly drawn, as by some secret charm, to some person whom you never saw before? Have you not sighed for something like an intimacy, or confidence, with that person? And, if this intimacy has been effected, has it ever been followed by repentance?—I think I may answer for you—No. For my own part, I never formed a connection in this manner, which has not been strengthened by time, and justified by experience. On the other hand, have you never been affected by a repulsive power? Have you never involuntarily recoiled from a countenance, the possessor of which was totally unknown? If chance, or necessity, have afterwards connected you with such a person, have you *never* found the first impression just? or, rather, has it not been *always* so?—

Among much pernicious matter contained in the writings of a certain female philosopher, we occasionally meet with some valuable observations. In



her fragment of 'The Cave of Fancy,' the sage, Sagastus, gives the following advice to his pupil:—"Try to remember the effect the *first appearance* of a stranger has on your mind; and, in proportion to your sensibility, you may decide on the character." Something like this may be met with in Lord Chatterfield. It is a sentiment, an attention to which may be of the greatest use through life, and is perfectly accordant with the feelings of experience.—I cannot declaim scientifically on physiognomy; but, had I always been directed by a *first impression*, I should never have *materially* suffered. At a first glance, I have turned from a villain's countenance with contempt, distrust, and terror. I afterwards reflected on this; severely censured myself, and termed it prejudice. This prejudice I conquered. Circumstances induced, and even rendered unavoidable, an intimacy with this man; which intimacy ripened into friendship. I gloried in the expulsion of my prejudices: I blamed nature for deceiving me with a mask which obscured a heart, pure, generous, and benevolent; and I resolved, in future, never to be influenced by a *first impression*.—Time, at length, opened my eyes, and nature punished me for a dereliction of her rules; she had not deceived me—deception was the produce of art; my pretended friend was the very villain I *at first* supposed him, and I the victim of his duplicity.

You know me too well, Ellinor, to attribute these sentiments to disappointment or selfish cynicism; nor will you suspect me of writing them for the purpose of steeling your heart against the best virtues of humanity. They may serve as a partial defence against the insidious attacks of hypocrisy, and can never injure the cause of honesty.—If Lavater's notions be just, that vicious courses generate personal deformity, and that intellectual virtue is capable of producing external beauty, what a potent stimulus do they form for the exertion of moral rectitude!

A strange love letter, this! perhaps, you will exclaim.—Do not mistake me, Ellinor; it is not intended as such. On that subject, I trust, we per-

factly understand each other.—I shall conclude with an extract from a work of the lady whom I before quoted: you, if you please, may apply it; and you may also apply its parody to the above-mentioned repulsive power.—‘Kindred minds are drawn to each other by expressions which elude description; and, like the gentle breeze that plays on a smooth lake, they are rather felt than seen.’ Adieu!

Anonymous.

What inflection at position, interview, character, may be, glance, exist, assertion, *Ellinor*, repulsive. Are there any questioning members, the first words of which you would make emphatic? Do you think the sense should incline us to give the emphatic stress to *Do not*, *Have you not*, *Have you not sighed*, *And if*? What tone of voice is necessary for this extract? Would you consider the tone of anger unnatural here?

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### *Scenes in Egypt.*

With a quick-beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passing over loose sand, and, among a few scattered date trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe coloured, as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the very brightest azure. This wondrous and giant portal stands well; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of the broad road (once paved), as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures, we know not when. They are of a stone less durable than granite: their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution

is, in most of them, worn away.—In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them, and the sacred *tau* grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err; you are on a highway to a heathen temple; one that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire, and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festal throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do; and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards their sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king, among them, all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins;—the stones which formed walls and square temple-towers thrown down in vast heaps; or still, in large masses, erect as the builder placed them, and where their material has been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wallflower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No;—all is the nakedness of desolation—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence.

There are no ruins like these ruins. In the first court you pass into, you find one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause awhile, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns, on which I defy any man, sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions, the better taste of after days rejected and disused; but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of

the awed traveller, are tributes of an admiration not to be checked or frozen by the chilling rules of taste.

Author of Sketches in India.

~ Here you have a flowing style. The descriptions, grand—incline you to be serious. Something imposing, awful, sublime, in all is the nakedness of desolation—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence.—Where, either in prose or poetry, could you find a superior? There are some negative members which demand the falling inflection. Where are they?

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*General Ignorance of the Real Sources of National Wealth, the Cause of much Misery.*

AFTER stating, with his usual caution and sagacity, that it would be unreasonable to expect any signal or immediate effect from the most general study of the principles of this science, Mr. M'Culloch observes, that it would not be easy, however, to overrate the pernicious effects even of popular ignorance and misconception on the subject to which it relates; and states that, in the course of his Lectures, he has "frequent occasion to refer to various instances, among the innumerable variety that might be pointed out, both in the history of this and other countries, to show the injurious effects of popular ignorance on national prosperity. How often, for example, have all the evils of scarcity been aggravated by the groundless prejudices of the public against corn-dealers, and the injudicious interference of government? How often have restrictions and prohibitions been solicited by those to whom they proved productive only of ruin? How often have the labouring classes endeavoured to prevent the introduction and improvement of machines, and processes for abridging labour, and reducing the cost of production, though it is certain that they are uniformly the greatest gainers by them? How much has the rate of wages

been reduced, and the condition of the lower classes been deteriorated, by the prevalence of mistaken opinions respecting the principle of *population*; and the mistaken application of public *charities*?—The object of the famous excise scheme, proposed by Sir Robert Walpole in 1733, was not to raise the duties on any commodity whatever, but to introduce the *warehousing* and bonding system—“*To make London a free port, and by consequence the market of the world.*” And yet the mere proposal of this scheme had well nigh lighted up the flames of rebellion in the country, and its abandonment by the minister was hailed with the most earnest and enthusiastic demonstrations of popular rejoicing. And such is the strength of vulgar prejudice, that it was not until 1803 that the warehousing system—the greatest improvement that has perhaps ever been made in the financial and commercial policy of the country—could be safely adopted.

“But where examples of this sort are so numerous and striking as to arrest the attention of every one, it is unnecessary to specify them. I shall only, therefore, further observe, that the war of 1756, the American war, and the greater part of the wars of last century, with the exception of those that grew out of the French Revolution, were waged for the purpose of preserving or acquiring some exclusive commercial advantage. But does any one suppose that these contests could have been carried on, at such an infinite expense of blood and treasure, had the mass of the people known that their object was utterly unattainable?—had they known that it is impossible for any one country to monopolize wealth and riches; and that every such attempt must ultimately prove ruinous to itself, as well as injurious to others? It is to Political Economy that we owe an incontrovertible demonstration of these truths;—truths that are destined to exercise the most salutary influence on humanity—to convince mankind that it is for their interest to live in peace, to deal with each other on fair and liberal principles, and not to be-

come the dupes of their own short-sighted avarice, or the willing instruments of the blind ambition, or petty animosities, of their rulers."

M<sup>r</sup> Culloch.

What inflection at *government, ruin, them, charities, whatever, system, port, world, country, rejoicing, one, them, treasures, attainable, riches, others*. There are parenthetical members in this extract. Mention them. There are negative members. Where are they? Do they belong to the rising or the falling inflection? Give your reasons.

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*Character of Napoleon le Grand, on his Return to France after the Conquest of Italy.*

THE character of Napoleon, at this period, appears to have been that of an enterprising soldier, with extraordinary talents and genius, but of no fixed political principles or opinions; full of aspiring thoughts, but without any settled plan to gratify his ambition. It was impossible, said Meerfeldt, for any one to converse with him for ten minutes, without perceiving that he was a man of great views and great capacity. His language, his manner, his conceptions, said Melsi, were striking and peculiar. In conversation, as in war, he was fertile and full of resource; quick in discerning, and prompt in pressing the weak points of his adversary. His information from books was small, and he had made little progress in any branch of study except in mathematics; but he had great quickness of apprehension, and wonderful powers of application. Of all his qualities, continued Melsi, the most remarkable was his capacity of long continued and unremitted attention. His projects were vast and gigantic, conceived with genius, but sometimes impracticable, and not unfrequently abandoned from temper, or defeated by his own impatience. He was naturally hasty, decisive, impetuous and violent; but would make himself very agreeable in conversation, and showed great deference and civility to those whom he wished to conciliate.

Hate. Though habitually close and reserved, he was sometimes indiscreet and imprudent from passion, but he seemed never to unbosom himself from affection. *La balle qui me tuera, portera mon honneur*, was one of his sayings, and savours of that fatalism so natural to men whose lives are daily exposed to the chances of war, or to the dangers of the ocean. His figure was at this time pale and thin; and with so slender a frame, his activity and endurance of fatigue appeared quite incredible. We quote Melsi with the greater confidence, because he was a man competent to judge of the attainments as well as the talents of others; and, at the time we received our information from him, he was retired from the world, and had no motive whatever for extenuating or exaggerating the truth.

Such was Napoleon at his return to France, after the conquest of Italy,—an object of admiration to the world, and of jealousy and suspicion to the government he had served.

Edinburgh Review.

What infection at said Meerfeldt, said Melsi, continued Melsi, genius, thoughts, ambition, imprudence, from passion, pale and thin, frame, confidence, of others, from him.

### Harley's Death.

THERE are some remembrances, said Harley, which rise involuntary on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them—but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world, in general, is selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot, but think, in those regions which I contemplate, if there

is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist ;—they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses, here ;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.” He sighed, as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. “ My dear, says she, here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.” I could perceive a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat.—“ If to know Miss Walton’s goodness, said he, be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.” She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. “ I believe, said he, from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.”—She started as he spoke ; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. “ I know, said he, that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have those hopes which your kindness suggests ; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few : I would endeavour to make it mine :—nor do I think, that I can ever be better prepared for it than now : ’tis that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.” “ Those sentiments,” answered Miss Walton, “ are just : but your good sense, Mr Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled ; as such, it is to be desired.—To virtue, has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachments.”

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted up his eyes from the ground—“ There are, said he, in a low voice,—there are attachments, Miss Walton”—His glance met her’s—they both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—



He paused some moments—"I am, he said, in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that alone excuse it—it is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption,—by a sense of your perfections."—He paused again—"Let it not offend you, he resumed, to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime.—If to declare it is one, the expiation will be made." Her tears were now flowing without control.—"Let me entreat you, said she, to have better hopes—let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have long known it—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say?—I have loved it as it deserved!" He seized her hand:—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—he sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant—every art was tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever!

Mackenzie.

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### *Opinion of Colonial Empire.*

THERE are some who assert, that in a military and political point of view, the West Indies are of great importance to this country. This is a common, but a monstrous misrepresentation. We venture to say, that Colonial empire has been one of the greatest curses of modern Europe. What nation has it ever strengthened? What nation has it ever enriched?

What have been its fruits? Wars of frequent occurrence and immense cost, fettered trade, lavish expenditure, clashing jurisdiction, corruption in governments, and indigence among the people. What have Mexico and Peru done for Spain, the Brazils for Portugal, Batavia for Holland? Or, if the experience of others is lost upon us, shall we not profit by our own? What have we not sacrificed to our infatuated passion for transatlantic dominion? This it is that has so often led us to risk our own smiling gardens and dear firesides for some snowy desert or infectious morass on the other side of the globe: This inspired us with the project of conquering America in Germany: This induced us to resign all the advantages of our insular situation—to embroil ourselves in the intrigues, and fight the battles of half the Continent—to form coalitions which were instantly broken—and to give subsidies which were never earned: This gave birth to the fratricidal war against American liberty, with all its disgraceful defeats, and all its barren victories, and all the massacres of the Indian hatchet, and all the bloody contracts of the Hessian slaughterhouse: This it was which, in the war against the French republic, induced us to send thousands and tens of thousands of our bravest troops to die in West Indian hospitals, while the armies of our enemies were pouring over the Rhine and the Alps. When a colonial acquisition has been in prospect, we have thought no expenditure extravagant, no interference perilous. Gold has been to us as dust, and blood as water. Shall we never learn wisdom? Shall we never cease to prosecute a pursuit wilder than the wildest dream of alchymy, with all the credulity and all the profusion of Sir Epicure Mammon?

Edinburgh Review.

*Wars of frequent—a number of particulars. What have Mexico and Peru done for Spain, the Brazils for Portugal, Batavia for Holland?* may be read as three separate questions. The first ending at Spain—the second, Portugal—the third, Holland.—Where begin to rise in this questioning member, *if the experience of others—?*

# MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

## criticism of a Traveller's Account of the American Women.

CAP. 5.—The Women.—Another very good chapter. He likes the American women very much. So do all travellers. "Dear Byron" took a prodigious fancy to several in the Mediterranean: our Englishman is mistaken, by the way, in several matters. The gossiping, of which he speaks, does not proceed "from the restraint imposed on females, in America;" for the restraint on females in America is altogether less than it is in Great Britain, but upon a different circumstance entirely. Gossiping—talking—courtship—and all that, are the natural growth of small towns. The people have nothing else to do. Strangers are comets; common incidents, phenomena, among the heavenly bodies of a small village. The New-England women and the Philadelphians are well educated. The rest are only accomplished. The Baltimore ladies dance delightfully—talk French—work muslin—paint—sing—and walk the streets, like so many beautiful apparitions: Not one in fifty, however, can do a sum in the rule of three; tell the size of her own state; or put a capital in the right place, when writing a note. Their domestic education is neglected throughout the country. They are extravagant, as daughters and as wives; but especially so in the south. No husband thinks of making a weekly allowance for his household expenses; or a quarterly one, for the females of his family. Still, however, women are to be found, even in Virginia, who, with princely estates, have the good sense to remember that they are partners—wives—mothers—not spendthrifts. In general, it is a competition of extravagance between the men and women. Both are shamefully prodigal. It is the national characteristic; and comes of their gambling commercial spirit, and execrable insolvent laws. "The ladies do not walk, arm in arm, with gentlemen in the streets."—Why? Because there is no need of it. They must in London—they could not get along

without—they would lose their companions or themselves, if they did not. The fashion of London is carried into the smaller towns, without regarding the reason. It is not a “needless piece of refinement in America,”—which induces the women to refuse a stranger’s arm—in the day-time. It is only common sense. At night—when it can be of use, they take it without scruple.

Blackwood’s Magazine.

*Rebecca and the Knight of Ivanhoe.*

“The skirts of the wood seem lined with archers, although only a few are advanced from its dark shadow.”—“Under what banner?” asked Ivanhoe.—“Under no ensign of war which I can observe,” answered Rebecca.—“A singular novelty,” muttered the knight, “to advance to storm such a castle without pennon or banner displayed.—See’st thou who they be that act as leaders?”—“A knight, clad in sable armour, is the most conspicuous,” said the Jewess; “he alone is armed from head to heel, and seems to assume the direction of all around him.”—“What device does he bear on his shield?” replied Ivanhoe.—“Something resembling a bar of iron, and a padlock painted blue on the black shield.”—“A fetterlock and shackle bolt azure,”—said Ivanhoe; “I know not who may bear the device, but well I v. een it might now be mine own. Canst thou not see the motto?”—“Scarce the device itself at this distance,” replied Rebecca; “but when the sun glances fair upon his shield, it shows as I tell you.”—“Seem there no other leaders?” exclaimed the anxious enquirer.—“None of mark and distinction that I can behold from this station,” said Rebecca; “but, doubtless, the other side of the castle is also assailed. They seem even now preparing to advance—protect us!—What a dreadful sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields, and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they

come on.—They raise their bows!—Pardon the creatures thou hast made!”—Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers—a species of kettle-drum—retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy.—“And I must lie here like a bedridden-monk,” exclaimed Ivanhoe, “while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others!—Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath—Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.”—With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.—“What dost thou see Rebecca?” again demanded the wounded knight, “Nothing but the cloud of arrows, flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.”—“That cannot endure,” said Ivanhoe; “if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the knight of the fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will his followers be.”—“I see him not,” said Rebecca.—“Foul craven!” exclaimed Ivanhoe; “does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?”—“He blenches not! he blenches not!” said Rebecca, “I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders, I see his gigantic form above the press.—They throng to the breach, and the press is disrupted hand to hand and man to man.”

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.—"They have—they have—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault—Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"—"Think not of that," replied Ivanhoe; "this is no time for such thoughts.—Who yield?—who push their way?"—"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles—the besieged have the better."

Ivanhoe.

The energy, life, and interest, with which this descriptive dialogue abounds, speak for themselves. It is not every day that we meet with one in all respects equal. The various tones peculiar to the different sentiments—tones which it never entered into the heart of nature to separate from the language—demand all the attention, prudence, and discretion of a good reader. The fair, the amiable, the devout Rebecca, on beholding these scenes of warfare, could not refrain from exclaiming—*Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!*

#### *The Vicar and his Daughter Olivia.*

Thus saying, she ran up a narrow flight of stairs, that went from the kitchen to a room over-head, and soon perceived, by the loudness of her voice, and the bitterness of her reproaches, that no money was to be had from her lodger. I could hear her remonstrances very distinctly: 'Out, I say, pack out this moment; tramp, thou infamous creature, or I'll give thee a mark thou won't be the better for these three months. What! you trumpery, to come and take up an honest house, without cross or coin to bless

yourself with ; come along, I say."—" O, dear Madam," cried the stranger, " pity me ; pity a poor abandoned creature for one night, and death will soon do the rest." I instantly knew the voice of my poor ruined child Olivia. I flew to her rescue, while the woman was dragging her along by the hair, and caught the dear forlorn wretch in my arms.—" Welcome, any way welcome, my dearest lost one, my treasure, to your poor old father's bosom. Though the vicious forsake thee, there is yet one in the world that will never forsake thee: though thou hadst ten thousand crimes to answer for, he will forget them all."—" O ! my own dear"—for minutes she could say no more—" my own dearest good Papa ! Could angels be kinder ! how do I deserve so much ! The villain, I hate him and myself, to be a reproach to such goodness. You can't forgive me. I know you cannot."—" Yes, my child, from my heart I do forgive thee ! Only repent, and we both shall yet be happy. We shall see many pleasant days yet, my Olivia."—" Ah ! never, Sir, never. The rest of my wretched life must be infamy abroad, and shame at home. But, alas ! Papa, you look much paler than you used to do. Could such a thing as I am give you so much uneasiness ? Sure you have too much wisdom to take the miseries of my guilt upon yourself."—" Our wisdom, young woman," replied I.—" Ah, why so cold a name, Papa ?" cried she, " This is the first time you ever called me by so cold a name."—" I ask pardon, my darling," returned I ; " but I was going to observe, that wisdom makes but a slow defence against trouble, though at last a sure one."

Vicar of Wakefield ; /

Notice the harsh treatment of the landlady in the words, *Out I say*. What tone of voice do they require ? On the other hand, the supplicating tone of Olivia, accompanied with, *O, dear Madam*.—Further, the language of the Vicar, *Welcome*.

*Story of Le Fevre.*

I THOUGHT, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often—of his own accord—as a parson :—and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God, of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for five months together, in the long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow ;—detached here—countermanded there ; resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next ;—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on ;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim ; said my uncle Toby—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not :—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not ; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby ; and I will show it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good and just a go-



vernor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with the story.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—If he was of Leven's—said the Lieutenant;—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's:—but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may know my story—added he; pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well.—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he.—The boy flew across the room to the bed.

side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too,—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned:—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story.—'Tis finished already, said the Corporal—for I could stay no longer—so wished his honour a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas! said the Corporal—the Lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*,—but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was in my *house*,—thou shouldst have offered him my *house too*,—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us—we could tend and look to

him : thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim ; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which he had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal ; and what will become of his boy.—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby firmly.—A-well-a-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's ; the hand of death pressed heavily upon his eyelids—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to serve him ? and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal, the night before, for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my

uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature ;—to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate, to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy.—And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken !

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on ?—No.

Sterne.

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*Thoughts on Hunting.*

It was there the fox I saw, as we came down the Hill ; those crows directed me which way to look, and the sheep ran from him as he passed along. The hounds are now on the very spot, yet the sheep stop them not, for they dash beyond them. Now see with what eagerness they cross the plain !—Galloper no longer keeps his place ; Brusher takes it—see how he flings for the scent, and how impetuously he runs !—How eagerly he took the lead, and how he strives to keep it ; yet Victor comes up apace. He reaches

him! See what an excellent race it is between them!—It is doubtful which will reach the cover first—How equally they run!—How eagerly they strain! Now, Victor, Victor!—Ah! Brusher, you are beaten; Victor first tops the hedge.—See there! see how they all take it in their strokes!—The hedge cracks with their weight; so many jump at once.

Now hastes the whipper-in to the other side of the cover; he is right, unless he head the fox.—Listen!—the hounds have turned.—They are now in two parts.—The fox has been headed back, and we have changed at last.

Now, my lad, mind the huntsman's halloo, and stop to those hounds which he encourages.—He is right!—that, doubtless, is the hunted fox;—now they are off again.

Ha! a check.—Now for a moment's patience!—We press too close upon the hounds!—Huntsman, stand still! as yet they want you not. How admirably they spread! How wide they cast! Is there a single hound that does not try? If there be, never shall he hunt again. There! Trueman is on the scent—he feathers, yet still is doubtful—'tis right! How readily they join! See those wide-casting hounds, how they fly forward to recover the ground they have lost! Mind Lightning—how she dashes! and Mungo, how he works! Old Frantic, too, now pushes forward;—she knows, as well as we, the fox is sinking.

Huntsman! at fault at last! How far did you bring the scent? Have the hounds made their own cast? Now make yours. You see that the sheep-dog has been coursing the fox;—get forward with your hounds, and make a wide cast.

Hark! that halloo is indeed a lucky one.—If we can hold him on, we may yet recover him; for a fox so much distressed must stop at last. We now shall see if they will hunt as well as run; for there is but little scent, and the impending cloud still makes that little less. How they enjoy the scent!—see how busy they all are, and how each in his turn prevails still! We now must give them time;—see where they

bend towards yonder furze-brake—I wish he may have stopped there!—Mind that old hound, how he dashes over the furze! I think he minds him.—Now for a fresh entapis!—Hark! they halloo! Aye, there he goes!

Beckford.

We have here much eager and energetic admiration—that which is to be seen in all persons who take pleasure in the chase. This extract, of course, if read or recited, must have those tones and actions or gestures which nature, in similar circumstances, obviously exhibits.

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### *Equality.*

AND where is equality to be found? With the birds of the air? Ask the eagle and the heron; the game-cock and the bantam; the hawk and the sparrow.—Amongst the fishes of the sea? Witness the whale and the herring; the shark and the dolphin.—Search the insect tribe. Will the queen and the working bee, the spider and the fly, be admitted as instances of equality?—Or the beasts of the field? The lion and the kid; the greyhound and the hare.—But if equality is not to be met with in the dispensation of Providence, will it be found amongst the votaries of equality and reform? Attend a meeting of reformers: one takes the chair; a dozen crowd the hustings; five hundred brawny fellows push the weak ones to a distance: and this is their public specimen of equality. Removed from the public gaze, a few cunning fellows pocket the cash, which thousands of their deluded followers are silly enough to give them. But where, then, is equality to be found? Why, in the Constitution and the laws of Old England! Let a peer murder a peasant, and he will be hanged for it; let a servant murder his master, and he must share the same fate. If the first man in the land assault a beggar, he is liable to fine and imprisonment, the same as if the beggar had assaulted

him. The laws are equal to all, and security of property is afforded to all. Those who rise to affluence, as thousands have done, from the loom or the spindle, are as secure in the possession of their property as the first lord in the land ; and the prudent mechanic, who saved his earnings in good times to build him a cottage, is protected in the enjoyment of it by our equal laws, and our glorious constitution. But this is only what should be.

Anonymous.

Would you use the same inflection at *found*, as at *air* or *sea*—at instances of *equality*, as at *field*—at *Providence*, as at *reform*—at *gaze*, as at *equality to be found* ?

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### *Last Moments of Lord Byron.*

ON returning to my master's room, his first words were, "Have you sent?"—"I have, my Lord," was my answer: upon which he said, "You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me." Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour; and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, "I now begin to think I am seriously ill, and in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed." I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this, my master replied, "No, it is now nearly over;" and then added, "I must tell you all without losing a moment!" I then said, "Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?"—"Oh, my God! no; you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short," said his Lordship; and immediately after, "Now pay attention!" His Lordship commenced by saying, "You

will be provided for." I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, "Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta, and her children; and you will go to Lady Byron, and say—tell her every thing;—you are friends with her." His Lordship seemed to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, "Fletcher! now, if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible." Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, "Oh, my God! then all is lost, for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not understood me?"—"No, my Lord," said I; but I pray you to try and inform me once more." "How can I?" rejoined my master; "it is now too late, and all is over!" I said, "Not our will, but God's be done!"—and he answered, "Yes, not mine be done—but I will try"—His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only speak two or three words at a time—such as, "My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes:" the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held about noon, when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words, which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry; to which he replied, "Yes, you may call him." Mr Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently



sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return,—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, "I must sleep now;" upon which he lay down never to rise again!—for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat: on these occasions, I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choaking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes, and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. "Oh! my God!" I exclaimed, "I fear his Lordship is gone!" The Doctors then felt his pulse, and said, "You are right—he is gone!"

## PULPIT ELOQUENCE.



It will be seen that our selections are confined to the following authors,—Massillon, Chalmers, Hall, Wayland junior, Sterne. Our limits prevent us from introducing extracts from other pulpit orators, of whom we entertain a high opinion.

It has been asserted, that we, as a country, do not excel in pulpit eloquence. And the charge cannot be denied. Whatever is the cause, the time spent in preparation for the pulpit—we speak of the establishments of England and Scotland—is certainly not among the number: for that is long enough. Whether it results from any fault in the mode of that preparation, or whether it has its seat in the heart, we will not pretend to determine. But certain it is, our pulpit orators, in general, display no little ignorance of human nature, and of its actual state of advancement in religious and other knowledge—from which it might be asserted, that a great share of their limited and circumscribed influence over the hearts and the understandings of men, may be said to arise. It is false, that men are unwilling to listen. It is false, that they turn a deaf or an unwilling ear to the eloquent and devout Orator. There is one road to the heart, and one only—a road

which is ever open to the friendly and earnest voice of *him* who has either the sense or the understanding to find it. It is on this road that we so frequently see Massillon, that great and good man, travelling; to whom, as a pulpit orator, there has been so long, at least in this country, no rival. The only one that has arisen of late to rival, in some respects, this great man, is Dr. Chalmers. He, undoubtedly, stands high—and *he* is, in our opinion, the only pulpit orator in Britain that can be placed near Massillon. But, however willing to enter upon the distinguishing characteristics and excellencies of the respective authors from whom we have taken extracts, this is not the proper place. And yet, after all, some knowledge of the energy, the life, and spirit of an author, is of the highest importance to the Elocutionist—in short, it is indispensable—it is his peculiar province. If ignorant of these, he is nothing; and if acquainted with these, but unable to portray them, what is he?

## PULPIT ELOQUENCE.



*The Christian Church purer in Ancient than in  
Modern times.*

**MASSILLON**, after speaking of the purity of the church in ancient times, thus proceeds:—"But since that time, the faith growing weaker in beginning to extend itself, the number of the just diminishing in proportion as that of the faithful increased, the progress of the gospel has, it seems, stopped the progress of piety, and the whole world, become christian, has carried, in fine, with it into the church its corruption and its maxims. Alas! we go astray almost all of us from the breast of our mothers: the first use which we make of our heart is a crime. Our first propensities are passions; and our reason does not expand itself and grow, but upon the wreck of our innocence. The earth, says the prophet, is infected by the corruption of those who inhabit it. All have violated the laws, changed the ordinances, broken the alliance which should endure for ever: all work iniquity; and scarcely is there a single person to be found who does good. Injustice, calumny, falsehood, perfidy, adultery, crimes of the blackest complexion, have deluged the earth. *Mendacium, et furtum, et adulterium, inundaverunt.* The brother lays snares for the brother; the father is divided from his children; the husband from his wife. There is no tie which some vile interest does not divide. Good faith is no longer the virtue of any but the simple; hatreds are eternal; reconciliations are pretences; and never

do we look upon an enemy as a brother. We tear, we devour one another. Meetings are no more than scenes of public censure ; the most pure virtue is no longer sheltered from the contradiction of tongues. Games have become traffic, or fraud, or madness. Repasts, those innocent ties of society, have degenerated into the most criminal excesses ; public pleasures, into schools of incontinency. Our age witnesseth horrors unknown to our forefathers. The city is a sinful Nineveh ; the court is the centre of all human passions ; and virtue, authorised by the example of the Sovereign, honoured by his kindness, animated by his beneficence, renders vice there more circumspect, but does not render it, perhaps, more rare. All ranks, all conditions, have corrupted their ways. The poor murmur against the hand which chastises them : the rich forget the author of their abundance alone ; the great seem born for themselves, and licentiousness appears to be the sole privilege of their elevation. The salt itself of the earth has become nauseous ; the lamps of Jacob have extinguished themselves ; the pillars of the sanctuary shamefully drag themselves into the dirt of public places, and the priest has become like to the people. O God ! is this, then, your church, and the assembly of saints ? Is this the inheritance so cherished, the beloved vine, the object of your care and of your tenderness ?—What Jerusalem offered most criminal to your eye, when you struck her with an eternal malediction ?

All this is excellent, particularly the manner of introducing the subject—*Alas ! we go astray almost all of us. What a knowledge of human nature !*

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*On the Termination of a course of Dissipation.*

WE speak not at present of the coming death and of the coming judgment, but of the change which

takes place on many a votary of licentiousness, when he becomes what the world calls a reformed man; and puts on the decencies of a sober and domestic establishment, and bids adieu to the pursuits and the profligacies of youth; not because he has repented of them, but because he has outlived them. You all perceive how this may be done without one movement of the heart, or of the understanding, towards God—that it is done by many, though duty to him be not in all their thoughts—that the change, in this case, is not from the idol of pleasure unto God, but only from one idol to another—and that, after the whole of this boasted transformation, we may still behold the same body of sin and of death, but only a new complexion thrown over it. There may be the putting on of godliness. It is a common and an easy transition to pass from one kind of disobedience to another, but it is not so easy to give up that rebelliousness of the heart which lies at the root of all disobedience. It may be easy, after the wonted course of dissipation is ended, to hold out another aspect altogether in the eye of acquaintances; but it is not so easy to recover that shock, and that overthrow, which the religious principle sustains, when a man first enters the world, and surrenders himself to the power of its enticements. Such were some of you, says the Apostle, but ye are washed, and sanctified, and justified. Our reformed man knows not the meaning of such a process; and, most assuredly, he has not at all realized it in the history of his own person. We will not say what new object he is running after. It may be wealth, or ambition, or philosophy; but it is nothing connected with the interest of his soul. It bears no reference whatever to the concerns of that great relationship which obtains between the creature and the Creator. The man has withdrawn, and perhaps for ever, from the scenes of dissipation, and has betaken himself to another way—but still it is his own way. It is not the will or the way of God that he is yet caring for. Such a man may bid adieu to profligacy in his own person; but he lifts up the light of his countenance on the profligacy of others. He

gives it the whole weight and authority of his connivance. He wields, we will say it, such an instrumentality of seduction over the young, as, though not so alarming, is far more dangerous than the undisguised attempts of those who are the immediate agents of corruption. The formal and deliberate conspiracy of those who club together, at stated terms of companionship, may be all seen, and watched, and guarded against. But how shall we pursue this conspiracy into its other ramifications? How shall we be able to neutralize that insinuating poison which distils from the lips of grave and respectable citizens? How shall we be able to dissipate that gloss which is thrown, by the smile of elders and superiors, over the sins of forbidden indulgence? How can we disarm the bewitching sophistry which lies in all these tokens of complacency, on the part of advanced and reputable men? How is it possible to trace the progress of this sore evil, throughout all the business and intercourse of society? How can we stem the influence of evil communications, when the friend and the patron, and the man who has cheered and signalized us by his polite invitations, turns his own family-table into a nursery of licentiousness? How can we but despair of ever witnessing on earth a pure and a holy generation, when even parents will utter their polluting levities in the hearing of their own children; and vice, and humour, and gaiety, are all indiscriminately blended into one conversation; and a loud laugh from the initiated and the untainted in profligacy, is ever ready to flatter and to regale the man who can thus prostitute his powers of entertainment? O! for an arm of strength to demolish this firm and far-spread compact of iniquity; and for the power of some such piercing and prophetic voice, as might convince our reformed men of the baleful influence they cast behind them on the morals of the succeeding generation.

Chalmers.

In Dr. Chalmers, there may be seen much attention to the state of the christian world around him. Of this, our extracts afford

ample proof. No want of originality, or of his characteristic energy and eloquence.

1840.

1841.

1842.

*The Influence of Idolatry over the Nations of the Earth.*

Not only is intellect everywhere under the dominion of idolatry, prostrated; but beyond the boundaries of Christendom, on every side, the dark places of the earth are filled with the habitations of cruelty. We have mourned over the savage ferocity of the Indians of our western wilderness. We have turned to Africa, and seen almost the whole continent a prey to lawless banditti, or else bowing down in the most revolting idolatry. We have descended along her coast, and beheld villages burned or depopulated; fields laid waste; and her people, who have escaped destruction, naked and famishing, flee to their forests at the sight of a stranger. We have asked what fearful visitation of Heaven has laid these settlements in ruins? What destroying pestilence has swept over this land, consigning to oblivion almost its entire population? What mean the smoking ruins of so many habitations? And why is yon fresh sod crimsoned and slippery with the traces of recent murder? We have been pointed to the dark slave-ship hovering over her coast, and have been told that two hundred thousand defenceless beings are annually stolen away, to be murdered on their passage, or consigned for life to a captivity more terrible than death!

We have turned to Asia, and beheld how the demon of her idolatry has worse than debased—has brutalized, the mind of man. Everywhere his despotism has been grievous; here, with merciless tyranny, he has exulted in the misery of his victims. He has rent from the human heart all that was endearing in the charities of life. He has taught the mother to tear away the infant as it smiled in her bosom, and cast it, the shrieking prey, to contending alligators. He has taught the son to light the funeral pile, and



to witness, unmoved, the dying agonies of his widowed, murdered, mother! We have looked upon all this; and our object is, to purify the whole earth from these abominations. Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried for ever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the west echo with the song of the reaper; till "the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose."

Our labours are not to cease, until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and the nations of Europe and America, having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God. How changed will then be the face of Asia! Brahmins, and sooders, and castes, and shasters, will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning; while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hears me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent the oil of peace and consolation. In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a New-England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian Kraal, and we will tell you that our object is to render that Caffrarian Kraal as happy and gladsome as that New-England village. Point us to the spot, on the face of the earth, where liberty is best understood, and most perfectly enjoyed; where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; and we tell you that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its

nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier than that neighbourhood.

Wayland.

There are some sentences in this extract, on the desolations of Africa, not unlike some of Mr. Sheridan's, on the desolations of India.—*Speech on the Begum charge.*

—And beheld villages burned or depopulated, fields laid waste.—*Wayland.*—Of plains unclothed, of vegetables burned up and extinguished, of villages depopulated and in ruins—*Sheridan.*

—What fearful visitation of heaven has laid these settlements in ruins?—*Wayland.* What severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—*Sheridan.*

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### *How small the Number of the Righteous!*

AND it is for that I stop with you, my brethren, who are here assembled: I speak not any more of the rest of men; I look upon you as if you were alone on the earth. Behold here, then, the thought which occupies me, and which gives me the alarm. I suppose this is your last hour, and the end of the world; that the heavens are about to open over your heads, Jesus Christ to appear in his glory in the midst of this temple, and that you are now here assembled to wait him, as trembling criminals, on whom he is on the point of passing either sentence of grace, or a decree of eternal death. For it is in vain for you to flatter yourselves; you shall die as you are to-day; all those hopes of reformation which now amuse, shall amuse you until death; it is the experience of all ages. All that you shall then find new in you, shall be, perhaps, an account a little longer than that which you have this day to render; and by what you would be, if heaven came to judge you at this moment, you may almost decide what shall happen to you at going out of this life. Now, I ask you, and I ask you, struck with terror, not separating in this point my fate from yours, but placing myself in the same disposition in which I wish you may enter: I

ask you, then, if Jesus Christ should appear in this temple, in the midst of this assembly, the most august in the universe, to judge us, to make the terrible separation between the goats and the sheep.—Do you believe that the greater number of us who are here assembled should be placed on the right hand? Do you believe that the just and the unjust would be equal? Do you believe that there would be found even ten just persons, whom God could not find formerly in five cities? I ask you; you who know it, and I know it not myself. Thou alone, O my God! knowest thine own elect. But if we know not, we know at least that sinners do not belong to him. Now, who are the faithful here assembled? Titles and dignities ought not to be accounted as any thing. You shall be stripped of them before Jesus Christ: Who are they? Many sinners who will not become converted; still more who willingly would, but who put off their conversion; several others who never become converted except to relapse; in fine, a great number who believe that they stand in no need of conversion. Behold the party of the reprobate! Cut off these four kinds of sinners from this holy assembly, for they shall be cut off from it at the great day. Appear now, ye just; where are you? Remnants of Israel, pass to the right; good seed of Jesus Christ, separate yourselves from that straw destined to the fire. O God! where are thy chosen? and what does there remain for thy portion?

My brethren, our ruin is almost certain, and we think not of it. Although, even in this terrible separation, which must take place one day, there should only be one sinner of this assembly on the side of the reprobate, and that a voice from heaven should come to assure us of it in this temple, without pointing him out, who of us would not fear to be the unhappy person? Who of us would not fall at once upon his conscience, to examine if his crimes had not merited this chastisement? Who of us, seized with dread, would not ask of Jesus Christ, like the blessed Apostles, Lord, is it I? And, if there were left some delay, who would not most sincerely strive to avert

this dreadful fate, by the tears and the groans of a sincere penitence?

Are we wise, my dear hearers? Perhaps, amongst all those who hear me, there will not be found ten just persons; perhaps there will be found yet less. What know I? O my God! I dare not look with a fixed eye into the depths of thy judgments and of thy justice. Perhaps there will be found only one, and even this danger does not touch you, my dear hearer; and you believe yourself to be this sole saint in the great number which shall perish; you, who have less ground to believe it than any other;—you, upon whom alone the sentence of death ought to fall, although it should fall but upon one alone of the sinners who hear me. Great God! how little know we of the terrors of thy law! The just of all ages have pined away with fear, in meditating on the severity of the depths of your judgments upon the fate of men:—Whilst to-day, after a life common, worldly, sensual, profane, each dies tranquil; and the minister of Jesus Christ, when called for, is obliged to feed the peace of the dying sinner,—is obliged to talk to him only of the infinite treasures of divine mercy, and to assist him so to speak to deceive himself. O God! What prepares, then, for the children of Adam the severity of thy justice?

( ) What shall we conclude from these great truths? that one must despair of his salvation? God forbid! It is the impious alone who, to calm himself in the midst of his disorders, endeavours here to conclude in secret, that all men shall perish like him. That ought not to be the fruit of this discourse, but to distrust yourself of the error so universal, that one may do that which all others do, and that the reigning practice is a sure way;—but to convince yourself that, to be saved, one must distinguish himself from others, be singular, live apart in the midst of the world, and not resemble the crowd.

Massillon.

Discours de M. de

sur la mort et sur le

discours de M. de

sur la mort et sur le discours de M. de

*Where is the Peace of Jesus Christ to be found?*

NEVERTHELESS, who tastes of this blessed peace? Wars, troubles, frenzies, are they more rare since his birth? Are those empires and states which worship him, in consequence more peaceful? Does that pride which he came to destroy occasion less commotion and confusion among men? Alas! Seek among Christians that peace which ought to be their inheritance, and where shall you find it? In cities? Pride sets every thing there in motion; every one wishes to soar above the rank of his ancestors: an individual, exalted by fortune, destroys the happiness of thousands; who walk in his steps, without being able to attain the same point of prosperity. In the circle of domestic walls? They conceal only distresses and cares: and the father of the family solely occupied with the advancement rather than the christian education of his offspring, leaves to them, for inheritance, his agitations and disquiets, which they, in their turn, shall one day transmit to their descendants. In the palaces of kings? But there it is that a lawless and boundless ambition gnaws and devours every heart; it is there that, under the specious mask of joy and tranquillity, the bitterest and the most violent passions are nourished; it is there that happiness apparently resides, and where pride makes the greatest number discontented and miserable. In the sanctuary? Alas! there surely ought to be found an asylum of peace; but ambition pervades even the holy place; the efforts there are more to raise themselves above their brethren, than to render themselves useful to them; the holy dignities of the church become, like those of the age, the reward of intrigue and caballing; the religious circumspection of the prince cannot put a stop to solicitations and private intrigues; we there see the same inveteracy in rivalships, the same sorrow in consequence of neglect, the same jealousy towards those who are preferred to us: a ministry is boldly canvassed for, which ought to be accepted with fear and trembling: they seat them-

selves in the temple of God, though placed there by other hands than his: they head the flock without his consent to whom it belongs, and without his having said, as to Peter, 'Feed my sheep;' and, as they have taken the charge without call and without ability, the flock are led without edification and without fruit, alas! and often with shame. O peace of Jesus Christ! which surpasses all sense, sole remedy against the troubles which pride incessantly excites in our hearts, who shall then be able to give thee to man?

Masillon.

The reader will notice, that the last words of those questioning members, *In cities, In the circle of domestic walls, In the palaces of kings, In the sanctuary*, are emphatic, and consequently, assume the rising inflection.

### *Do the Accomplishments of Nature increase the Enormity of our Guilt?*

BUT what is more. If the virtues and accomplishments of nature are at all to be admitted into the controversy between God and man, instead of forming any abatement upon the enormity of our guilt, they stamp upon it the reproach of a still deeper and more determined ingratitude. Let us conceive it possible, for a moment, that the beautiful personifications of scripture were realized; that the trees of the forest clapped their hands unto God, and that the isles were glad at his presence; that the little hills shouted on every side, and the valleys covered over with green, sent forth their notes of rejoicing; that the sun and the moon praised him, and the stars of light joined in the solemn adoration; that the voice of glory to God was heard from every mountain and from every water-fall; and that all nature, animated throughout by the consciousness of a pervading and presiding Deity, burst into one loud and universal song of gra-

tulation:—Would not a strain of greater loftiness be heard to ascend from those regions where the all-working God had left the traces of his own immensity, than from the tamer and the humbler scenery of an ordinary landscape?—Would not you look for a gladder acclamation from the fertile field, than from the dried waste, where no character of grandeur made up for the barrenness that was around you?—Would not the goodly tree, compassed about with the glories of its summer foliage, lift up an anthem of louder gratitude, than the lowly shrub that grew beneath it?—Would not the flower, from whose leaves every hue of loveliness was reflected, send forth a sweeter rapture than the russet weed, which never drew the eye of any admiring passenger? And, in a word, wherever you saw the towering eminences of nature, or the garniture of her more rich and beautiful adornments, would it not be there that you looked for the deepest tones of devotion, or those for the tenderest and most exquisite of its melodies?

Chalmers.

We have here a very long part of a sentence belonging to the questioning state, beginning thus, *Let us conceive it possible*—But the answering state is nearly as long.

### *Fashionable Sins Exposed.*

CHRISTIANITY is, in one sense, the greatest of all levellers. It looks to the elements, and not to the circumstantialities of humanity; and regarding as altogether superficial and temporary, the distinctions of this fleeting pilgrimage, it fastens on those points of assimilation which liken the king upon the throne to the very humblest of his subject-population. They are alike in the nakedness of their birth. They are alike in the sureness of their decay. They are alike in the agonies of their dissolution. And after the one is tombed in sepulchral magnificence, and the

other is laid in his sod-wrapt grave, are they most fearfully alike in the corruption to which they moulder. But it is with the immortal nature of each that Christianity has to do; and, in both the one and the other, does it behold a nature alike forfeited by guilt, and alike capable of being restored by the grace of an offered salvation. And never do the pomp and the circumstance of externals appear more humiliating, than when, looking onwards to the day of resurrection, we behold the sovereign standing without his crown, and trembling, with the subject by his side, at the bar of heaven's majesty. There the master and the servant will be brought to their reckoning together; and when the one is tried upon the guilt and malignant influence of his Sabbath companions—and he is charged with the profane and careless habit of his household establishment—and is reminded how he kept both himself and his domestics from the solemn ordinance—and is made to perceive the fearful extent of the moral and spiritual mischief which he has wrought as the irreligious head of an irreligious family—and how, among other things, he, under a system of fashionable hypocrisy, so tampered with another's principles as to defile his conscience, and to destroy him.—O! how tremendous will the little brief authority in which he now plays his fantastic tricks, turn to his own condemnation; for, than thus abuse his authority, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. And how comes it to pass, we ask, that any master is armed with a power so destructive over the immortals who are around him? God has given him no such power. The state has not given it to him. There is no law, either human or divine, by which he can enforce any order upon his servant, to an act of falsehood, or to an act of impiety. Should any such act of authority be attempted on the part of the master, it should be followed up on the part of the servant by an act of disobedience. Should your master or mistress bid you say, *not at home*, when you know that they are at home, it is your duty to refuse compliance with such an order:



and if it be asked, how can this matter be adjusted, after such a violent and alarming innovation on the laws of fashionable intercourse, we answer, just by the simple substitution of truth for falsehood—just by prescribing the utterance of, *engaged*, which is a fact, instead of the utterance of, *not at home*, which is a lie—just by holding the principles of your servant to be of higher account than the false delicacies of your acquaintance—just by a bold and vigorous recurrence to the simplicity of nature—just by determinedly doing what is right, though the example of a whole host were against you; and by giving impulse to the current of example, when it happens to be moving in a proper direction. And here we are happy to say that fashion has of late been making a capricious and accidental movement on the side of principle—and to be blunt, and open, and manly, is now on the fair way to be fashionable—and a temper of homelier quality is beginning to infuse itself into the luxuriousness, and the effeminacy, and the palting and excessive complacency of genteel society—and the staple of cultivated manners is improving in firmness, and frankness, and honesty, and may, at length, by the aid of a principle of Christian rectitude, be so interwoven with the cardinal virtues, as to present a different texture altogether from the soft and the silken degeneracy of modern days.

Chalmers.

We have here one or two long sentences, in which is required a good deal of suspension of the voice, joined with much serious energy. The sentence, *And when the one is tried*, affords us a decided example of suspension—the rising inflection terminating at *destroy him*,—and as the sense ends at *condemnation*, we have here the falling inflection. Some words decidedly emphatic; such as, *truth, falsehood, engaged, not at home, fact, a lie, etc.*

*If Christianity is in the Heart, it will manifest itself  
in the Life of its Possessor.*

LET, therefore, every pretender to Christianity vindicate this assertion by his own personal history in the world. Let him not lay his godliness aside, when he is done with the morning devotion of his family; but carry it abroad with him, and make it his companion and his guide through the whole business of the day; always bearing in his heart the sentiment, that 'thou God seest me;' and remembering, that there is not one hour that can flow, or one occasion that can cast up, where his law is not present with some imperious exaction or other. It is false, that the principle of Christian sanctification possesses no influence over the familiarities of civil and ordinary life. It is altogether false, that godliness is a virtue of such a lofty and monastic order, as to hold its dominion only over the solemnities of worship, or over the solitudes of prayer and spiritual contemplation. If it be substantially a grace within us at all, it will give a direction and a colour to the whole of our path in society. There is not one conceivable transaction, amongst all the manifold varieties of human employment, which it is not fitted to animate by its spirit. There is nothing that meets us too homely to be beyond the reach of obtaining, from its influence, the stamp of something celestial. It offers to take the whole man under its ascendancy, and to subordinate all his movements: nor does it hold the place which rightly belongs to it, till it be vested with a presiding authority over the entire system of human affairs. And therefore it is, that the preacher is not bringing down christianity—he is only sending it abroad over the field of its legitimate operation, when he goes with it to your counting-houses, and there rebukes every selfish inclination that would carry you ever so little within the limits of fraudulency; when he enters into your chambers of agency, and there detects the character of falsehood, which lurks under all the plausibility of your multiplied and excessive charges;

when he repairs to the crowded market-place, and pronounces, of every bargain, over which truth, in all the strictness of quakerism, has not presided, that it is tainted with moral evil; when he looks into your shops, and, in listening to the contest of argument between him who magnifies his article, and him who pretends to undervalue it, he calls it the contest of avarice, broken loose from the restraints of integrity. He is not, by all this, vulgarizing religion, or giving it the hue and character of earthliness. He is only asserting the might and the universality of its sole pre-eminence over man. And therefore it is, that if possible to solemnize his hearers to the practice of simplicity and godly sincerity in their dealings, he would try to make the odiousness of sin stand visibly out on every shade and modification of dishonesty; and to assure them, that if there be a place in our world, where the subtle evasion, and the dexterous imposition, and the sly but gainful concealment, and the report which misleads an inquirer, and the gloss which tempts the unwary purchaser—are not only currently practised in the walks of merchandise, but, when not carried forward to the glare and literality of falsehood, are beheld with general connivance; if there be a place where the sense of morality has thus fallen, and all the nicer delicacies of conscience are overborne in the keen and ambitious rivalry of men hasting to be rich, and wholly given over to the idolatrous service of the god of this world—then that is the place, the smoke of whose iniquity rises up before Him who sits on the throne, in a tide of deepest and most revolting abomination.

Chalmers.

Either in reading or delivering this extract of Dr. Chalmers', there is evidently much energy required. The tone of anger must accompany it, particularly where the following words begin, *It is false*.

Much suspension connected with those words, *If there be a place*; the rising inflection is terminated at *god of this world*.—The Orator, in this sentence, finds it necessary to repeat the words, *If there be a place*, to make the idea have its full force. *He is not, by all this, vulgarizing*, ending of course with the

rising inflection; and the falling inflection belonging to this sentence terminating at *man*. Such sentences, or parts of sentences, might be thrown into one; and then these two parts separated by a semicolon, colon, or dash, as is done in a similar sentence in this extract, *And, therefore, it is.*

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*The Danger of Compromising in Matters of the Last Moment.*

It may be said of a very great number of young, on their entrance into the business of the world, that they have not been enough fortified against its seducing influences by their previous education at home. Generally speaking, they come out from the habitation of their parents unarmed and unprepared for the contest which awaits them. If the spirit of this world's morality reign in their own family, then it cannot be that their introduction into a more public scene of life will be very strictly guarded against those vices on which the world placidly smiles, or at least regards with silent toleration. They may have been told in early boyhood of the infamy of a lie. They may have had the virtues of punctuality and of economy, and of regular attention to business, pressed upon their observation. They may have heard a uniform testimony on the side of good behaviour, up to the standard of such current moralities as obtain in their neighbourhood; and this, we are ready to admit, may include in it a testimony against all such excesses of dissipation as would unfit them for the prosecution of this world's interests. But, let us ask, whether there are not parents who, after they have carried the work of discipline thus far, forbear to carry it any farther; who, while they mourn over it as a family trial, should any son of theirs fall a victim to excessive dissipation, yet are willing to tolerate the lesser degrees of it; who, instead of deciding the question on the alternative of his heaven or his hell, are satisfied with such a measure of sobriety as will save him from

ruin and disgrace in this life ; who, if they can only secure this, have no great objection to the moderate share he may take in this world's conformities ; who feel, that in this matter there is a necessity and a power of example against which it is vain to struggle, and which must be acquiesced in ; who deceive themselves with the fancied impossibility of stopping the evil in question, and say, that business must be gone through ; and that, in the prosecution of it, exposures must be made ; and that, for the success of it, a certain degree of accommodation to others must be observed : and seeing that it is so mighty an object for one to widen the extent of his connections, he must neither be very retired nor very peculiar—nor must his hours of companionship be too jealously watched or inquired into—nor must we take him too strictly to task about engagements, and acquaintances, and expenditure—nor must we forget, that while sobriety has its time and its seasons in one period of life, indulgence has its season in another ; and we may fetch from the recollected follies of our youth, a lesson of connivance for the present occasion ; and altogether there is no help for it ; and it appears to us, that absolutely and totally to secure him from ever entering upon scenes of dissipation, you must absolutely and totally withdraw him from the world, and surrender all his prospects of advancement, and give up the object of such a provision for our families as we feel to be a first and most important concern with us.

“ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,” says the Bible, “ and all other things shall be added unto you.” This is the promise which the faith of the Christian parent will rest upon ; and, in the face of every hazard to the worldly interests of his offspring, will he bring them up in the strict nurture and admonition of the Lord ; and he will loudly protest against iniquity, in all its degrees, and in all its modifications ; and while the power of discipline remains with him, will it ever be exerted on the side of pure, faultless, and undeviating obedience ; and he will tolerate no exception whatever ; and he

will brave all that looks formidable in singularity, and all that looks menacing in separation from the custom and countenance of the world; and, feeling that his main concern is to secure for himself and for his family a place in the city which hath eternal foundations, will he spurn all the maxims, and all the plausibilities of a contagious neighbourhood away from him. He knows the price of his christianity, and it is that he must break off conformity with the world—nor for any paltry advantage which it has to offer, will he compromise the eternity of his children. And let us tell the parents of another spirit, and another principle, that they are as good as incurring the guilt of a human sacrifice; that they are offering up their children at the shrine of an idol; that they are parties in provoking the wrath of God against them here; and on the day when that wrath is to be revealed, shall they hear not only the moanings of their despair, but the outcries of their bitterest execration. On that day, the glance of reproach from their own neglected offspring will throw a deeper shade of wretchedness over the dark and boundless futurity that lies before them.—And if, at the time when prophets rung the tidings of God's displeasure against the people of Israel, it was denounced as the foulest of all their abominations that they caused their children to pass through the fire unto Moloch—know ye, parents, who, in placing your children on some road to gainful employment, have placed them without a sigh in the midst of depravity, so near and so surrounding that, without a miracle, they must perish, you have done an act of idolatry to the god of this world; you have commanded your household, after you, to worship Moloch as the great divinity of their lives; and you have caused your children to make their approaches into his presence—and, in so doing, to pass through the fire of such temptations as have destroyed them.

We do not wish to offer you an overcharged picture on this melancholy subject. What we now say

is not applicable to all. Even in the most corrupt and crowded of our cities, parents are to be found who nobly dare the surrender of every flattering illusion, rather than surrender the Christianity of their children. And what is still more affecting, over the face of the country do we meet with such parents, who look on this world as a passage to another, and on all the members of their household as fellow travellers along with them; and who, in this true spirit of believers, feel the salvation of their children to be, indeed, the burden of their best and their dearest interest; and who, by prayer, and precept, and example, have strenuously laboured with their souls, from the earliest light of their understanding; and have taught them to tremble at the way of evil doers, and to have no fellowship with those who keep not the commandments of God—nor is there a day more sorrowful in the annals of this pious family, than when the course of time has brought them onwards to the departure of their eldest boy—and he must bid adieu to his native home, with all the peace, and all the simplicity, which abound in it—and as he eyes in fancy the distant town whither he is going, does he shrink as from the thought of an unknown wilderness—and it is his firm purpose to keep aloof from the dangers and the profligacies which deform it—and, should sinners offer to entice him, not to consent, and never, never, to forget the lessons of a father's vigilance, the tenderness of a mother's prayers!

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*Portrait of Mankind.*

VANITY bids all her sons be generous and brave,—and her daughters chaste and courteous.—But why do we want her instructions?—Ask the comedian, who is taught a part he feels not.—

Is it that the principles of religion want strength, or that the real passion for what is good and worthy will not carry us high enough?—God! thou knowest

they carry us too high—we want not *to be*—but *to seem*.—

Look out of your door,—take notice of that man ; see what disquieting, intriguing, and shifting, he is content to go through, merely to be thought a man of plain-dealing ;—three grains of honesty would save him all this trouble ;—alas ! he has them not.

Behold a second, under a show of piety, hiding the impurities of a debauched life ;—he is just entering the house of God :—would he were more pure— or less pious !—but then he could not gain his point.

Observe a third going almost in the same track, with what an inflexible sanctity of deportment he sustains himself as he advances !—every line in his face writes abstinence ;—every stride looks like a check upon his desires : see, I beseech you, how he is cloaked up with sermons, prayers, and sacraments ; and so bemuffled with the externals of religion, that he has not a hand to spare for a worldly purpose ;—he has armour at least—Why does he put it on ? Is there no serving God without all this ? Must the garb of religion be extended so wide to the danger of its rending ? Yes, truly, or it will not hide the secret—and, What is that ?

—That the saint has no religion at all.

—But here comes Generosity, giving—not to a decayed artist, but to the arts and sciences themselves.—See,—he *builds not a chamber in the wall apart for the prophets* ; but whole schools and colleges for those who come after. Lord ! how they will magnify his name !—'tis in capitals already ; the first—the highest, in the gilded rent-roll of every hospital and asylum.

One honest tear shed in private over the unfortunate is worth it all.

What a problematic set of creatures does simulation make us ! Who would divine that all the anxiety and concern so visible in the airs of one-half of that great assembly should arise from nothing else, but that the other half of it may think them to be men of consequence, penetration, parts, and conduct ?—What a noise amongst the claimants about it ? Be-



hold humility out of mere pride—and honesty almost out of knavery :—Chastity, never once in harm's way ;—and courage, like a Spanish soldier upon an Italian stage—a bladder full of wind.

—Hark ! at the sound of that trumpet—let not my soldier run—'tis some good Christian giving alms. O Pity, thou gentlest of human passions ! soft and tender are thy notes, and ill accord they with so loud an instrument.

Stanza.

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*On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.*

THE long-wished for moment at length arrived; but, alas ! the event anticipated with so much eagerness will form the most melancholy page in our history. It is no reflection on this amiable Princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the "dew of her youth" so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern ; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected, that it was her province to live entirely for others ; to compose the felicity of a great people ; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy, the most enlarged ; of wisdom, the most enlightened ; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations.

Bred with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable, would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled, and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes! the incurable blindness of man to futurity! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, "to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, at midnight a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men, and singing women, not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" The mother in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity. "It is a night much to be remembered." Who foretold this event, who conjectured it, who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach, which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it! Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission,

leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who "bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says they shall not be planted; yea, they shall not be sown; yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble."

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, "that her sun went down while it was yet day," or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which we humbly hope religion prepared her, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much; —that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an "eternal weight of glory;" and, so far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not by the recollection of her illustrious birth, and elevated prospects —but that she visited the abodes of the poor; and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ear open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived, by this visitation, of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the king

dom is covered with the signals of distress. But what, my friends, if it were lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle: or, could we realize the calamity, in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth; or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for it to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe?

Hall.

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*The commanding Simplicity of the Means for the Moral  
Renovation of the World.*

THIS world is to be restored to more than it lost by the fall, by the simple annunciation of the love of God in Christ Jesus. Here we behold means, apparently the weakest, employed to effect the most magnificent of purposes. And how plainly does this bespeak the agency of the omnipotent God! The means which effect his greatest purposes in the kingdom of nature, are simple and unostentatious; while those which man employs are complicated and tumultuous. How many intellects are tasked, how many hands are wearied, how many arts exhausted, in preparing for the event of a single battle; and how great is the tumult of the moment of decision! In all this, man only imitates the inferior agents of nature. The autumnal tempest, whose sphere of action is limited to a little spot upon our little world, comes forth attended by the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning; while the attraction of gravitation, that stupendous force which

binds together the mighty masses of the material universe, acts silently. In the sublimest of natural transactions, the greatest result is ascribed to the simplest causes. "He spoke and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast."

Contemplate the benevolence of these means. In practice, the precepts of the gospel may be summed up in the single command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself." We expect to teach one man obedience to this command, and that he will feel obliged to teach his neighbour, who will feel obliged to teach others, who are again to become teachers, until the whole world shall be peopled with one family of brethren. Animosity is to be done away, by inculcating universally the obligation of love. In this manner, we expect to teach rulers justice, and subjects submission; to open the heart of the miser, and unloose the grasp of the oppressor. It is thus we expect the time to be hastened onward, when men shall "beat their swords into plough-shares, and their spears into pruning hooks; when nation shall no more lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more." With this process, compare the means by which men on the principles of this world, effect a melioration in the condition of their species. Their almost universal agent is threatened or inflicted misery. And, from the nature of the case, it cannot be otherwise. Without altering the disposition of the heart, they only attempt to control its exercise. And they must control it by showing their power to make the indulgence of that disposition the source of more misery than happiness. Hence, when men confer a benefit upon a portion of their brethren, it is generally preceded by a protracted struggle to decide which can inflict most, or which can suffer longest. Hence, the arm of the patriot is generally, and of necessity, bathed in blood. Hence, with the shouts of victory from the nation he has delivered, there arises also the sigh of the widow, and the weeping of the orphan. Man produces good by the apprehen-

sion or the infliction of evil. The gospel produces good by the universal diffusion of the principles of benevolence. In the former case, one party must generally suffer ; in the latter, all parties are certainly more happy. The one, like the mountain torrent, may fertilize now and then a valley beneath, but not until it has widely swept away the forest above, and disfigured the lovely landscape with many an unsightly scar. Not so the other.

Wayland.

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*On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.*

Oh ! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when death steps forward and demonstrates the littleness of them all—when he stamps a character of such affecting insignificance on all that we are contending for—when, as if to make known the greatness of his power in the sight of a whole country, he stalks in ghastly triumph over the might and the grandeur of its most august family, and singling out that member of it in whom the dearest hopes and the gayest visions of the people were suspended, he, by one fatal and resistless blow, sends abroad the fame of his victory and his strength, throughout the wide extent of an afflicted nation ! He has indeed put a cruel and impressive mockery on all the glories of mortality. A few days ago, all looked so full of life, and promise, and security—when we read of the bustle of the great preparation—and were told of the skill and the talent that were pressed into the service—and heard of the goodly attendance of the most eminent of the nation—and how officers of state, and the titled dignitaries of the land, were charioted in splendour to the scene of expectation, as to the joys of an approaching holiday—yes, and were told too, that the bells of the surrounding villages were all in readiness for the merry peal of gratulation, and that the expectant metropolis of our

empire, on tiptoe for the announcement of her future monarch, had her winged couriers of despatch to speed the welcome message to the ears of her citizens, and that from her an embassy of gladness was to travel over all the provinces of the land; and the country, forgetful of all that she had suffered, was at length to offer the spectacle of one wide and rejoicing jubilee. O death! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim, for demonstrating the grim ascendancy of thy power over all the hopes and fortunes of our species!—Our blooming Princess, whom fancy had decked with the coronet of these realms, and under whose sway all bade so fair for the good and the peace of the nation, has he placed upon her bier! And, as if to fill up the measure of his triumph, has he laid by her side, that babe, who, but for him, might have been the monarch of a future generation; and he has done that which by no single achievement he could otherwise have accomplished—he has sent forth over the whole of our land, the gloom of such a bereavement as cannot be replaced by any living descendant of royalty—he has broken the direct succession of the monarchy of England—by one and the same disaster, has he awakened up the public anxieties of the country, and sent a pang as acute as that of the most woeful visitation into the heart of each of its families.—

—Let me further apply all this to the sons and the daughters of royalty. The truth is, that they appear to the public eye as stalking on a platform so highly elevated above the general level of society, that it removes them, as it were, from all the ordinary sympathies of our nature. And though we read at times of their galas, and their birth-days, and their drawing-rooms, there is nothing in all this to attach us to their interests and their feelings, as the inhabitants of a familiar home—as the members of an affectionate family. Surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, we scarcely recognise them as men and as women, who can rejoice and weep, and pine with disease, and taste the sufferings of mortality, and be oppressed with anguish, and love with ten-

domestic, and experience in their bosoms the same movements of grief or of affection that we do ourselves. And thus it is, that they labour under a real and heavy disadvantage.

Now, if through an accidental opening, the public should be favoured with a domestic exhibition—if, by some overpowering visitation of Providence upon an illustrious family, the members of it should come to be recognised as the partakers of one common humanity with ourselves—if, instead of beholding them in their gorgeousness as princes, we look to them in the natural evolution of their sensibilities as men—if the stately palace should be turned into a house of mourning—in one word, if death should do what he has already done,—he has met the Princess of England in the prime and promise of her days, and as she was moving onward on her march to a hereditary throne, he has laid her at his feet.—Ah ! my brethren, when the imagination dwells on that bed where the remains of departed youth and departed infancy are lying—when, instead of crowns and canopies of grandeur, it looks to the forlorn husband, and the weeping father, and the human feelings which agitate their bosoms, and the human tears which flow down their cheeks, and all such symptoms of deep affliction as bespeak the workings of suffering and dejected nature—what ought to be, and what actually is, the feeling of the country at so sad an exhibition? It is just the feeling of the domestics and the labourers at Claremont. All is soft and tender as womanhood. Nor is there a peasant in our land who is not touched to the very heart, when he thinks of the unhappy stranger who is now spending his days in grief, and his nights in sleeplessness—as he mourns alone in his darkened chamber, and refuses to be comforted—as he turns in vain for rest to his troubled feelings, and cannot find it—as he gazes on the memorials of an affection that blessed the brightest, happiest, shortest year of his existence—as he looks back on the endearments of the bygone months, and the thought that they have for ever fled away from him, turns all to agony—as he looks forward on the



blighted prospect of this world's pilgrimage, and feels that all which bound him to existence, is now torn irretrievably from him ! There is not a British heart that does not feel to this interesting visitor, all the force and all the tenderness of a most affecting relationship : and, go where he may, will he ever be recognised and cherished as a much-loved member of the British family.

Chalmers.

For ourselves we must say, that the admiration with which we at first read many of Dr. Chalmers' sentences is strengthened rather than weakened by a repeated reading. Among these—*Oh ! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when death steps forward and demonstrates— O death ! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim for demonstrating the grim—* There is also the time, and we might add, the manner of introducing this eloquence.

Such a sentence as surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, requires a termination to the rising inflection at notoriety. It is the part which gives notice of something to come. All similar sentences terminate the same inflection at the same point. We shall construct a sentence for another example. It is this—*Seated on the throne of the universe, and wielding, with the breath of thy mouth, worlds and systems, thou canst easily weigh the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance.* Systems ends the rising inflection.

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*The Injustice of the World, a source of Consolation to the Righteous Man.*

THE injustice of the world, so humbling to those who love it, when they see themselves forgotten, neglected, and sacrificed to unworthy rivals, is also a fund of soothing reflections to a soul who despises it, and fears only the Lord. For, what resource is left to a sinner who, after having sacrificed his ease, his conscience, his wealth, his youth, and his health, to the world and to his masters ; after having submitted in silence to every circumstance the most mortifying to the mind, sees at once, and without knowing why, the gates of favour and advancement for ever

against him; sees places snatched from him to which he was entitled by his services, and of which he thought himself already certain; threatened, that he dare to murmur, with the loss of those he enjoys; forced to crouch to more fortunate rivals, and to be at the nod of those whom, only a little before, he had deemed unworthy of even receiving his orders? Shall he retire far from the world, to orate, in continual invectives against it, the sin and rancour of his heart, and thus revenge himself of the injustice of men? But of what avail will be his retirement? It will afford only more leisure for retrospection, and fewer relaxations from sin. Shall he try to console himself with similar examples? But our misfortunes never, as we think, resemble those of others; and, besides, what consolation can it be to have our sorrows renewed by seeing their image reflected from others? Shall he enwrap himself in strength of mind, and in a vain philosophy? But, in solitude, reason soon descends from its pride; we may be philosophers for the public, but we are only men with ourselves. Shall he fly, for resource, to voluptuousness, and to other infamous pleasures? But, in changing the passion, the punishment only changes the punishment. Shall he seek, in idleness and inactivity, a happiness he has never been able to find in all the fervency of hopes and passions? A criminal conscience may become indistinct, but it is not on this account more tranquil. It may cease to feel misfortune and disgrace, but its intrigues and crimes must always be felt. No, my brethren, the unhappy sinner is so without resource, that every comfort is for ever fled from the worldly soul; the moment he is deserted by the world. But the virtuous man learns to despise the world even in the moment which the world has for him. The injustice of men, with respect to him, only puts him in mind that he serves a more equitable Master, who can neither be influenced nor prejudiced; who sees nothing in us but what, in reality, is there; who determines our destinies upon our hearts alone, and to whom we have nothing but our conscience to

dread : consequently, they are happy who serve him ; his ingratiutde is not to be feared ; every thing done for him is faithfully recorded ; and, far from concealing or neglecting our sufferings and our services, he gives us credit for our good wishes.

Massillon.

*A Monarch may be Great, but he is not on that account Happy.*

If, Sire, the world were to speak to you, in place of Jesus Christ, it undoubtedly would not say, 'Blessed are they who mourn.' Happy, would it say, the prince who has never fought but to conquer, and whose mind has always been superior either to the danger or the victory : who, during a long and a prosperous reign, has enjoyed, and still continues to enjoy, at his ease, the fruits of his glory, the love of his people, the esteem of his enemies, the advantage of his conquests, the splendour of his actions, the wisdom of his laws, and the august prospect of a numerous posterity ; and who has nothing left now to desire, but the continuance of what he possesses.

In this manner would the world speak ; but, Sire, Jesus Christ does not speak like the world. Happy, says he to you, not him who is the admiration of his age ; but he who makes his study of the age to come, and lives in the contempt of himself and of all earthly things ; for to him is the kingdom of heaven. Not him whose reign and actions history will immortalize in the remembrance of men ; but he whose tears shall have effaced the history of his sins from the remembrance even of God ; for he shall be for ever consoled. Not him who, by new conquests, shall have extended the bounds of his empire ; but he who has succeeded in confining his desires and his passions within the limits of the law of God ; for he shall inherit a kingdom more durable than the empire of the universe. Not him who, exalted by the voice of

nations above all preceding princes, tranquilly enjoys his greatness and his fame ; but he who, finding nothing on the throne worthy of his heart, seeks no perfect happiness on this earth, but in virtue and in righteousness ; for he shall be filled. Not him to whom men have given the pompous titles of great and invincible ; but he to whom the wretched shall give, before the tribunal of Jesus Christ, the title of father and of merciful ; for he shall be treated with mercy. In fine, happy, not him who, always disposer of the lot of his enemies, has more than once given peace to the earth ; but he who has been able to give it to himself, and to banish from his heart all the vices and disorderly inclinations which disturb its tranquillity ; for he shall be called a child of God.

Such, Sire, are those whom Jesus calls happy : and the gospel acknowledges no other happiness on the earth than virtue and innocence. Great God ! it is not then that long train of unexampled prosperities, with which thou hast favoured the glory of his reign, that can render him the happiest of kings. He is, on their account, great ; but he is not on their account happy. His felicity has commenced with his piety. Whatever does not sanctify man, can never make the happiness of man. Whatever does not place thee, O my God ! in a heart, places only vanities which leave it empty, or real evils which fill it with disquiet ; and a pure conscience is the only resource of real enjoyments.

Massillon.

In this sermon, Massillon addressed Louis XIV., King of France, who, in consequence of the circumstances attending his reign, was rather celebrated. This extract, too, it is to be noticed, is only the exordium of the sermon preached from *Blessed are they who mourn*.

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*Prayer, the Duty of all.*

Thus, be who you may, who now listen to me, imitate the woman of Canaan ; be faithful to prayer,

and in the fulfilment of this duty, you will find all the rest sustained and rendered easy. If a sinner, pray: it was through prayer alone that the publican and the sinful woman of the gospel obtained feelings of compunction, and the grace of a thorough penitence; and prayer is the only source and the only path of righteousness. If righteous, still pray: perseverance in prayer and in piety is promised only to prayer; and by that it was that Job, that David, persevered to the end. If you live amid sinners, and your duty does not permit you to withdraw yourself from the sight of their irregularities and examples, pray: the greater the dangers, the more necessary does prayer become; and the three children in the flames, and Jonah in the belly of a monster, found safety only through prayer. If the engagements of your birth, or of your station, attach you to the court of kings, pray: Esther, in the court of Ahasuerus, Daniel, in that of Darius, the prophets in the palaces of the kings of Israel, were solely indebted to prayer for their life and salvation. If you live in retirement, pray: solitude itself becomes a rock, if a continual intercourse with God does not defend us against ourselves. If established in the church for the instruction of the people, pray: all the power and all the success of your ministry must depend upon your prayers; and the apostles converted the world solely because they had appropriated nothing to themselves but prayer and the preaching of the gospel. In fine, be who you may, I again repeat it, in prosperity or in indigence, in joy or in affliction, in trouble or in peace, in fervency or in despondency, in lust or in the ways of righteousness, advanced in virtue or still in the first steps of repentance, pray: prayer is the safety of all stations, the consolation of all sorrows, the duty of all conditions, the soul of piety, the support of faith, the grand foundation of religion, and all religion itself. O my God! shed thou upon us that spirit of grace and prayer which was to be the distinguishing mark of thy church, and the portion of a new people, and purify our hearts and our lips, that we may be enabled to offer up to thee pure

homages, fervent sighs, and prayers worthy of the eternal riches which thou hast so often promised to those who shall have well entreated them.

Massillon.

The rising inflection belongs to *sincere, righteous, examples, kings, retirement, people, repentance*. The other parts, the answering, require the downward inflection. The commanding tone with which the Orator enforced upon all persons the duty of prayer, might, we think, from the character of Massillon, be of that mild cast which could not offend.

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## ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.



IN the Eloquence of the Bar, we, it is evident, comprehend all speeches not immediately connected with the pulpit. It matters not, then, whether they strictly belong to that or some other place—whether they be ancient or modern, provided the extracts be good, and the ancient do not usurp the place of the modern specimens of eloquence.

You all can see how this may be done—how a certain state of society—a selfish and usurping system may push aside, and bury in the shade, eloquence, however justly entitled to the true and legitimate appellation, or whatever internal or external marks of a celestial and terrestrial origin she may bear on her forehead; for she is the offspring of both—how youth, taught from their infancy to look scarcely anywhere but to Greece and Rome for eloquence, as if that were her birth-place and this were her tomb, view with suspicion, and often with contempt, every thing that is modern, and that carries not with it the aspect of barbarism. But it is easy to account for this absurdity in the system,—for men, placed on the self-erected pinnacle of classical eminence, supporting, with all their might, a groundless but now a tottering system,—for the same men looking down with a nameless repulsion, with a contemptuous and malicious eye on him who dares lift his

puny and unhallowed hand to disturb the peaceable quiet of their gothic and lordly domains, with their beggarly mental establishments.

With all this we are to be understood as insinuating that, while ancient and modern specimens should occupy their proper places, they ought to be studied with that attention which they merit. We are afraid, however, that a nice attention to models may destine those to be second-rate whom nature has destined to be first-rate Orators. But those whom she has not formed for so high a character will always be in their proper spheres, carefully, very carefully, following such great men. Models of the right kind can never be decried. Of these, those of the Grecian Orator obviously form a prominent part. He is just the person whom we consider ourselves bound to follow. But we speak not at present of his style and manner, but of that view which we conceive he took of eloquence, without which he could never have arrived at that perhaps unequalled degree of excellence in Oratory which evidently characterized him. And though even he had rather imposing models before him, which we cannot suppose he at all undervalued, yet *he* chose to sit down and study Nature, and compare her simple, modest, but fearless dictates, with those of the Orators and Philosophers that preceded and surrounded him. It is this part of his character, then, which has been too much neglected. And it is this part of his character which we would hold up for an example to our youth, for their daily and continual study. It was undoubtedly this which had the greatest share in raising him above the crowd of orators of ancient and it may be of modern times. It is therefore almost by the study of this alone that we can ever think of harbouring the presump-



tion to rival this great man. Much is in the gift of nature. But though she may not have been very lavish of her charms and abilities, nevertheless it is astonishing how much she has put into all our powers. Who can tell how much depends on cultivating those with which she has favoured even the most despicable and narrow-minded of the human race? Who can scan the utmost limit of that perfection at which the most frugal distribution of the mental powers is permitted ultimately to arrive?

But, for conclusion, we remark, that some of the extracts which we introduce under this head unfortunately labour under one obvious irremediable disadvantage. Our readers observe that we now speak of parliamentary extracts. It must also be noticed, that from the very nature of the means by which even the substance of the speeches in that quarter is preserved, they must be variously reported. What a pity that that brilliant speech of Sheridan's is in this mutilated state! Yet its existing scattered fragments bespeak a colossal mind.

## ELOQUENCE OF THE BAR.



### *Demosthenes' Oration for the Crown.*

SUCH was the commencement and first restoration of our affairs with respect to Thebes ; the two countries having been previously brought by these miscreants into a state of animosity and distrust. This decree caused the danger which then environed the city to pass away like a cloud. Now, the duty of a good citizen was to declare publicly at the time, if he had any better measures to propose, and not now to condemn them. For an honest adviser, and a false accuser, resembling each other in no one thing, differ most of all in this—that the one declares his opinion before the events happen, and renders himself responsible to those who adopt his counsel,—to fortune,—to events,—to any person who may call him to account ; but the other, keeping silence when he ought to speak out, makes a reverse of fortune, if any should happen, the subject of unjust accusations. That, then, was the season, as I have already said, for a man to come forward, who had the good of his country at heart, and honest advice. But I go farther, and to so extravagant a length, that if, at this moment any one can point out any thing better to have been done, or if, upon the whole, any thing else was possible, except what I adopted, I will admit that I did wrong. For if any man has now discovered what would have been of advantage had it been then resorted to, I avow that it ought not to have escaped me. But if there neither is, nor was,—and no man, even at this hour, can suggest any such

thing, what ought a statesman to have done? Ought he not to have chosen whatever was the best, under existing circumstances, and out of the means within his reach? This is the very thing I did, ~~Archines~~ when the public herald demanded—"who wishes to address the people?"—not—"Who wishes to find fault with past events?" Whilst you, at that crisis, sat silently in the assembly, I came forward and spoke. But if you could not then,—at least point out now,—let us hear what resource, which I ought to have discovered, or what opportunity, which I ought to have improved, was then omitted by me on behalf of the country? What alliance? What single measure, that I ought to have, or have actually persuaded the people to pursue, in preference to what was actually adopted?

But, moreover, the past is always dismissed by all men from deliberation, and no one ever proposes any counsel respecting that. The future, or the present, alone requires the skill of a statesman. At that time; then, undoubtedly some dangers appeared to be approaching, and others actually were at hand; with regard to both which, I again invite you to examine the character of my public conduct, and do not unjustly upbraid me with the event. For the termination of all things must ever be at the disposal of Providence, and it is only from the measures he proposes, that any judgment can be formed of the intelligence of a statesman. Never let it be attributed to me then as an offence, if it did so fall out, that Philip won the battle; for the issue of that was in the hand of God and not of me. But show, that I did not select such measures as, according to human foresight and what was practicable, were the best, or that I did not, faithfully and honestly, and laboriously—even beyond my strength—execute them; or that the course proposed by me was not honourable; and worthy of the country, and necessary,—show me this and then accuse me. But if that tempest or thunder-clap which came upon us, was too powerful, not only for us, but for all the rest of the Greeks to resist, what was to be done? Just as if the master

of a vessel, after having done every thing possible for its security, and equipped it with every thing for the purpose, and with the prospect of safety, were to encounter a storm, and, upon his tackle being strained, or wholly giving way, were to suffer shipwreck, and then some one should blame;—why, I had not the control of the vessel, he might reply;—any more than I had the command of the army, or was the master of Fortune, instead of being the mistress of every thing. But recollect and consider this;—if it was our evil destiny so to fail when fighting in conjunction with the Thebans, what might we not have expected, if we had not had them for our allies, but they had been united with Philip—an event for which this Æschines was eternally lifting up his voice? And if, when the battle was fought, at the distance of three days' journey, such danger and consternation came upon the city, what ought we not to suppose must have happened, if the calamity had taken place within our own territory? Do you think we should have been allowed now to exist, and assemble and breathe again? Three days, or two, or even one, contributed largely to the salvation of the country. In the other event—but I need not pursue consequences, which the goodness of Providence, and the shield I placed before the city by this decree—which you, Æschines, revile—would not allow us to experience.

But all these numerous topics are addressed to you, the judges, and to the strangers who are present and listening to the trial; for as much as against this contemptible wretch himself, a short and simple statement would suffice. For if futurity was revealed to you alone of all mankind, Æschines, when the state was in deliberation upon the measures to be adopted—that was the time for you to have foretold the result;—but if you did not foresee it, you are open to the imputation of the same ignorance as others:—what greater right then have you to accuse me upon this subject, than I to accuse you?

In this, at least, I proved myself so much a better citizen than yourself, upon these very measures—and

I am, at present, speaking of none other—in proportion as I rendered myself responsible for what then seemed to be the public interest, without any personal apprehension, or underhand calculation about myself;—whilst you neither offered any better suggestions,—for if you had, the people would not have acted upon mine—nor made yourself useful in any one particular,—but the very course which might have been expected from the worst-disposed person and the bitterest enemy of the state, you are proved to have pursued upon the events as they have arisen,—and, at the same moment, Aristrotus at Naxos, Aristolaus at Thassus—in one word, the enemies of the Athenians, all the world over, are dragging their friends to the bar of justice, and at Athens, Æschines is, of course, accusing Demosthenes! Although that man, for whom the misfortunes of the Greeks are reserved as a source of glory, ought rather to suffer death himself, than accuse another; and he cannot be well affected to his country, who has such an identity of interest with its enemies, as that the same circumstances should be at once profitable to both. By the habits of your life and private conduct;—by what you do in public affairs,—and by what you decline doing, you manifest what you are. Is there any thing going on, from which there is a prospect of advantage to the country? Æschines is dumb. Has there been any failure, or a result different from what it ought? Forth comes Æschines! just as old fractures and sprains rack us afresh, when the body is attacked by disease.

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*Mr. Sheridan on the Repealing of the Bill for Suspending the Habeas Corpus Act, Jan. 5, 1795.*

I CAN suppose the case of a haughty and stiff-necked minister, who never mixed in a popular assembly, who has therefore no common feeling with the mass of the people, no knowledge of the mode in which

their intercourse is conducted, who had not been a month in the ranks in this house before he was raised to the first situation, and, though on a footing with any other member, elevated with the idea of fancied superiority ; such a minister can have no communication with the people of England, except through the medium of spies and informers ; he is unacquainted with the mode in which their sentiments are expressed, and cannot make allowance for the language of toasts and resolutions, adopted in an unguarded and convivial hour. Such a minister, if he lose their confidence, he will bribe their hate ; if he disgust them by arbitrary measures, he will not leave them till they are completely bound and shackled ; above all, he will gratify the vindictive resentment of apostasy, by prosecuting all those who dare to espouse the cause which he has betrayed : and he will not desist from the gratification of his malignant propensities, and the prosecution of his arbitrary schemes, till he has buried in one grave, the peace, the happiness, the glory, the independence, of England. Such a minister must be disqualified to judge of the real state of the country, and must be eternally the dupe of those spies, whose interest it is to deceive him, as well as betray others. In what country, or from what quarter of the community, are we to apprehend the effects of those principles of insubordination, with which we have been so often threatened ? The characteristic feature of the English nation is entirely different ; they testify on every occasion the utmost respect for superiority (I am sorry to use the phrase), wherever the advantages of rank or fortune are exercised by those who enjoy them with any tolerable decency or regard to the welfare of their dependants. What nobleman or gentleman finds in his tenants or servants, as long as he treats them with propriety and kindness, a hostile and envious disposition ? What merchant or great manufacturer finds in those whom he employs, so long as he treats them well, a sullen and uncomplying temper, instead of a prompt and cheerful obedience ? This tendency to insubordination forms no part of the temper or character of

the people: the contrary disposition is even carried to an extreme. If I am asked, whether there is any danger in the present moment, I say, yes. But it is not a danger of that sort which is to be remedied by suspending the rights, or abridging the privileges, of the people. The danger arises from a contempt being produced, among the lower orders, of all public men and all public principles.—

—I will not admit the inference or the argument, that, because a people, bred under a proud, insolent, and grinding despotism, maddened by the recollection of former injuries, and made savage by the observation of former cruelties; a people, in whose minds no sincere respect for property or law ever could have existed, because property had never been secured to them, and law had never protected them; a people separated and divided into classes by the strongest and harshest lines of distinction, generating envy and smothered malice in the lower ranks, and pride and insolence in the higher:—that the actions of such a people at any time, much less in the hour of frenzy and of fury, provoked and goaded by the arms and menaces of the surrounding despots that assailed them, should furnish an inference or ground on which to estimate the temper, character, or feelings, of the people of Great Britain; of a people who, though sensible of many abuses which disfigure the constitution, are yet not insensible to its many and invaluable blessings; a people who reverence the laws of their country, because those laws protect and shield all alike; a people, among whom all that is advantageous in private acquisition, all that is honourable in public ambition, is equally open to the efforts, the industry, and the abilities of all; among whom progress and rise in society and public estimation is one ascending slope, as it were, without a break or landing-place; among whom no sullen line of demarcation separates and cuts off the several orders from each other, but all is one blended tint, from the deepest shade that veils the meanest occupation of laborious industry, to the brightest hue that glitters in the luxurious pageantry of title, wealth,

and power. I, therefore, will not look to the example of France; for, between the feelings, the tempers, and the social disposition towards each other, much less towards the governments which they obey, of nations so differently constituted, and of such different habits, I will assert that no comparison can be made which reason and philosophy ought not to spurn at with contempt and indignation.

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*Mr. Fox on the Conduct of the War with France.*

May 10, 1796.

BEFORE we go into particular inquiries, let us first examine whether erroneous maxims of policy have not been adopted, and whether the principles which have been acted upon are not fundamentally wrong. There is an argument, which has been used by an ancient orator, the greatest orator that perhaps the world ever saw, which, in my opinion, is not inapplicable to the present situation of this country. Demosthenes uses this brilliant, and, in my opinion, no less solid than brilliant argument, in the introduction to one of his noblest orations. When he observed the conduct and the fate of the Athenians, and compared their calamities with the mismanagement of their rulers, this mismanagement so far from being a cause of despair, he directly stated as a ground of hope. "If," said he, "they had fallen into these misfortunes by the course of natural and irremediable causes, then, indeed, there would be reason for despair; if, on the contrary, they are the fruits of folly and misconduct, it may be possible, by wisdom and prudence, to repair the evil." In the same manner I would argue on the present occasion. Had we not fallen into our present situation, from plans ill formed and worse executed; if every minister had been wise, and every enterprize ably executed, then, indeed, our state would have been truly deplorable. But if our policy has been erroneous, and our mea-



sure: ill conducted, we may still entertain some hope, because our errors may be corrected, and the losses from our misconduct retrieved. I have often had occasion to employ this argument, and I know it has been said in reply, that the argument is good when carried to an extreme, but that the natural imperfection common to every man renders it inconclusive in any other case. But when the misconduct was of such a nature as to be capable of being remedied, when the mismanagement was such as ought to be avoided, it showed that the argument was true in a degree, as well as true in the extreme. This I state as a motive against despair; and I contend, that upon the face of the thing, when we compare the situation to which we are now reduced, with that which we held four years ago, there is ground for presumption, that the change has been in a great measure owing to errors in the conduct of those who have had the management of public affairs. In a survey of the past, the period to which we are naturally apt to recur is the period of the commencement of the war. If we could consider in one debate every particular of the external and internal situation of the country, and more especially the effects which the measures that have been adopted have had on its constitution, we might go farther back; but this would involve a detail too extensive for the discussion of a single night, a field too large for the capacity of the speaker.—

—I now come to the period at which we began to take an active part in the contest. When our armies first appeared in the field, the enemy were forced to retire from the territories which they had occupied; they were completely driven out of the Netherlands, and we were in possession of almost all French Flanders. At this period, it was reported that a person of the name of Maret made proposals for peace, on the part of the French, which were not listened to by his majesty's ministers. Why, then, I ask, did you not make peace at this prosperous juncture? when the enemy were defeated in every battle, when they were driven from the frontiers of our allies which they

had occupied; when we had made a considerable impression upon French Flanders; when, excepting Savoy, they had not one foot of land belonging to our allies, and when they might have been disposed to purchase terms of peace by a considerable sacrifice of territory? Why did we not make peace in these circumstances? Why, because the system on which ministers had set out was deserted; because you no longer confined your views to the security of your allies, but, infatuated with success, you began to seek for indemnity. The declining to negotiate at this period, I set down as a principal cause of all our succeeding calamities.

I cannot help remarking, that there has been a good deal of inconsistency in the mode of arguing adopted by those who have been adverse to negotiation. When the French were successful, I was asked—What! would you humble the country so far as to beg peace from the enemy, in the moment of her victories? and when the allies were successful in their turn, I was told, that we must not treat at a time when our armies were everywhere triumphant, and when nothing but disgrace and defeat marked the progress of the enemy; that then was the period to avail ourselves of our good fortune, and reap the fruits of our victories. It was even at one time thought advisable to push our victories so far as to march to Paris. Upon the project of effecting a counter-revolution in France, having said so much on former occasions, I shall not enlarge now. The great defect in the management of the war, however, has, in my opinion, been the want of a determinate object for which you have been contending. You have neither carried on war for the purpose of restoring monarchy in France, nor with a view to your own advantage. While the emperor in Alsace was taking towns in the name of the King of Hungary, you were taking Valenciennes for the emperor—proclaiming the constitution of 1791 at Toulon—and taking possession of Martinique for the King of Great Britain. What has been the consequence of this want of object? You have converted France into an armed nation—you

have given to her rulers the means of marshalling all the strength of the kingdom against you. The royalists in France, also, so little understood your intentions, that they did not join you; and the reason is obvious—they did not know whether you were at war for the purpose of re-establishing the ancient monarchy of France, or for the purpose of aggrandising yourselves, by robbing France of her territories. It might then have been imagined that we would have endeavoured to conciliate the body of constitutionalists. No such thing. We had acted so as to give the impression that we were desirous to show our enmity towards that body of men. The unfortunate De la Fayette, who deserved the praise of being a man of the most uncorrupted nature, who had the merit of steering between the two extremes of the parties that agitated this country; this firm, brave, and steady friend of his sovereign,—this gallant and distinguished gentleman, equally the friend of his king and his country, emigrated after the 10th of August. Upon neutral ground, he was seized by certain robbers in the service of the King of Prussia; he was kept by that monarch for years in prisons and dungeons. It might have been thought, if you had been desirous to conciliate this body of men, whose constitution you announced at Toulon, that you would at least have made a point of procuring the enlargement of this estimable character. It might have been thought, that in return for an enormous subsidy, the King of Prussia could not hesitate at the enlargement of one prisoner. But when a motion on the subject was made by my right honourable friend (General Fitzpatrick) it was said that it was impossible for this government to interfere. He is delivered from the King of Prussia, on his recognition of the French, to the emperor, because, he said, he belonged to the allies generally, and by him he is kept in the same scandalous and inhuman bondage. From this dreadful captivity he endeavours to escape—a circumstance not very surprising—he is taken and sent back to his prison, to experience more rigorous treatment. At length, Madame de la Fayette, after enduring a series

of most dreadful sufferings under the brutal Robespierre, from which she escaped by miracle, flew, on the wings of duty and affection, to Vienna, to solicit the emperor for permission to give her husband the consolation of her attentions in prison. The emperor granted her request. But on her arrival at Olmutz, the officer who had the care of M. de la Fayette, told her with openness and candour, that if she resolved to go down to the dungeon to her husband, she must submit to share in all the horrors of his captivity.—This, however, had no terrors for her affectionate heart; she plunged into his dungeon, and there they remain together, the living, and yet buried, victims of this inhuman power.

The resemblance which the speeches of Mr. Fox occasionally bear to those of Demosthenes has been frequently noticed—a resemblance which an attentive perusal will convince us is not altogether fanciful. We see, indeed, from this extract, that he was in the habit of using an argument to which, he was very sensible the Grecian Orator had sometimes recourse.

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*Catholic Relief Bill.—House of Lords, May 17,  
1825.*

THE Earl of Liverpool, after making some observations on the manner in which the Bill had been drawn up, thus proceeds:—"The Noble Lords opposite maintain, that it is right to grant concessions, because the Catholics are entitled to equal civil rights and immunities with their Protestant brethren. That is the plain proposition of the advocates for emancipation; and I will deal plainly with it, for I meet it with a decided negative. The Catholics are not entitled to equal rights in a Protestant country. Upon some points I have been favourable to the Catholics; I do not know but there are others upon which I may still be so, but upon the broad principle—that they are entitled to equal rights, I and their friends

are at issue. I admit, no man can dream of denying it—that all subjects in a free state are entitled to equal rights, upon equal conditions ; but then the Catholics, who demand equal rights, with their Protestant fellow-subjects, do not afford equal conditions. The difference is stated in a moment—the Protestant gives an entire allegiance to his sovereign ; the Catholic a divided one. The service of the first is complete ; that of the last only qualified ; and unless it can be proved that a half is equal to the whole, I cannot yield to the Catholic claims. Thus, therefore, I take my stand upon the broad principle of justice : I am content to argue the question, at present, as one of expediency ; but I maintain that my opposition to the spirit of it is founded on the principles of justice and common sense. It is said, that the practical effect of Catholicism should be looked at ; and that the actual operation of that faith is very different from what some of its tenets seem to point to in theory. Practically it is, that I wish to examine the question ; and in no other way. I desire to say nothing about theological dogmas—to seek for no obsolete opinion : the doctrines upon which I will rely shall be those laid down in the evidence before the house. First, then, it is admitted unequivocally, both by Dr Doyle and Dr Murray, that the Pope has the supreme power of naming to the vacant dioceses. It is true, the Pope has been in the habit of attending, in his appointment, to the recommendation of the church of Ireland ; but this is matter of mere courtesy or hazard ; the power is distinctly in himself ; and if he *thought* proper to appoint a foreigner—nay, the foreigner of all Europe the most obnoxious to the government or the country—that foreigner would be, and must continue a Catholic bishop of Ireland. This fact has come out beyond dispute. During the lives of several of the later Princes of the Stuart family, the Pope had been in the habit of appointing Irish Roman Catholic bishops at their nomination. He *may* now appoint, in the same way, upon the nomination of France or Spain : and the individual so constituted would proceed to exercise influence, and

most extensive temporal influence, within the British territories. The question is not, let the house recollect, as to the danger, or the degree of danger, which may attend the concession of these claims: the question is, whether it is fit that equal rights should be enjoyed by Catholics and Protestants? Immediate danger I apprehend none; but it is not always in the brightest or the calmest weather that the storm is farthest distant. When could the Established Church appear more secure than it seemed at the restoration of Charles II.? Yet, within twenty years, it was threatened with total destruction by the machinations of a Popish prince. Seeing where the appointment of the heads of the Roman Catholic Church lies in Ireland, it is impossible not to advert to the power—the temporal, the practical power, exercised throughout that country by the priesthood. The system of confession—the right of demanding it, for the act is not left to the will of the individual confessing—renders the clergy masters of all the secrets of the community. The priest receiving confession, is bound to secrecy not only as to crimes committed, but he is equally bound to secrecy as to crimes intended to be committed. Thus, a Catholic clergyman, discovering in confession, that there is a conspiracy on foot to blow up both houses of Parliament, would not be justified in making known the fact.—Differences such as these must of necessity prevent the Catholic and the Protestant from amalgamating. With respect to education, there is scarcely any possible mode by which Catholics and Protestants can unite in one system. There are none of these difficulties with other Dissenters; for, whatever are their shades of difference, they have the same foundation to build upon. In the same way, it is allowed by Dr. Murray, that marriages between Catholics and Protestants are altogether discouraged; that they are not permitted at all, except upon an undertaking that the children should be all brought up in the Catholic faith. Then, if there can neither be intermarriage, education in common, or any other description of domestic bond between the Protestants and the Catholics, how is it

possible that kind feelings between the followers of the two persuasions can exist? The fault is not the fault of the Established Church; it is in the bigotry and intolerant spirit of the Roman Catholic religion. As a proof of the intolerance of that Church, I will allude to the sentence of excommunication. To give a crust of bread, or a cup of cold water, to the proscribed party, though he be perishing for want, is a punishable crime. Many, no doubt, there are, among the Catholic priesthood, most virtuous and deserving men; but among so large a body, there cannot fail to be some of a very different character; and yet these men generally, it is stated in the evidence before the House, have more authority over the peasantry than their landlords. Now what guaranty can be given in such a case for Protestant security? I hold—your Lordships hold—all the bills hold, that a Protestant succession is the foundation of our constitutional system. If these measures should pass, the Protestant succession would not be worth a farthing. Much has been said of rights—indefeisable and natural rights. Now, speaking of a King's rights in the same sense, and no other, as that in which I will argue for the rights of a peasant, would it not be hard upon the King and the heir to the throne that they must be bound to the Protestant faith, while the Chief-Justice, the Ministers and Secretaries of State, may be Roman Catholics? Why is this? Where is the danger in having a Popish King or a Popish Chancellor, if all the other executive officers might acknowledge the Pope. I think there is less danger in a Popish Chancellor, who may be removed at pleasure, than in a Popish Chief-Justice, who holds the administration of the criminal law in his own control, and can only be removed by a peculiar process of law, in case of his dereliction.

*Demosthenes.*

IN the first Philippic, after describing the sort of conduct which usually leads to success, the Orator goes on:—"If then, O men of Athens! you also choose to be thus resolved now, since you would not before, and every one of you, where it is required, and so far as he is able to make himself useful to the country, laying aside all pretences, shall be willing to act,—the rich by contributing,—those within military age, by serving;—to speak plainly, in one word, if you are willing to be yourselves, and each man shall cease to hope that he may do nothing himself, and that his neighbour will do every thing for him, you may, by God's permission, obtain your own, and recover what your indolence has thrown away, and avenge yourselves upon Philip. For never let it be supposed that his affairs are eternally fixed in their present position, as if he were a god: One hates him, another fears him, a third envies him, O men of Athens! even amongst those, who appear to be most intimately connected with him; and all those feelings which are common to men in such situations, we must suppose to belong to those who are now associated with him; but, as it is, they are all kept down by fear, having nowhere to turn to, through your sluggishness and indolence, which, I say, you must lay aside now. For look only, O men of Athens! at the state of the case,—at what a pitch of effrontery the man has arrived,—not to give you any longer a choice, whether you will act, or whether you will forbear; but he threatens you, and uses lofty language, as we are told, and cannot be content to remain in peaceable possession of the conquests he has made, but is continually encroaching upon you in all directions, and drawing a net completely round you, who sit still and look on.

When, O men of Athens! when will you do what you ought? When something shall happen! When some necessity shall arise! Why, in what light do you view your present situation? For I think the most



pressing necessity to free men is the disgrace attached to failure. Are you content, tell me, to walk about the market-place, and inquire of each other what news? Why, can any thing be more new, than for a man of Macedon to vanquish the Athenians, and rule the affairs of Greece? Is Philip dead? No, by Heavens! but he is sick. And what is it to you? For were this Philip to die, you will soon raise up for yourselves another, if such be your way of attending to your affairs. For he has not been thus aggrandized so much by his own power, as by your neglect. Moreover, be assured of this, that if any thing should happen to him, and Fortune should favour us, which always provides for us so much better than we ourselves—and may her efforts for us be complete!—by being upon the spot, and taking advantage of the confusion, into which all things would be thrown, you might dispose of them at your pleasure. But in your present state, not even when an opportunity puts into your hands Amphipolis, can you take it, lagging behind, as your do, both in your preparations, and your resolutions.

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*Mr. Sheridan on the Begum Charge.*

HAD a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire,

what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country; will it be said that this was brought about by the incanta-

tion of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him, that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury, of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave to him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

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*Mr. Secretary Canning on the Catholic Relief Bill.  
House of Commons, April 21, 1825.*

As it has fallen to my lot to address the House on this occasion, I beg to assure you that, in now trea-

passing upon your attention, I do it with peculiar difficulty, because if I am naturally anxious to treat the subject at some length, the lateness of the hour will prevent my doing it justice. In travelling over the ground of this grand question at the present crisis, it is impossible not to perceive something far different, but far more cheering than any thing that we have hitherto known. Whether or not the opinion of the country is so satisfactorily pronounced against any further concessions to the Catholics as it was at one time pronounced—and whether or not it may be inferred that opinion is still the same, I will not undertake to say ; but this much is certain, that among the petitions on this subject that have been presented to this House—I desire to speak without disparagement of any—there has been presented no small degree of ignorance as to the state of the country to which that question refers. I feel, in stating what I do state, the full weight of the undoubted right of every man in this realm to come before this House, and to state fairly his opinions. And I know that every petition should be received by the House—and be not only received, but be considered with the most respectful deliberation. But I know that, after all, you ought to judge according to your own judgments. If out of the general mass of the country, I were to select any particular class of men whose interests are more immediately concerned in this measure, and who are most nearly connected with it, that class of men would be the clergy of the established church : and I give them not only toleration but praise for the manner in which they have come forward to express fairly, and honestly, and boldly, their sentiments upon it. But even in their petitions I have found something of that ignorance of the state of the laws, and of the state of the country, of which I complain—ignorance not affecting them in their sacred character, but ignorance of which so many other persons partake. I shall allude in particular to one petition which I have selected out of the many similar petitions that have been presented ; and it is immaterial to state whence this petition has proceeded. But I think the contents of

this petition will sufficiently show that the opposition to the measure has been founded on that distrust to which our natures are so very liable. This petition prays, that the House would not grant to the Catholics those concessions and those immunities which are denied to every other class of dissenters; and it states that it would be in the highest degree impolitic and unjust to allow the Catholics, who are comparatively under the dominion of a foreign court, a voice in the enactment of the laws, and in the administration of the laws, while the Protestant dissenters, who are under no such dominion, but who are more liberal and better educated, are excluded from those privileges. In answer to this petition, and to this declaration, I say, that if it be declared that the objects of the bill are to place, and merely to place, the excluded dissenters, the Roman Catholic dissenters, on a footing with other dissenters, the objections against supporting this bill must fall to the ground. I will not go so far as to say, that it would be right to remove all disabilities on account of religion. I will pledge myself to no such doctrine. But I will not yield to it unless it can be shown that practical grievances will result from those disabilities, and with respect to the Catholics, will those practical grievances exist, or will they not?

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*Speech of Lord Chatham, in the House of Peers,  
against employing the Indians in the American  
War.*

BUT, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My

Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; "for it is perfectly allowable," says Lord Suffolk, "to use all the means which God and nature have put into our hands." I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country. My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—"That God and nature have put into our hands!" What ideas of God and nature that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know that such detestable principles, are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God, to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution.—From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this Noble Lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion

of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood ! against whom ?—your Protestant brethren !—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war ! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity ; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more ; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.

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*Caius Marius to the Romans.*

I SUBMIT to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth : I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me ; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species ?

What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine; what would they answer, but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light indeed upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by



one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of; not left me by inheritance as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

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*Curran for Hamilton Rowan.*

THIS paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country been weakened? or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, “you have demanded emancipation, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, we are outraged

at your success, and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and

he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.

*Cicero for Milo.*

EVERY circumstance, my Lords, concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius; that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred; on the other, not the least; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other, only in opposing them; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius; whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary; that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where the encounter happened, was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt or deliberation upon that? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement? or was he not rather expected in that place by

his adversary, who hoped the situation would favour his assault? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him: which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place, sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening; what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Alsium. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

What now remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my Lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore, but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly entreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him—though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not, on this account, withhold it from him.

On you, on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country! To you, ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger, to the best of men, and bravest of citizens! While you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal, shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour? By the immortal gods I wish—Pardon me, oh my country! for I fear what I

shall say out of a pious regard for Milo may be deemed impiety against thee—that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die anywhere but in his country? Shall he not at least die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its wall? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude; my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my Lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare to act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

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*Mr. Sheridan on the Increased Assessment of Taxes,  
January 4, 1798.*

If any minister, of brilliant talents, of splendid endowments, but actuated by principles of the most boundless and colossal ambition, raised up by influence, supported by corruption, should set at nought the rules of parliament, violate the act of appropriation, raise money without the authority of the House, and send it out of the country without the consent of parliament; if he has transgressed the constitution with impunity, if his criminality is suffered to pass even without rebuke,—this is nothing less than a radical change of system. If, by his folly and incapacity, he has raised discontents,—if, by the burdens which he has imposed to support an impolitic and ruinous system, he has alienated the minds of the

people from his government,—if, to suppress the opposition which such a state of things must naturally produce, he has had recourse to military force, and covered the country with barracks, in defiance of the constitution—such practices constitute a radical change of system. If he has distinguished his administration by severity unknown to the laws of this country,—if he has introduced new codes of sedition and treason,—if he has doomed men of talents to the horrors of transportation, the victims of harsh and rigorous sentences,—if he has laboured to vilify and to libel the conduct of juries—such proceedings originate in a radical change of system. If he has used the royal prerogative in the creation of peers, not to reward merit, but converting the peerage into the regular price of base and servile support,—if he has carried this abuse so far, that, were the indignant, insulted spirit of this nation roused at length to demand justice on the crimes of which he has been guilty, he would be tried in a house of peers, where the majority of the judges were created by himself.—I will tell the honourable gentleman that such a state of things must have originated in a radical change of system. Would it not be right, then, to pull down this fabric of corruption, to recall the government to its original principles, and to re-establish the constitution upon its true basis? Will any set of men deny the necessity of a radical change of system, by which these evils shall be corrected,—will any do this, except those who already share in its corruptions, or who at some future period expect to promote their personal interests by those very abuses which have exhausted the strength and endangered the safety of their country?

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WE intended to introduce a debate on the Catholic Question, but, from want of room, we have been obliged to abandon this part of our original scheme. For the same reason, we have excluded extracts from Lord Erskine, Mr. Grattan, and other Orators. Those on the Catholic Question are principally designed to bear on the present state of society.

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## EXTRACTS IN RHYME.



### *How Appalling the Obstacles to Merit!*

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Has felt the influence of malignant star,  
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;  
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,  
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,  
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,  
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown.

And yet, the languor of inglorious days  
Not equally oppressive is to all.  
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,  
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.  
There are, who deaf to mad Ambition's call,  
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of  
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall [Fame;  
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim  
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

Beattie.

These beautiful lines, and no less beautiful thoughts, make us wish, how vain soever the wish, that Beattie had dwelt longer on this introduction to his "Minstrel." They require, in reading, it is needless to remark, the sorrowful and melancholy tone. Those sublime souls who have experienced any of those checks to which the author alludes, will very naturally give the proper tone.



*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.

We buried him darkly ; at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
 But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow—

We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—  
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his  
 And we far away on the billow ! [head,

“ Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock tolled the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was suddenly firing—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory !  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him—alone with his glory !

There have been several disputes about the author of these admirable lines. They are now, we believe, very generally ascribed to the late Rev. C. Wolfe.

*Modern Greece.*

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime?  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?  
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine?  
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with per-  
 fume,  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom;  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;  
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in die;  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
 'Tis the clime of the east, 'tis the land of the sun—  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?  
 Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which  
 they tell.

Byron.

The first fifteen lines belong to one question, which terminates in the rising inflection. Though connected, they are divided into different portions, as if they were separate questions, to each of which the rising inflection may be applied, but not so decidedly as to the last. The portions to which we allude are *clime*, *crime*, *shine*, *bloom*, *mute*, *die*, and the final inflection, *divine*.

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*Description of Eastern Troops preparing for Battle,  
 in which of course some of the Manners and Customs  
 of the East appear.*

THE night is past, and shines the sun  
 As if the morn were a jocund one.

Lightly and brightly breaks away  
 The Morning from her mantle grey,  
 And the Noon will look on a sultry day.  
 Hark ! to the trump, and the drum,  
 And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
 And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,  
 And the neigh of the horse, and the multitude's hum.  
 And the clash, and the shout, 'they come, they come !'  
 The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and the  
 sword  
 From its sheath ; and they form, and but wait for  
 the word.  
 The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein ;  
 Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane ;  
 White is the foam of their champ on the bit ;  
 The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;  
 The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
 And crush the wall they have crumbled before :  
 Forms in his phalanx each Janisar ;  
 Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,  
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;  
 The Khan and the Pachas are all at their post ;  
 The Vizier himself at the head of the host.  
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;  
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—  
 A priest at her altars, a chief on her walls.  
 God and the prophet—Alla Hu !\*  
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo.

Byron.

\* Alla Hu, the war-cry of the followers of Mahomet. It will appear from the Rhyme, which is really the case, that they give a long accent or emphasis to the last syllable.

### *The Negro's Complaint.*

Forc'd from home, and all its pleasures,  
 Afric's coast I left forlorn ;  
 To increase a stranger's treasures,  
 O'er the raging billows borne.

Men from England bought and sold me ;  
 Paid my price in paltry gold :  
 But though slave they have enroll'd me,  
 Minds are never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as ever,  
 What are England's rights, I ask,  
 Me, from my delights to sever,  
 Me to torture, me to task ?  
 Fleecy locks and black complexion  
 Cannot forfeit Nature's claim ;  
 Skins may differ, but affection  
 Dwells in white and black the same.

Why did all-creating Nature  
 Make the plant for which we toil ?  
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,  
 Sweat of ours must dress the soil.  
 Think, ye masters, iron-hearted,  
 Lolling at your jovial boards ;  
 Think how many backs have smarted  
 For the sweets your cane affords.

Is there, as ye sometimes tell us,  
 Is there One who reigns on high ?  
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,  
 Speaking from his throne the sky ?  
 Ask him, if your knotted scourges,  
 Matches, blood-extorting screws,  
 Are the means that duty urges  
 Agents of His will to use ?

Hark ! he answers—Wild tornadoes  
 Strewing yonder sea with wrecks ;  
 Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
 Are the voice with which he speaks.  
 He, foreseeing what vexations  
 Afric's sons should undergo,  
 Fix'd their tyrants' habitations  
 Where his whirlwinds answer—No.

By our blood in Afric wasted,  
 Ere our necks received the chain ;

By the miseries that we tasted,  
 Crossing in your barks the main :  
 By our sufferings, since ye brought us  
 To the man-degrading mart ;  
 All, sustain'd by patience, taught us  
 Only by a broken heart !

Deem our nation brutes no longer,  
 Till some reason ye shall find  
 Worthier of regard, and stronger  
 Than the colour of our kind.  
 Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings  
 Tarnish all your boasted powers,  
 Prove that you have human feelings,  
 Ere you proudly question ours !

Cowper.

We should think the Negro would make it there emphatic, and thus lead high to the downward slide:

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*War Song for the Greeks.*

THIS day shall you blush for its story,  
 Or brighten your lives with its glory ?  
 Our women, oh, say, shall they shriek in despair,  
 Or embrace us from conquest with wreaths in their  
 Accursed may his memory blacken [hair ?  
 If a coward there be that would slacken  
 Till we've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves  
 worth  
 Being sprung from and named for the god-like of  
 Strike home and the world shall revere us, [earth.  
 As heroes decended from heroes.  
 Old Greece lightens up with emotion  
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean ;  
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns shall with jubilee ring  
 And the Nine shall new-hallow their Helicon's spring :  
 Our hearths shall be kindled with gladness,  
 That were cold and extinguish'd in sadness ;

Whilst our maidens shall dance with their white-  
waving arms,  
Singing joy to the brave that deliver'd their charms,  
When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens  
Shall have purpled the beaks of our ravens.

Campbell.

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*Lament of Tasso.\**

I ONCE was quick in feeling—that is o'er ;—  
My scars are callous, or I should have dash'd  
My brain against these bars as the sun flash'd  
In mockery through them ;—if I bear and bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words, 'tis that I would not die  
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull lie  
Which snared me here, and with the brand of shame  
Stamp madness deep into my memory,  
And woo compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.  
No—it shall be immortal !—and I make  
A future temple of my present cell,  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.  
While thou, Ferrara ! where no longer dwell  
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,  
And crumbling piece-meal view thy hearthless halls,  
A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,  
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,  
While strangers wonder o'er thy unpeopled walls !  
And thou, Leonora ! thou—who wert ashamed  
That such as I could love—who blush'd to hear  
To less than monarchs that thou couldst be dear,  
Go ! tell thy brother that my heart, untamed

\* A famous poet of Italy, who rather imprudently declared his love to Leonora, the lady mentioned in this extract, sister to Alphonso II. Enraged at this, Alphonso pretended that Tasso's conduct proceeded from madness, and therefore confined him in the hospital of St. Anne, a receptacle for lunatics at Ferrara ; from which, after seven years confinement, he was released by means of the Prince of Mantua.

By grief, years, weariness—and it may be  
 A taint of that he would impute to me—  
 From long infection of a den like this,  
 Where the mind rots congenial with the abyss,  
 Adores thee still ; and add—that when the towers  
 And battlements which guard his joyous hours  
 Of banquet, dance, and revel are forgot,  
 Or left untended in a dull repose,  
 This—this shall be a consecrated spot !  
 But Thou—when all that Birth and Beauty throw  
 Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
 One half the laurel which o'ershades my grave.  
 No power in death can tear our names apart,  
 As none in life could rend thee from my heart.  
 Yes, Leonora ! it shall be our fate  
 To be entwined for ever—but too late !

Byron.

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*The Bible.*

What is the world?—A wildering maze,  
 Where sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,  
     Her victims to ensnare ;  
 All broad, and winding, and a slope,  
 All tempting with perfidious hope,  
     All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,  
 Bearing their baubles, or their loads,  
     Down to eternal night :  
 —One humble path, that never bends,  
 Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends  
     From darkness unto light.

Is there a guide to shew that path ?  
 The Bible :—He alone, who hath  
     The Bible, need not stray :  
 Yet he who hath, and will not give  
 That heavenly guide to all that live,  
     Himself shall lose the way.

Montgomery.

... *The Fickleness of Love.*

ALAS ! how light a cause may move  
 Dissension between hearts that love !  
 Hearts that the world in vain has tried,  
 And sorrow but more closely tied ;  
 That stood the storm when waves were rough,  
 Yet, in a sunny hour fall off,  
 Like ships that have gone down at sea,  
 When heaven was all tranquillity !  
 A something light as air—a look,  
 A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
 Oh ! love, that tempests never shook,  
 A breath, a touch, like this has shaken.

And ruder words will soon rush in  
 To spread the breach that words begin ;  
 And eyes forget the gentle ray  
 They wore in courtship's smiling day ;  
 And voices lose the tone that shed  
 A tenderness round all they said ;  
 Till fast declining, one by one,  
 The sweetnesses of love are gone ;  
 And hearts, so lately mingled, seem  
 Like broken clouds—or like the stream  
 That smiling left the mountain's brow,  
 As though its waters ne'er could sever,  
 Yet, e'er it reach the plains below,  
 Breaks into floods that part for ever.

O you that have the charge of love,  
 Keep him in rosy bondage bound,  
 As in the fields of bliss above  
 He sits, with flow'rets fetter'd round ;—  
 Loose not a tie that round him clings,  
 Nor ever let him use his wings ;  
 For even an hour, a minute's flight,  
 Will rob the plumes of half their light.  
 Like that celestial bird, whose nest  
 Is found below far eastern skies,—  
 Whose wings, though radiant when at rest,  
 Lose all their glory when he flies !



Some difference of this dangerous kind,  
 By which, though tight, the links that bind  
 The fondest hearts may soon be riven;  
 Some shadow in love's summer heaven,  
 Which, though a fleecy speck at first,  
 May yet in awful thunder burst.

This is a beautiful but true description of the changes that occur almost every day in life,—changes produced by things as light as air—a look—a word—acting on wrongly taken impressions—a touch. There are several excellent similes; notice—that *does* the storm—*Like ships that have—A something light as air—and hearts seem like broken clouds—Like the stream breaking the flood that part for ever.*

### Glenara.

Oh! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?  
 'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;  
 And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;  
 Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud;  
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;  
 They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
 To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,  
 Now here let us place the grey-stone of her cairn—  
 "Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,  
 "Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your  
 brows?"

So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,  
 But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.

"I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,"  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;  
 "And empty that shroud, and that coffin shall seem:  
 "Glenara! Glenara! now rend me my dream!"

h ! pale grew the cheek of the chieftain I ween;  
 hen the shroud was unclos'd, and no body was seen.  
 hen a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—  
 was the youth that had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn—

I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,  
 I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief;  
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:  
 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !"

Just low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
 and the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;  
 on a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;  
 ow joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

Campbell.

---

*Song, from the Lady of the Lake.*

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;  
 Dream of battled fields no more,  
 Days of danger, nights of waking.  
 In our isle's enchanted hall,  
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing;  
 Fairy strains of music fall,  
 Every sense in slumber dewing.  
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,  
 Dream of fighting fields no more;  
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,  
 Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,  
 Trump nor pibroch summon here  
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.  
 Yet the lark's shrill fife may come  
 At the day-break from the fallow,  
 And the bittern sound his drum,  
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.  
 Ruder sounds shall none be near;  
 Guards nor warders challenge here;

Here's no war-steed's neigh and champion's bark  
 Shouting clans, or squadrons trumping, nor but  
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,  
 While our slumberous spells assail you  
 Dream not with the rising sun,  
 Bugles here shall sound reveillie.  
 Sleep! the deer is in his den;  
 Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;  
 Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,  
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.  
 Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done,  
 Think not of the rising sun,  
 For at dawning to assail you,  
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.

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*Public Fasts.*

Why fastings, when calamity at last,  
 Suggests the expedient of a yearly fast,  
 What mean they? Can'st thou dream there is a power  
 In lighter diet at a later hour,  
 To charm to sleep the threatening of the skies,  
 And hide past folly from All-seeing eyes?  
 The fast that wins deliverance, and suspends  
 The stroke that a vindictive God intends,  
 Is to renounce hypocrisy; to draw  
 Thy life upon the pattern of the law;  
 To war with pleasure, idolized before;  
 To vanquish lust, and wear its yoke no more.  
 All fasting else, whate'er be the pretence,  
 Is wooing mercy by renew'd offence.

Cowper.

---

*Kemble's Address on taking a Final Leave of the  
 Edinburgh Stage.*

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,  
 Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground,

Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,  
And longs to rush on the embattled lines,  
So I, your plaudits ringing in mine ear,  
Can scarce sustain to think our parting near—  
To think my scenic hour for ever past;  
And that those valued plaudits are my last!

But years steal on—and higher duties crave  
Some space between the theatre and the grave;  
That, like the Roman, in the Capitol;  
I may adjust my mantle e'er I fall;  
My life's brief act in public service flown,  
The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced parts  
May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,  
Not quite to be forgotten, even when  
You look on better actors, younger men:  
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt  
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—  
O, how forget!—how oft I hither came,  
In anxious hope, how oft returned in fame!  
How oft around your circle this weak hand  
Has wav'd immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,  
Till the full burst of inspiration came,  
And I have felt, and you have fann'd, the flame!  
By mem'ry treasur'd, while her reign endures,  
These hours must live—and all their charms are yours.

O favour'd land! renown'd for arts and arms,  
For manly talent, and for female charms,—  
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,  
What fervent benedictions now were thine?  
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,  
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my tongue,  
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,  
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and FARE YOU WELL!

*Address to the Rainbow.*

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,

Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undelug'd earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's grey fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign?

And when its yellow lustre smil'd  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthem rang  
On earth deliver'd from the deep,  
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam :  
Theme of primeval prophecy,  
Be still the poet's theme !

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings;  
Where glittering in the freshen'd fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower, and town,  
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down !

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

Campbell.

*The Night before the Battle of Waterloo.*

THERE WAS a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her beauty and her Chivalry ; and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising  
 knell !

Did ye not hear it !—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening  
 roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
 Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear :  
 And when they smil'd because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,  
 And rous'd the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
 And there were sudden partings, such as press  
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess

If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn'g could  
 rise?

And there was mounting, in hot haste; the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
 Went pouring forward with insatiate speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
 Rous'd up the soldier ere the morning star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they  
 come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"  
 rose!

The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard—and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With their fierce native daring, which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's  
 ears!

And Ardenries waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops; as they pass,  
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure; when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and  
 low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day

Battle's magnificently-stern array;  
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when pent  
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,  
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial  
blent!

Byron.

These lines of Lord Byron take their rise from the manner in which the Duke of Wellington, and his officers, were spending the night, when imperious necessity summoned them to their posts:

*The Exile of Erin.*

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight, repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:  
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,  
He sung the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!

Sad is my fate!—said the heart-broken stranger—  
The wild deer and wolf to the cover can flee;  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:  
A home and a country remain not to me!  
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
Or cover my harp with wild-woven flowers, [hours,  
And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!

Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!  
Alas! in a far—foreign land I awaken,  
To sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!  
Fate, wilt thou never replace me  
Of peace, where no perils can  
My brothers embrace  
Send me!—or live to



Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild wood?—  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all!  
 Ah!—my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

Yet,—all its fond recollections suppressing—  
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw:—  
 Erin!—an exile bequeaths thee—his blessing!  
 Land of my forefathers!—ERIN GO BRAGH!  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,  
 ERIN, MAVOURNIN! ERIN GO BRAGH!

Campbell.

*Extract from Jorge Manrique's Poem, occasioned by the  
 Death of his Father, translated from the Spanish.*

O LET the soul its slumbers break,  
 Arouse its senses and awake,  
 To see how soon  
 Life, with its glories, glides away,  
 And the stern footstep of decay  
 Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,  
 Blows by, and leaves us nought behind  
 But grief at last;  
 How still our present happiness  
 Seems, to the wayward fancy, less  
 Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide  
 Down which our flying minutes glide  
 Away so fast;  
 Let us the present hour employ,  
 And deem each future dream of joy  
 Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—  
 No happier let us hope to find  
 To-morrow than to-day.  
 Our golden dreams of yore were bright;  
 Like them the present shall delight—  
 Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,  
 That into one engulfing sea  
 Are doom'd to fall:

The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,  
 O'er King and kingdom, crown and throne,  
 And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,  
 Alike the humble riv'lets glide  
 To that sad wave;  
 Death levels poverty and pride,  
 And rich and poor sleep side by side  
 Within the grave.

---

*To a Coquette.*

I do confess thou'rt young and fair,  
 And I might have been brought to love thee,  
 Had I not found the slightest prayer  
 That breath could move, had power to move thee;  
 But I can let thee now alone,  
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find  
 Thee such an unthrif of thy sweets;  
 Thy favours are but like the wind,  
 That kisseth every thing it meets.

And since thou can'st with more than one,  
 Thou'rt worthy to be lov'd by none.

The morning rose that untouch'd stands,  
 Arm'd with its briars, how sweet its smiles!  
 But pluck'd and strain'd by ruder hands,  
 Its sweet no longer with it dwells.

But scent and beauty both are gone,  
And leaves fall from it, one by one.

Such fate ere long will thee betide,  
When thou hast handled been a-while,  
Like faded flowers—be thrown aside,  
And I shall sigh, when some will smile,  
To see thy love for every one  
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

*The morning rose is certainly an excellent comparison.*

*On True Dignity.*

HAIL, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,  
And woe the weary to profound repose !  
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,  
And whisper comfort to the man of woes ?  
Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,  
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.  
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,  
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,  
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur  
springs.

Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?  
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—  
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?  
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—  
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid ?  
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm ;—  
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?  
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !  
Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform.

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind  
Virtue has rais'd above the things below ;  
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,  
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest  
blow !

This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow  
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star ;  
And from embattled clouds emerging slow  
Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;  
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.  
Beattie.

*Extract from Verses by Lord Byron, addressed to a  
Youthful Friend.*

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,  
So human feelings ebb and flow ;  
And who would in a breast confide  
Where stormy passions ever glow ?

It boots not that, together bred,  
Our childish days were days of joy ;  
My spring of life has quickly fled ;  
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth,  
Slaves to the specious world's control,  
We sigh a long farewell to truth ;  
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season ! when the mind  
Dares all things boldly but to lie ;  
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,  
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,  
When Man himself is but a tool ;  
When interest sways our hopes and fears,  
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,  
We learn at length our faults to blend,  
And those, and those alone may claim  
The prostituted name of friend.

Such is the common lot of man :  
Can we then 'scape from folly free ?

Can we reverse the general plan;  
Nor be what all in turn must be?

But thou, with spirit frail and light,  
Will shine a-while and pass away;  
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,  
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls  
Where parasites and princes meet,  
(For, cherish'd first in royal halls,  
The welcome vices kindly greet.)

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add  
One insect to the fluttering crowd;  
And still thy trifling heart is glad,  
To join the vain, and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,  
Still simpering on with eager haste;  
As flies along the gay parterre,  
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame  
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,  
To flit along from dame to dame,  
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,  
Will deign to own a kindred care?  
Who will debase his manly mind,  
For friendship every fool may share?

In time forbear; amidst the throng,  
No more so base a thing be seen;  
No more so idly pass along;  
Be something, any thing, but, mean.

---

*The Maid of the Inn.*

Who is she, the poor maniac! whose wildly-fix'd eyes  
Seem a heart overcharg'd to express?—

She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs ;  
 She never complains—but her silence implies  
 The composure of settled distress !

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,  
 Cold and hunger awake not her care ; [bleak  
 Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow  
 On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare ; and her cheek  
 Has the deadly pale hue of despair !

Yet cheerful and happy—nor distant the day—  
 Poor Mary the maniac has been :  
 The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,  
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn !

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
 As she welcom'd them in with a smile ;  
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
 And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,  
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved ; and young Richard had settled the day,  
 And she hop'd to be happy for life—  
 But Richard was idle and worthless ; and they  
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,  
 That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
 And fast were the windows and door—  
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burn'd bright,  
 And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,  
 They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

" 'Tis pleasant," cried one, " seated by the fire-side,  
 To hear the wind whistle without."  
 " A fine night for the Abbey !" his comrade replied :  
 " Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,  
 Who should wander the ruins about.

" I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear  
 The hoarse ivy shake over my head ;  
 And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,

Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,  
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,  
"That Mary would venture there now;"  
"Then wager, and lose," with a sneer, he replied;  
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
And faint if she saw a white cow!"

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"  
His companion exclaimed with a smile;  
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough  
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,  
And her way to the Abbey she bent—  
The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,  
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,  
Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;  
Through the gateway she enter'd—she felt not afraid—  
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast  
Howl'd diabolically round the old pile;  
Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,  
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,  
Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it, and quickly drew near,  
And hastily gather'd the bough—  
When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—  
She paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,  
And her heart panted fearfully now!

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;—  
She listen'd;—nought else could she hear:  
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with  
dread,

For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread  
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,  
She crept, to conceal herself there;  
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,  
And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,  
And between them—a corpse did they bear!

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!  
Again the rough wind hurried by—  
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!  
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd!—  
She fell—and expected to die!

“Curse the hat!”—he exclaims—“Nay come on,  
and fast hide

The dead body!” his comrade replies.  
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplid,  
And fast through the Abbey she flies!

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,  
— She look'd horribly eager around:  
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;  
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view—  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For, O heaven! what cold horror thrill'd through  
her heart,  
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen;  
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,  
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,  
—Of poor Mary, the Maid of the Inn!

Southey.



*Time.*

SEE the monster sternly sitting  
 In his fleet and nimble car,  
 In a posture well-befitting  
 Such a real despotic Czar!

See his steeds with ardour glowing  
 In their long and restless flight;  
 And their manes how gently flowing,  
 As they hasten out of sight!

See the groups that round him gather,  
 With their strange conflicting motions;  
 Hear the hue and cry of father,  
 Like the war of meeting oceans!

See the hungry with their cravings,  
 Which the voice of nature feeds;  
 And the miser with his savings,  
 And his false and borrow'd needs!

Why yon deep but smother'd wailing  
 From yon splendid female train?  
 Don't you see their beauty failing,  
 Since their moon is in its wane?

\* \* \* \* \*

*Anah's Invocation to her Angel Lover.*

Seraph!  
 From thy sphere!  
 Whatever star contain thy glory;  
 In the eternal depths of heaven  
 Albeit thou watchest with the "seven,"\*  
 Though through space infinite and hoary  
 Before thy bright wings worlds be driven,

\* The archangels, said to be seven in number.

Yet hear !

Oh ! think of her who holds thee dear !

And though she nothing is to thee,

Yet think that thou art all to her.

Thou canst not tell,—and never be

Such pangs decreed to aught save me,—

The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thy years,

Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes ;

With me thou canst not sympathize,

Except in love, and there thou must

Acknowledge that more loving dust

Ne'er wept beneath the skies.

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou see'st

The face of him who made thee great,

As he hath made me of the least

Of those cast out from Eden's gate.

Yet, Seraph dear !

Oh hear !

For thou hast loved me, and I would not die

Until I know, what I must die in knowing,

That thou forget'st in thine eternity

Her whose heart death could not keep from o'er-

For thee, immortal essence as thou art ! [flowing

Great is their love, who love in sin and fear ;

And such, I feel, are waging in my heart

A war unworthy : to an Adamite

Forgive, my Seraph ! that such thoughts appear,

For sorrow is our element ;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,

Though sometimes with our visions blent.

The hour is near

Which tells me we are not abandon'd quite—

Appear ! Appear !

Seraph !

My own Azazel ! be but here,

And leave the stars to their own light !

*The Dying Christian to his Soul*

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper—angels say,  
 "Sister spirit, come away!"—  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes! it disappears!  
 Heaven opens to my eyes!—my ears

With sounds seraphic ring!  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!

O Grave! Where is thy victory?  
 O Death! where is thy sting?

Pope.

*The Anticipations of Hope.*

TYRANTS, in vain ye trace the wizard ring!  
 In vain ye limit MIND's unwearied spring!  
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,  
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?  
 No!—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;—  
 It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?  
 Still must there live a blot on Nature's brow?  
 Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furld?  
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?  
 What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?  
 Why then hath Plato liv'd—or Sidney died?

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,  
 Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name !—  
 Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire  
 The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre !—  
 Wrapp'd in historic ardour, who adore  
 Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,  
 Where Valour tun'd, amid her chosen throng,  
 The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song ;  
 Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms  
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms !—  
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,  
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell !  
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore !  
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more ?  
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,  
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye ?  
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,  
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls ?  
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,  
 The might that slumbers in a PEASANT'S arm !

Yes ! in that generous cause, for ever strong,  
 The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,  
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,  
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay !

Yes ! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,  
 That slumber yet in uncreated dust,  
 Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth  
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;  
 Ordain'd to light, with INTELLECTUAL day,  
 The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,  
 Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,  
 And rival all—but Shakspeare's name below !

Campbell.

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*The Mariners of England.*

Ye Mariners of England !  
 That guard our native seas ;

Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze !  
 Your glorious standard launch again  
 To match another foe !  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave !—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave :  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow ;  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow !

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave !  
 Her home is on the deep !  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn :  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return.  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceas'd to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

Campbell.

*Extract from Gray's Elegy.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
 BENEATH these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.—

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed !

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share !

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave !

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise :—

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust ;  
 Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire—  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.  
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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*A Pleasant Companion.*

SOME fretful tempers wince at every touch;  
 You always do too little or too much;  
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,  
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;  
 You fall at once into a lower key,  
 That's worse—the drone pipe of an humble bee.  
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,  
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night;  
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire and strive  
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive;  
 Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;  
 With soal—that's just the sort he would not wish.  
 He takes what he at first professed to loath,  
 And in due time feeds heartily on both;  
 Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,  
 He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.  
 Your hope to please him vain on every plan,  
 Himself should work that wonder, if he can.—  
 Alas! his efforts double his distress,  
 He likes yours little, and his own still less.  
 Thus, always teasing others, always teased,  
 His only pleasure is—to be displeased.

Cowper.

*Constance, to her Husband on her Death-bed.*

THEODRIC, this is destiny above  
 Our power to baffle ! bear it then, my love !  
 Rave not to learn the usage I have borne,  
 For one true sister left me not forlorn :  
 And though you're absent in another land,  
 Sent from me by my own well-meant command,  
 Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine  
 As these clasp'd hands, in blessing you, now join :  
 Shape not imagin'd horrors in my fate—  
 Ev'n now my sufferings are not very great ;  
 And when your grief's first transports shall subside,  
 I call upon your strength of soul and pride,  
 To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt,  
 Love's glorying tribute—not forlorn regret :  
 I charge my name with power to conjure up  
 Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup.  
 My pard'ning angel at the gate of Heaven  
 Shall look not more regard than you have given  
 To me : and our life's union has been clad  
 In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had.  
 Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast ?  
 Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past ?  
 No ! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast,  
 There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest ;  
 And let contentment on your spirit shine,  
 As if its peace were still a part of mine :  
 For if you war not proudly with your pain,  
 For you I shall have worse than lived in vain.  
 But I conjure your manliness to bear  
 My loss with noble spirit—not despair :  
 I ask you by our love to promise this,  
 And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss—  
 The latest from my living lips, for yours !

Campbell.



*The Dying Lover's Song.*

LET me not have this gloomy view  
 About my room, around my bed,  
 But morning roses, wet with dew,  
 To cool my burning brows instead.  
 As flowers that once in Eden grew,  
 Let them their fragrant spirits shed,  
 And every day the sweets renew,  
 Till I, a fading flower, am dead.  
 Oh ! let the herbs I lov'd to rear  
 Give to my sense the perfumed breath ;  
 Let them be placed about my bier,  
 And grace the gloomy house of death.  
 I'll have my grave beneath a hill,  
 Where only Lucy's self shall know ;  
 Where runs the pure pellucid rill  
 Upon its gravelly bed below ;  
 There violets on the borders blow,  
 And insects their soft light display,  
 Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,  
 The cold phosphoric fires decay.  
 That is the grave to Lucy shown,—  
 The soil, a pure and silver sand,  
 The green cold moss above it grows,  
 Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand.  
 In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,  
 There let my maiden form be laid,  
 Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,  
 Nor for new guest that bed be made.  
 There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,  
 In air, on earth, securely play ;  
 And Lucy to my grave-resort,  
 As innocent, but not so gay.  
 I will not have the churchyard ground,  
 With bones all black and ugly grown,  
 To press my shivering body round,  
 Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.  
 With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,  
 In clammy beds of cold blue clay ;

Through which the ringed earth-worms creep  
 And on the shrouded bosom prey.  
 I will not have the bell proclaim  
 When those sad marriage rites begin ;  
 And boys, without regard or shame,  
 Press the vile mouldering masses in.  
 Say not, it is beneath my care ;  
 I cannot these cold truths allow ;  
 These thoughts may not affect me there,  
 But O ! they vex and tease me now.  
 O ! take me from a world I hate,—  
 Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold ;  
 And in some pure and blessed state,  
 Let me my sister minds behold,  
 From gross and sordid views refined,  
 Our heaven of spotless love to share,  
 For only generous souls designed,  
 And not a man to meet us there.

Crabbe.

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*The Ocean.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, when none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews ; in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain,  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own :  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown !

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise  
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he  
wields

For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,—  
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies;  
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,  
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies  
His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
And dashest him again to earth;—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
And monarchs tremble in their capitals—  
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make

Their clay creator the vain title take  
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar  
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, chang'd in all save thee—  
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now!

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
Glasses itself in tempests!—in all thine  
Calm or convuls'd, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
Iceing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime!  
The image of Eternity!—the throne  
Of the Invisible!—Even from out thy slime  
The monsters of the deep are made! Each one  
Obeyes thee! Thou goest forth, dread—fathomless!  
alone!

*To Delia.*

Dry be that tear, my gentlest love,  
Be hush'd that struggling sigh,  
Not seasons, day, nor fate, shall prove  
More fix'd, more true, than I.  
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,  
Cease boding doubt, cease anxious fear.—  
Dry be that tear!

Ask'st thou how long my love will stay,  
When all that's new is past?  
How long, ah Delia, can I say  
How long my life will last?  
Dry be that tear, be hush'd that sigh,  
At least I'll love thee till I die.  
Hush'd be that sigh.

And does that thought affect thee too,  
The thought of Sylvio's death,  
That he who only breath'd for you  
Must yield that faithful breath?  
Hush'd be that sigh, be dry that tear,  
Nor let us lose our heaven here!  
Dry be that tear.

Sheridan.

*The Shipwreck.*

'Twas twilight, for the sunless day went down  
Over the waste of waters; like a veil,  
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown  
Of one who hates us; so the night was shown,  
And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale,  
And hopeless eyes, which o'er the deep alone  
Gazed dim and desolate; twelve days had Fear  
Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
With little hope in such a rolling sea,

A sort of thing at which one would have laugh'd,  
 If any laughter at such time could be;  
 Unless with people who too much have quaff'd,  
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical;  
 Their preservation would have been a miracle.

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hencoops, spars,  
 And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,  
 That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,  
 For yet they strove, although of no great use:  
 There was no light in heaven but a few stars;  
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their crews;  
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
 And going down head foremost—sunk, in short.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
 Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,  
 Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
 As eager to anticipate their grave;  
 And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell.  
 And down she suck'd with her the whirling wave,  
 Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
 And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd  
 Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
 Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
 Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash  
 Of billows: but at intervals there gush'd,  
 Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
 A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
 Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Byron.

*From the unfinished Opera of "The Foresters."*

We two, each other's only pride,  
 Each other's bliss, each other's guide,  
 Far from the world's unhallowed noise,  
 Its coarse delights and tainted joys,

Through wilds will roam, and deserts rude;  
For, Love, thy home is solitude.

There shall no vain pretender be,  
To court thy smiles and torture me;  
No proud superior there be seen;  
But nature's voice shall hail thee queen.

With fond respect and tender awe,  
I will receive thy gentle law,  
Obey thy looks, and serve thee still,  
Prevent thy wish, foresee thy will,  
And, added to a lover's care,  
Be all that friends and parents are.

Sheridan.

### *The Sailor's Orphan Boy.*

STAY, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,  
And hear a helpless orphan's tale:  
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—  
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale!  
Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
And my brave father's hope and joy:  
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—  
And I am now an orphan boy!

Poor foolish child! how pleas'd was I  
When news of Nelson's victory came,  
Along the crowded streets to fly,  
To see the lighted window's flame!  
To force me home my mother sought—  
She could not bear to see my joy!  
For with my father's life 'twas bought—  
And made me a poor orphan boy!

The people's shouts were long and loud;  
My mother, shuddering, clos'd her ears;  
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd—  
My mother answer'd with her tears!

"Oh! why do tears steal down your cheeks,"  
 Cried I, "while others shout for joy?"  
 She kiss'd me, and, in accents weak,  
 She call'd me—"her poor orphan boy."  
 "What is an orphan boy?" I said;  
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,  
 And her eyes clos'd; I shriek'd for aid:  
 But, ah! her eyes were clos'd in death!  
 My hardships since—I will not tell;  
 But now, no more a parent's joy,  
 Ah! lady, I have learn'd too well  
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—  
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;  
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—  
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride.  
 "Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?  
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ!"  
 Look down, dear parents! look, and see  
 Your happy, happy orphan boy!

Mrs. Opie.

### *Lochinvar.*

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best;  
 And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.  
 He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late:  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar!  
 There rode, and there rode, many a gallant,  
 But Lochinvar was there first, and he rode the best;  
 So bold, and so brave, and so true to his word,  
 That the bride had to consent, and the gallant was wed.  
 And the bridegroom was young Lochinvar, and the bride was Ellen,  
 And the wedding was held at Netherby gate, and the feast was grand,  
 And the music was sweet, and the dancing was gay,  
 And the young Lochinvar was the hero of the day.  
 And the bride and the bridegroom were happy and true,  
 And the wedding was held at Netherby gate, and the feast was grand,  
 And the music was sweet, and the dancing was gay,  
 And the young Lochinvar was the hero of the day.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, —  
 'Mong' bride's-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword —  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word —  
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?  
 Or to dance at our bridal? young Lord Lochinvar!"

" I long woo'd your daughter, my suit ye denied:  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide!  
 And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine!  
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar!"

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up;  
 He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup!  
 She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar, —  
 " Now treat we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace!  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume,  
 And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by  
 far  
 To have match'd our fair cousin with young Loch-  
 invar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger  
 stood near,  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung!  
 " She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur;  
 They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong' Grames of the Netherby  
 clan;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and  
 they ran;



There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see!  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar!

Scott.

*The Battle of Blenheim.*

It was a summer's evening,  
 Old Kaspar's work was done,  
 And he before his cottage door  
 Was sitting in the sun,  
 And by him sported on the green  
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
 Roll something large and round,  
 Which he beside the rivulet  
 In playing there had found,  
 He came to ask what he had found,  
 That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,  
 Who stood expectant by;  
 And then the old man shook his head,  
 And with a natural sigh,  
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he,  
 " Who fell in the great victory !

" I find them in the garden,  
 For there's many here about ;  
 And often when I go to plough,  
 The ploughshare turns them out :  
 For many thousand men," said he,  
 " Were slain in that great victory !"

" Now tell us what 'twas all about,"  
 Young Peterkin he cries ;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;

Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,  
"Who put the French to rout;  
But what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But every body said," quoth he,  
"That 'twas a famous victory!"

"My father liv'd at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by;  
They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,  
And he was forc'd to fly:  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head!

"With fire and sword the country round  
Was wasted far and wide;  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new-born baby died!—  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won;  
For many thousand bodies there  
Lay rotting in the sun!  
But things like that, you know, must be  
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good Prince Eugene."  
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
"Nay—Nay—my little girl," quoth he,  
"It was a famous victory!"

"And every body prais'd the Duke  
Who this great fight did win,"  
"But what good came of it at last?"  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory!"

*The concluding part of Burns' Cottar's Saturday Night.*

THEN kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,  
 The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays;  
 Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'  
 That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:  
 There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,  
 Together hymning their *Creator's* praise,  
 In such society, yet still more dear;  
 While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,  
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,  
 When men display, to congregations wide,  
 Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart*!  
 The *Pow'r*, incens'd, the pageant will desert,  
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;  
 But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,  
 May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;  
 And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;  
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:  
 The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,  
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request—  
 That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,  
 And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,  
 Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,  
 For them and for their little ones provide;  
 But chiefly, in their hearts, with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,  
 That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:  
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
 'An honest man's the noblest work of God':  
 And *certainly*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,  
 The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind;  
 What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,  
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,  
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O *Scotia* ! my dear, my native soil !  
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent !  
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !  
 And, O ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent  
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !  
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,  
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,  
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

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*Lamentation over the Fall of Genius, with an  
 Address to Fate.*

Ah ! why has Fate, with stern decree,  
 Fill'd earth-born souls with rancour,  
 To toss seraphic souls at sea  
 About, without an anchor ?

Or why did he prepare yon storm  
 To raise the towering billow ?  
 Was it that some seraphic form  
 Might have it for a pillow ?\*

Or why is yonder smiling sun,  
 Or this enchanting arbour,  
 Denied to that angelic son,—  
 For grovelling souls a harbour ?

Ah ! who can paint, or who can tell,  
 Those heroes' god-like actions,  
 Who bravely, but obscurely, fell,  
 The sport and prey of factions !

How envy, poverty, and lies,  
 With all their train attendant,  
 Spite of heroic deeds and sighs,  
 Were gaining the ascendant !!

How love, sincerity, and truth,  
 Benevolence, and gentle ruth,  
 Tormented, lay expiring ;

\* The poet Shelly perished at sea.

While, spite of all their hellish strength,  
Vast width, immeasurable length,  
Their foes were almost tiring !

O monster, Fate ! return their pangs,  
In measure full, their ruthless bangs,  
Or let Perdition seize them,  
And gnaw them with eternal fangs,  
Extorting dismal, piercing clangs ;  
But let not Death release them !

Let Malice, Cowardice, and Pride,  
That down the stream of pleasure glide,  
With all the Sons of Knavery,  
With black Despair, sit side by side,  
And headlong to perdition ride  
Into infernal slavery !

Let Horror, Shrieks, and howling Yells,  
Pent up in yon ingulphing cells  
Terrific, there possess them ;  
And biting Anguish and Remorse,  
The vermin of their putrid course,  
In social glee distress them !

Let Hydras vast, and Spectres wild,  
Whom dreadful shapes have never foil'd,  
Eternally appall them ;  
And Seraphs, whom they tortur'd here,  
Remov'd beyond the reach of fear,  
In cloudless sunshine gall them !

And, added to the rayless gloom,  
With thickening horrors from the tomb,  
Let War and Fight assemble ;  
And stalking forth in dire array,  
Spread desolation and dismay,  
And make the stoutest tremble !

Let all prodigious, monstrous, Things,  
That earth, or hell, or vengeance brings,  
Complete their consternation !

And Embets from the fiery lake,  
With bursting winds and tempests, wake  
Their dreadful conflagration !!!

White.

*Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry,  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry!"—

"Now, who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water?"  
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter:

"And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together;  
For, should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather.

"His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then, who would cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
"I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady!

"And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry;  
So—though the waves are raging white—  
I'll row you o'er the ferry!"

By this, the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking,  
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
 And as the night grew drearer,  
 Adown the glen rode armed men !—  
 Their trampling sounded nearer !

“ Oh ! haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,  
 “ Though tempests round us gather,  
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,  
 But not an angry father ! ”—

The boat has left a stormy land,  
 A stormy sea before her,—  
 When—oh ! too strong for human hand !—  
 The tempest gather'd o'er her—

And still they row'd amidst the roar  
 Of waters fast prevailing :  
 Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore—  
 His wrath was chang'd to wailing !

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,  
 His child he did discover !—  
 One lovely arm she stretch'd for aid,  
 And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,  
 Across this stormy water :  
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
 My daughter !—Oh ! my daughter ! ”—

'Twas vain !—the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
 Return or aid preventing :  
 The waters wild went o'er his child—  
 And he was left lamenting.

Campbell.

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*Alexander's Feast.*

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son,  
 Aloft in awful state,

The god-like hero sat  
 On his imperial throne.  
 His valiant peers were plac'd around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :  
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
 The lovely Thais, by his side,  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—  
 Happy, happy, happy pair !  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave,  
 None but the brave, deserves the fair.  
 Timotheus plac'd on high  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;  
 And trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.—  
 The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seat above—  
 Such is the power of mighty love !—  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the  
 world !  
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :  
 " A present deity !" they shout around ;  
 " A present deity !" the vaulted roofs rebound—  
 With ravish'd ears  
 The monarch hears,  
 Assumes the god,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,  
 Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young !—  
 The jolly god in triumph comes !  
 Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !  
 Flush'd with a purple grace  
 He shows his hopest face.  
 Now give the hautboys breath !—he comes ! he comes !  
 Bacchus ever fair and young,



Drinking joys did first ordain :  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
 Rich the treasure ;  
 Sweet the pleasure ;  
 Sweet is pleasure, after pain !

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
 the slain !

The master saw the madness rise ;  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And while he heaven and earth defied—  
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sang Darius great and good !  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen ! fallen ! fallen ! fallen !  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood !  
 Deserted at his utmost need  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes !  
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,  
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,  
 The various turns of fate below ;  
 And, now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow !

The mighty master smil'd, to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble :  
 Honour but an empty bubble ;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying

If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, Oh think it worth enjoying!  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee!  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause,  
 So love was crown'd; but music won the cause:—  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caus'd his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
     Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast!

Now strike the golden lyre again!  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder!  
     Hark! hark!—the horrid sound  
     Has rais'd up his head,  
     As awak'd from the dead;  
 And, amaz'd, he stares around!  
 Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries—  
     See the furies arise!  
     See the snakes that they rear,  
     How they hiss in their hair,  
     And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!  
     Behold a ghastly band,  
     Each a torch in his hand!  
 These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,  
     And unburied remain  
     Inglorious on the plain!  
     Give the vengeance due  
     To the valiant crew!  
 Behold! how they toss their torches on high,  
     How they point to the Persian abodes,  
     And glittering temples of their hostile gods!—  
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy;  
 And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;  
     Thais led the way,  
     To light him to his prey!  
 And, like another Helen fir'd—another Troy!

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute;  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame.  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown:  
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down!

Dryden.

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*The Passions.*

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.  
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind  
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd:  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;  
 And, as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each—for Madness rul'd the hour—  
 Would prove his own expressive power.  
 First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;

And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire  
In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;  
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair—  
Low sullen sounds—his grief beguil'd ;  
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope ! with eyes so fair,  
What was thy delighted measure !  
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,  
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.  
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
She call'd on Echo still through all her song.  
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,  
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden  
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown, [hair.  
Revenge impatient rose.

He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;  
And, with a withering look,  
The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,  
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe :  
And ever and anon, he beat  
The doubling drum, with furious heat.  
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
Dejected Pity at his side,  
Her soul subduing voice applied,  
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien ;  
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from  
his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;  
Sad proof of thy distressful state !  
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;  
And, now, it courted Love ; now, raving, call'd on  
With face uprais'd, as one inspir'd, [Hate.

Pale Melancholy sat retir'd ;  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :  
 And, dashing soft, from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure  
 stole ;  
 Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay—  
 Round a holy calm diffusing,  
 Love of peace and lonely musing—  
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But, Oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !  
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,  
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung ;  
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.  
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-ey'd  
 Satyrs, and sylvan Boys, were seen, [Queen  
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :  
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;  
 And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.  
 He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;  
 But, soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.  
 They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,  
 Amid the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;  
 While, as the flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round—  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Collins.

## EXTRACTS IN BLANK VERSE.

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### *Filial Recollections.*

YET feeling present evils, while the past  
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,  
How readily we wish time spent revoked,  
That we might try the ground again, where once—  
Through inexperience as we now perceive,—  
We miss'd that happiness we might have found !  
Some friend is gone, perhaps, his son's best friend,  
A father, whose authority, in show  
When most severe, and mustering all its force,  
Was but the graver countenance of love ;  
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might lower,  
And utter now and then an awful voice,  
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,  
Threatening at once and nourishing the plant.  
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand  
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allured  
By every gilded folly, we renounced  
His sheltering side, and wilfully forewent  
That converse, which we now in vain regret.  
How gladly would the man recall to life  
The boy's neglected sire ! a mother, too,  
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,  
Might he demand them at the gates of death.  
Sorrow has, since they went, subdued and tamed  
The playful humour ; he could now endure—  
Himself grown sober in the vale of tears,—\*

\* A parenthesis, which we have marked and inclosed in this place by a dash.

And feel a parent's presence no restraint ;  
 But not to understand a treasure's worth,  
 Till time has stolen away the alighted good,  
 Is cause of half the poverty we feel,  
 And makes the world the wilderness it is.

Cowper.

The severity of a kind father, likened to the lowering clouds of spring, exhibiting a disagreeable and frowning aspect, and carrying along with them the greatest blessing, and the most desirable nourishment, is, in our opinion, a very appropriate and beautiful comparison.

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*The Good Preacher and the Clerical Coxcomb.*

WOULD I describe a preacher, such as Paul,  
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,  
 Paul should himself direct me ; I would trace  
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.  
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;  
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain ;  
 And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,  
 And natural in gesture. Much impress'd  
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,  
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds  
 May feel it too. Affectionate in look,  
 And tender in address, as well becomes  
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.  
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?  
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,  
 And then—skip down again ? pronounce a text,  
 Cry, hem ! and, reading what they never wrote,  
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,  
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene ?

In man or woman—but far most in man,  
 And most of all in man that ministers,  
 And serves the altar—in my soul I loathe  
 All affectation : 'tis my perfect scorn :  
 Object of my implacable disgust.  
 What !—will a man play tricks—will he indulge

A silly fond conceit of his fair form  
 And just proportion, fashionable mien  
 And pretty face, in presence of his God?  
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,  
 As with the diamond on his lily hand;  
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,  
 When I am hungry for the bread of life?  
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames  
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,  
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.  
 Therefore, avaunt! all attitude and stare,  
 And start theatric, practis'd at the glass!  
 I seek divine simplicity in him  
 Who handles things divine; and all beside,  
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admir'd  
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-inform'd,  
 To me is odious.

Cowper.

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*Satan addressing Beelzebub.*

If thou beest he—but O, how fallen! how chang'd  
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness did outshine  
 Myriads, though bright!—if he, whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard—in the glorious enterprise  
 Join'd with me once—now misery hath join'd  
 In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fallen, so much the stronger prov'd  
 He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injur'd merit,  
 That with the Mightiest rais'd me to contend;  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,



That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd,  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne ! What though the field be lost ?  
 All is not lost ! the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge ; immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield ;  
 And what is else not to be overcome ?—  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me ! To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who, from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire ! that were low indeed !  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath  
 This downfall ! since, by fate, the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail :  
 Since, through experience of this great event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanc'd,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and in the excess of joy,  
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven !”

Milton.

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*On the Being of a God.*

RETIRE ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call  
 Imagination's airy wing repress ; [home !  
 Lock up thy senses ;—let no passion stir ;—  
 Wake all to Reason ;—let her reign alone :—  
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth  
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,  
 As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.  
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know,  
 But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude  
 Something eternal ; had there e'er been nought,  
 Nought still had been : eternal there must be.

But what eternal?—Why not human race,  
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?—  
 That's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link  
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;  
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?  
 Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;  
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.  
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—  
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs  
 Would want some other father; much design  
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;  
 Design implies intelligence, and art:  
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art  
 Man scarce can comprehend could man bestow?  
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man?—  
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,  
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?  
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume  
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?  
 Has matter innate motion? then each atom,  
 Asserting its indisputable right  
 To dance, would form a universe of dust:  
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,  
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?  
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,  
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learned  
 In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,  
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—  
 If art, to form, and counsel, to conduct—  
 And that with greater far than human skill,  
 Resides not in each block;—a GODHEAD reigns.—  
 And, if a God there is, that God how great!

Young.

---

*Satan described, with his Speech to the Infernal Spirits.*

————— Thus far these beyond  
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd  
 Their dread commander; he, above the rest  
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,

Stood like a tow'r ; his form had not yet lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than Archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
 Of glory obscur'd : as when the sun new risen,  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon  
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds  
 On half the nations, and with fear of change  
 Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all th' Archangel ; but his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had entrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,  
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast  
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold  
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,  
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd  
 For ever now to have their lot in pain ;  
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd  
 Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung,  
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,  
 Their glory wither'd : as when Heaven's fire  
 Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,  
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,  
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd  
 To speak : whereat their doubled ranks they bend  
 From wing to wing, and half enclose him round  
 With all his peers : attention held them mute,  
 Thrice he assay'd ; and thrice, in spite of scorn,  
 Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth ; at last  
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

" O Myriads of immortal Spirits ! O Powers  
 Matchless ! but with the Almighty ; and that strife  
 Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,  
 As this place testifies, and this dire change,  
 Hateful to utter ; but what pow'r of mind,  
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the depth  
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd  
 How such united strength of Gods, how such  
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?  
 For who can yet believe, though after loss,  
 That all these puissant legions, whose exile

Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend,  
 Self-rai'd, and re-possess their native seat?  
 For me be witness all the host of Heav'n,  
 If counsels different or danger shunn'd  
 By me have lost our hopes. But he who reigns  
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure  
 Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,  
 Consent or custom, and his regal state  
 Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,  
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.  
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own,  
 So as not either to provoke, or dread  
 New war provok'd; our better part remains  
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,  
 What force effected not; that he no less  
 At length from us may find, who overcomes  
 By force hath overcome but half his foe.  
 Space may produce new worlds; whereof so rife  
 There went a fame in Heav'n, that he ere long  
 Intended to create, and therein plant  
 A generation, whom his choice regard  
 Should favour equal to the sons of Heav'n;  
 Thither if but to pry, shall be perhaps  
 Our first irruption, thither or elsewhere;  
 For this infernal pit shall never hold  
 Celestial Spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss  
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts  
 Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,  
 For who can think submission? War, then, war,  
 Open or understood, must be resolved!"

Milton.

Our young friends will please turn their attention to the description which Milton has here given of Satan, which is considered grand. The obscurity, in which the Archangel is involved, notwithstanding the similes which Milton has employed for giving us some idea of his greatness, is particularly worthy of notice.

*Pandemonium.*

High on a throne of royal state, which far  
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,  
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand  
 Showers, on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
 Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd  
 To that bad eminence : and, from despair  
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires  
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue  
 Vain war with heaven ; and, by success untaught,  
 His proud imaginations thus display'd :  
 " Powers and dominions, deities of heaven—  
 For, since no deep within her gulph can hold  
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,  
 I give not heaven for lost—from this descent,  
 Celestial virtues rising will appear  
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,  
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.  
 Me, though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven,  
 Did first create your leader ; next, free choice,  
 With what besides, in council or in fight,  
 Hath been achiev'd of merit ; yet this loss,  
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more  
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied throne,  
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state  
 In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw  
 Envy from each inferior ; but who here  
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes  
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,  
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share  
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good  
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there  
 From faction : for none sure will claim in hell  
 Precedence ; none, whose portion is so small  
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind  
 Will covet more. With this advantage then  
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,  
 More than can be in heaven, we now return  
 To claim our just inheritance of old,  
 Surer to prosper than prosperity

Could have assur'd us ; and, by what best way,  
Whether of open war, or covert guile,  
We now debate : who can advise, may speak."

He ceas'd ; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,  
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit  
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair :  
His trust was, with the Eternal to be deem'd  
Equal in strength ; and rather than be less  
Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost  
Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,  
He reck'd not ; and these words thereafter spake :

" My sentence is for open war ! of wiles,  
More unexpert, I boast not ; them let those  
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.  
For, while they sit contriving, shall the rest,  
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait  
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here  
Heaven's fugitives ; and for their dwelling-place  
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,  
The prison of his tyranny who reigns  
By our delay ? No, let us rather choose,  
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once,  
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,  
Turning our tortures into horrid arms  
Against the torturer ; when, to meet the noise  
Of his almighty engine, he shall hear  
Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see  
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage  
Among his angels ; and his throne itself  
Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire—  
His own invented torments ! But perhaps  
The way seems difficult and steep—to scale  
With upright wing against a higher foe.  
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench  
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,  
That in our proper motion we ascend  
Up to our native seat : descent and fall  
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,  
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear  
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,  
With what compulsion and laborious flight  
We sunk thus low ? The ascent is easy then.

The event is fear'd—Should we again provoke  
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find  
 To our destruction!—if there be in hell  
 Fear to be worse destroy'd! What can be worse  
 Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemn'd  
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe;  
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire  
 Must exercise us without hope of end,  
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge  
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,  
 Calls us to penance? More destroy'd than thus,  
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire!  
 What fear we then? what doubt we to incense  
 His utmost ire? which to the height enrag'd  
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce  
 To nothing this essential—happier far  
 Than miserable to have eternal being!—  
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,  
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst  
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel  
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,  
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,  
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;  
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge!"

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd  
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous  
 To less than gods. On the other side up-rose  
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane.  
 A fairer person lost not heaven! he seem'd  
 For dignity compos'd, and high exploit;  
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue  
 Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear  
 The better reason, to perplex and dash  
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;  
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds  
 Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,  
 And with persuasive accent thus began:

"I should be much for open war, O peers!  
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd  
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,  
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast  
 Ominous conjectures on the whole success."

When he who most excels in act of arms—  
In what he counsels, and in what excels,  
Mistrustful—grounds his courage on despair  
And utter dissolution, as the scope  
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge!  
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are fill'd  
With armed watch, that render all access  
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep  
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,  
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,  
Scorning surprise! Or could we break our way  
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise  
With blackest insurrection, to confound  
Heaven's purest light!—yet our great enemy,  
All incorruptible, would on his throne  
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,  
Incapable of stain, would soon expel  
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,  
Victorious! Thus repuls'd, our final hope  
Is flat despair! we must exasperate  
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage—  
And that must end us! that must be our cure,  
To be no more! Sad cure! for who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being—  
Those thoughts that wander through eternity—  
To perish rather!—swallow'd up and lost  
In the wide womb of uncreated night,  
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,  
Let this be good, whether our angry foe  
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,  
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.  
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,  
Belike through impotence, or unaware,  
To give his enemies their wish, and end  
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves  
To punish endless?—Wherefore cease we then?  
Say they who counsel war, we are decreed,  
Reserv'd, and destin'd, to eternal wo;  
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,  
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,  
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?  
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck



With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought  
 The deep to shelter us? this hell then seem'd  
 A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay  
 Chain'd on the burning lake? that sure was worse!  
 What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,  
 Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,  
 And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,  
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again  
 His red right hand to plague us? What if all  
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament  
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire—  
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall!—  
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps  
 Designing or extorting glorious war,  
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd  
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey  
 Of wrecking whirlwinds!—or for ever sunk  
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains  
 There to converse with everlasting groans,  
 Unrespited! unpitied! unrepriev'd!  
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.  
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike  
 My voice dissuades."

Milton.

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*Lavinia.*

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends;  
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth;  
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all—  
 Of every stay—save innocence and Heaven,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale:  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion, and low-minded pride;  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow :  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still, on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia ; till at length compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy  
And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
He then his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
That very moment love and chaste desire

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;  
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :

“ What pity, that so delicate a form,  
By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
Of old Acasto's line ; and to my mind  
Recals that patron of my happy life,  
From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd !  
'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
His aged widow and his daughter live,  
Whom yet my fruitless search could never find :  
Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
Of bountiful Acasto ! who can speak  
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,  
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran !  
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
The soften'd image of my noble friend,  
Alive his every look, his every feature,  
More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !  
Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root  
That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah ! where,  
In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn

The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,  
Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?  
Oh, let me now into a richer soil  
Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,  
Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
And of my garden be the pride and joy !  
Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,  
Though vast, were little to his ampler heart—  
The father of a country ! thus to pick  
The very refuse of those harvest fields  
Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
But ill-applied to such a rugged task ;  
The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;  
If to the various blessings which thy house  
Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
Of goodness irresistible, and all  
In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent—  
The news immediate to her mother brought,  
While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.  
Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
Of setting life shone on her evening hours :  
Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;  
Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
And good, the grace of all the country round.

*Satan surveying the Horrors of Hell.*

"Is this the region, this the soil, the clime?"  
 Said then the lost archangel, "this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven?—this mournful  
 gloom

For that celestial light? Be it so! since he,  
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right! farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equal'd, force hath made supreme,  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrors! hail,  
 Infernal world! and thou, profoundest hell!  
 Receive thy new possessor—one, who brings  
 A mind not to be chang'd by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be—all but less than he  
 Whom thunder had made greater? Here at least  
 We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:  
 Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell:  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven!  
 But wherefore let we, then, our faithful friends,  
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion; or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell?"

Milton.

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*Both Kings and Subjects may err.*

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—We love  
 The king, who loves the law, respects his bounds,

And reigns content within them: him we serve  
 Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:  
 But recollecting still, that he is man,  
 We trust him not too far. King though he be,  
 And King in England too, he may be weak,  
 And vain enough to be ambitious still;  
 May exercise amiss his proper powers,  
 Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:  
 Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours,  
 T' administer, to guard, t' adorn, the state,  
 But not to warp or change it. We are his,  
 To serve him nobly in the common cause,  
 True to the death, but not to be his slaves.  
 Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love  
 Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.  
 We love the man, the paltry pageant you:  
 We, the chief patron of the commonwealth,  
 You, the regardless author of its woes:  
 We, for the sake of liberty, a king;  
 You, chains and bondage, for a tyrant's sake.  
 Our love is principle, and has its root  
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free;  
 Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,  
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.  
 Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,  
 Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,  
 I would not be a king to be beloved  
 Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,  
 Where love is mere attachment to the throne,  
 Not to the man who fills it as he ought.

Cowper.

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*Adam and Eve Conversing.*

—————"FAIR Consort, th' hour  
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,  
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men

Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,  
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines  
 Our eyelids ; other creatures all day long  
 Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest ;  
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways ;  
 While other animals unactive range,  
 And of their doings God takes no account.  
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
 Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,  
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
 That mock our scant manuring, and require  
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth ;  
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums  
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,  
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;  
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd :  
 " My Author and Disposer, what thou bidst  
 Unargued I obey ; so God ordains ;  
 God is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more  
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet  
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth  
 After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,  
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
 And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train ;  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,  
 Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.  
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes."

Milton.





# DRAMATIC, COMIC,

AND

## OTHER PIECES.

### *Ulysses to Achilles.*

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion ;  
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes ;  
Those scraps are good deeds past,  
Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,  
Forgot as soon as done : Perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps Honour bright : *to have done*, is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
For Honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
That one but goes abreast ; keep then the path,  
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,  
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,  
And leave you hindmost ;—  
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,  
O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in  
present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours  
For Time is like a fashionable host,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand,  
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer : the Welcome ever smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
To envious and calumniating time ;  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gauds,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past."

Shakspeare.

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*Manfred to his beloved Astarte.*

HEAR me, hear me—

Astarte ! my beloved ! speak to me :  
I have so much endured—so much endure—  
Look on me ! the grave hath not changed thee more  
Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst me  
Too much, as I loved thee : we were not made  
To torture thus each other, though it were  
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.  
Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do bear  
The punishment for both—that thou wilt be  
One of the blessed—and that I shall die,  
For hitherto all hateful things conspire  
To bind me in existence—in a life  
Which makes me shrink from immortality—  
A future like the past. I cannot rest.  
I know not what I ask, nor what I seek :  
I feel but what thou art—and what I am ;  
And I would hear yet once, before I perish,  
The voice which was my music—Speak to me !  
For I have call'd on thee in the still night,  
Startled the slumbering birds from the hush'd boughs,  
And woke the mountain wolves, and made the caves  
Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,  
Which answered me—many things answered me—  
Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
Yet speak to me ! I have outwatch'd the stars,  
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of thee,

Speak to me ! I have wandered o'er the earth  
And never found thy likeness—Speak to me !  
Look on the fiends around—they feel for me :  
I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
Speak to me ! though it be in wrath ;—but say—  
I reck not what—but let me hear thee once—  
This once—once more !

Byron.

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*Rolla to the Peruvians.*

My brave associates !—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame ! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts ?—No ;—you have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule :—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate ;—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress !—Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.—They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error !—Yes—they—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride !—They offer us their protection.—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them !—They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise.—Be our plain answer this : The throne we honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds

of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and least of all such change as they would bring us.

Sheridan's Bizarro.

*Shylock justifying his meditated Revenge.*

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million! laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies! And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, Revenge! The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Shakspeare.

*Cato's Soliloquy.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!  
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after Immortality?  
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,

Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
 And intimates Eternity to man.  
 Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above—  
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue;  
 And that which He delights in, must be happy.  
 But when? or where? This world was made for  
 Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This—in a moment, brings me to an end;  
 But this—informs me I shall never die!  
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—  
 The stars shall fade way, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!

Adison.

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*Douglas's Account of Himself.*

My name is Norval: on the Grampian hills  
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,  
 Whose constant care is to increase his store,  
 And keep his only son, myself, at home:  
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;

And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
 This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,  
 Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,  
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled  
 For safety, and for succour. I alone,  
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
 The road he took ; then hasted to my friends,  
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.  
 We fought and conquer'd ! Ere a sword was drawn,  
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,  
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
 The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard  
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers  
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—  
 Yon trembling coward who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers ;  
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

Home.

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*Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.*

ROMANS, Countrymen, and Lovers !—hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this

is my answer; not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all freemen?—As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; and as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition!—Who's here so base, that would despise a man? if any speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any speak! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? if any speak! for him have I offended.——I pause for a reply.——

None? then none have I offended! I have done no more to Caesar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not?—With this I depart—that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakspeare.

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### *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.*

To be—or not to be?—that is the question,—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—  
No more!—and by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—  
To sleep?—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the  
rub!—

For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,  
That makes calamity of so long life.  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes—  
When he himself might his quietus make,  
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death—  
That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
Than fly to others that we know not of.  
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:  
And, thus, the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action!

Shakspeare.

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*Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.*

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear,  
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—  
Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell;  
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee—  
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,



And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:  
 A sure, and safe one—though thy master mis'd it,  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition!  
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,  
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?  
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Crom-  
 well,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King.

And, pr'ythee, lead me in—

There take an inventory of all I have;

To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,

And my integrity to Heaven, is all.

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies!

Shakespeare

*Lady Randolph's Soliloquy, Lamenting the Death of her  
 Husband and Child.*

YE woods and wilds! whose melancholy gloom  
 Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth  
 The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart—  
 Farewell a while. I will not leave you long;  
 For, in your shades, I deem some spirit dwells,  
 Who, from the chiding stream, or groning oak,  
 Still hears and answers to Matilda's moan.  
 Oh Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts  
 Are e'er permitted to review this world,  
 Within the circle of that wood thou art  
 And, with the passion of immortals, hear'st

My lamentation ; hear'st thy wretched wife  
 Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.—  
 My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn,  
 Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.  
 To thee I lift my voice ; to thee address  
 The plaint, which mortal ear has never heard.  
 Oh ! disregard me not. Though I am call'd  
 Another's new, my heart is wholly thine.  
 Incapable of change, affection lies  
 Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

*Mark Antony's Oration.*

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen !—lend me your ears.  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them ;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
 So let it be with Cæsar !—Noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious—  
 If it was so, it was a grievous fault ;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it !  
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—  
 For Brutus is an honourable man—  
 So are they all ! all honourable men—  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me—  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious—  
 And Brutus is an honourable man !  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept.  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff !  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man !  
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;  
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?—

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,  
 And suits his humble opinion with his honour;  
 I speak not to dispute what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Caesar might  
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
 And none so poor as do him reverence!  
 O masters! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar,  
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.  
 Let but the commons hear his testament—  
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read;  
 And they will go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue!

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle? I remember  
 The first time ever Caesar put it on;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent—  
 That day he overcame the Nervii.  
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;  
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;  
 Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;  
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it!—  
 As rushing out of doors to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no.

For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel: Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him! This, this was the unkindest cut of all: For when the noble Caesar saw him stab! Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquish'd him: Then burst his mighty heart; And in his mantle muffling up his face, Even at the base of Pompey's statue— Which all the while ran blood—Great Caesar fell! Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen! Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down; Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel the dint of pity: these are gracious drops. Kind souls! what! weep you when you but behold Our Caesar's vesture wounded?—look you here! Here is himself, mark'd as you see, by traitors' hands.

Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you To such a sudden flood of mutiny. They that have done this deed are honourable! What private griefs they have, alas! I know not; That made them do it: they are wise and honourable, And will, no doubt, with reason answer you. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts: I am no orator as Brutus is; But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man, That loves his friend—and that they know full well, That gave me public leave to speak of him— For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth, Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech, To stir men's blood: I only speak right on. I tell you that which you yourselves do know; Show you sweet Caesar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths!—and bid them speak for me! But were I Brutus, And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue In every wound of Caesar, that should move The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny!

The sentence, *I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him*, is no

tioned in the introduction, p. 25. We consider the two parts into which it is divided as intimately connected;—that there is no idea beyond *him*, to which the speaker wishes the hearer to give attention; and, consequently, “the falling inflection,” which, unless governed by emphasis, unexceptionably acts on the principle of completeness, is inevitable; in other words, that all such negative members necessarily demand the falling inflection.

### *Othello's Despair.*

HAD it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with misfortune—had it rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,  
Given to adversity me and my utmost hopes—  
I should have found in some part of my soul,  
A drop of patience! But, alas! to make me  
A fixed figure for the hand of scorn  
To point its slow unmoving finger at!—  
Yet could I bear that!—well!—very well!  
But there, where I had garner'd up my heart—  
Where either I must live, or bear no life—  
The fountain from which my current runs,  
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!—  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!—  
Turn thy complexion there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubim!  
Ay, there—look black as hell!

Shakspeare.

### *Lochiel's Warning.*

Wizard.—Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the claus of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:

They rally but they bleed!—for their kingdom and  
crown.

Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down,  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,

What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.

A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;

But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.

Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!

Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;

For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,

Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.*—Go preach to the coward, thou death-  
telling seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,

Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!

This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.*—Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,

From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the  
north,

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;

But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast!

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven

From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,

Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;

Return to thy dwelling all lonely!—return!

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.*—False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd  
my clan:

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one! —  
 They are true to the last of their blood — and their  
 breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death! —  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steel to the shock! —  
 Let him dash his proud finish like a wave on the rock!  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause;  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd;  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
 All plaided and plum'd in their tartan array —

Wizard. — Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!

For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive  
 king.  
 Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!  
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my  
 sight:

Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
 'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors!  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn;  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier.  
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel  
 Yon light, that it freezes my spirit to tell  
 Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accur'd be the faggots that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale.  
 Lochiel. — Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the  
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet  
 So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing tanks should be strow'd in differ-  
ent ways, would meet to rest all of em, are you? They are  
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore;  
Look'd, unthought of by flight or by chains, or old men  
While the kind fog of life in his bosom remains, red  
Shall victor exalt, or in death be laid to rest  
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe left  
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fate.

[illegible]

Law is law—law is law; and as in such, and so forth, and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, nevertheless, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance, and people are led up and down in it till they are tired. Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it, it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.



and spying out some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock, beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat: And that notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now the Counsel for the bull began with saying, "My Lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable? How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel:—“My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?” I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award, both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both

away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, how, where, fore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compositio* *mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney declaring, that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: "*Aque bailiff est magistratus in choiri, super omnibus fribus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et ulos, qui swimmare, in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well-boats; give oysteri, prawni, whitini, shrimp, turbotus solus;*" that is, not turbot alone, but turbot and soals both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by addle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*: <sup>Seven</sup> and so it continued till the third time, when they were nonsuited for ever. <sup>Seven</sup>

Thus says the prophet of the Turk, Good mussulman, abstain from pork; and there is a part in every swine, and that swine is a friend or follower of mine.

May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
 On pain of excommunication :—  
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
 And thus he left the point at large.  
 Had he the sinful part expressed,  
 They might with safety eat the rest ;  
 But for one piece they thought it hard  
 From the whole hog to be debarred ;  
 And set their wits at work to find  
 What joint the prophet had in mind,  
 Much controversy straight arose,  
 These choose the back, the belly those ;  
 By some, 'tis confidently said,  
 He meant not to forbid the head ;  
 While others at that doctrine rail,  
 And piously prefer the tail.  
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,  
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—the tale applied  
 May make you laugh on t'other side.  
 Renounce the world—the preacher cries :  
 We do—a multitude replies ;  
 While one as innocent regards,  
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;  
 And one, whatever you may say,  
 Can see no evil in a play ;  
 Some love a concert, or a race ;  
 And others shooting and the chase.  
 Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,  
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed ;  
 Each thinks his neighbour makes too free,  
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :  
 With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
 Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten.

Cowper.

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*Life compared to the Stage.*

ALL the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players !

They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts;  
 His acts being seven ages. First the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth! And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd! a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound! Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing!

Shakespeare.

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*The Chameleon.*

OFt has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes that hardly serv'd at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;  
 Yet round the world the blade had been  
 To see whatever could be seen.  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times perter than before;

d d

Whatever word you chauce to drop,  
The traveller'd fool your mouth will stop—  
“Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,  
I've seen, and sure I ought to know  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.”

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
And on their way, in friendly chat,  
Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.  
“A stranger animal,” cries one,  
“Sure never liv'd beneath the sun!  
A lizard's body, lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;  
And what a length of tail behind!  
How slow its pace! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue?”

“Hold there, the other quick replies,  
'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes;  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warm'd it in the sunny ray;  
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I've seen, it, Sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue.  
At leisure I the beast survey'd,  
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—”

“Green! cries the other in a fury—

Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?”

“'Twere no great loss, the friend replies,

For, if they always serve you thus,

You'll find 'em but of little use.”

So high at last the contest rose,

From words they almost came to blows;

When luckily came by a third—

To him the question they refer'd;

And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew,

Whether the thing was green or blue.

"Sirs!" cries the umpire, "cease your pother,  
 The creature's neither one nor t'other,  
 I caught the animal last night,  
 And view'd it o'er by candle light:  
 I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
 You stare!—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,  
 And can produce it."—"Pray, Sir, do:  
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."  
 "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
 "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"  
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:  
 And when before your eyes I've set him,  
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
 He said; then full before their sight  
 Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white!

Merrick.

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*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,  
 Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face:  
 Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well  
     known,  
 Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
 Hir'd lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only;  
 But Will was so fat, he appear'd like a tun;—  
 Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into One.

He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated:  
 But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated;  
 And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,  
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.—

Next night, 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the  
     next!

He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd;

Week, pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.—

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt  
him ;

For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him !  
So he sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,  
“ I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a  
guinea.”

The Doctor look'd wise:—“ A slow fever,” he said:  
Prescrib'd sudorifics—and going to bed.—  
“ Sudorifics in bed !” exclaim'd Will, “ are humbugs !  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs !”

Will kick'd out the Doctor:—but, when ill, indeed,  
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't always succeed ;  
So, calling his host, he said—“ Sir, do you know,  
I'm the fat Single Gentleman, six months ago ?”

“ Look ye, landlord, I think,” argued Will, with a  
grin,

“ That with honest intentions you first took me in :  
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold !”

Quoth the landlord;—“ Till now, I ne'er had a dis-  
pute ;

I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot ;  
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven ;  
And your bed is immediately over my oven.”

“ The oven !!!”—says Will ;—says the host, “ Why  
this passion ?

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion !  
Why so crusty, good Sir ?”—“ Zounds !” cried Will  
in a taking,

“ Who would not be crusty, with half a year's bak-  
ing ?”

Will paid for his rooms ;—cried the host, with a sneer,  
“ Well, I see you've been going away half a year.”

" Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel"  
 Will said;—  
 " But I'd rather not perish, while you make your  
 bread."

Colman.

*Toby Tossput.*

ALAS! what pity 'tis that regularity  
 Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity.  
 But there are swilling wights in London town,  
 Term'd—Jolly dogs—Choice spirits—alias swine,  
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,  
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasure thus run on,  
 Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,  
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,  
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tossput hight—  
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night;  
 And being *Bacchi plenus*,—full of wine,  
 Although he had a tolerable notion,  
 Of aiming at progressive motion,  
 'Twasn't direct——'twas serpentine.  
 He work'd with sinuosities along,  
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork;  
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,  
 a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,  
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,  
 When reading, " Please to ring the bell,"  
 And being civil beyond measure,  
 " Ring it!" says Toby—" very well;  
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,  
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down



He waited full two minutes—no one came;

He waited full two minutes more—and then,  
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;

I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright,  
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,  
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,  
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—

Calming his fears,—

"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"  
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor,  
And trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,  
He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street door,  
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby fearfully askant,—

And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall;

Then put this question;—"Pray, Sir, what d'ye  
want?"

Says Toby,—“I want nothing, Sir, at all.”

“Want nothing!—Sir, you’ve pull’d my bell, I vow,  
As if you’d jerk it off the wire.”

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—

“I pull’d it, Sir, at your desire.”

“At mine!”—“Yes, your’s; I hope I’ve done it well;

High time for bed, Sir; I was hastening to it;

But if you write up—Please to ring the bell,

Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

Colman.

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### *The Newcastle Apothecary.*

A MAN in many a country town we know,

Professing openly with death to wrestle:

Entering the field against the grimy foe,  
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle!

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,  
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:  
Who first shake hands before they box,  
Then give each other plaguy knocks,  
With all the love and kindness of a brother.

So,—many a suffering patient saith,—  
Though the apothecary fights with death,  
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Esculapian line,  
Liv'd at Newcastle-upon-Tyne;  
No man could better gild a pill;  
Or make a bill;  
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;  
Or draw a tooth out of your head;  
Or chatter scandal by your bed;  
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:  
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:  
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin-to,  
This balanc'd things, for if he hurl'd  
A few score mortals from the world,  
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran,  
In short, in reputation he was *solus*!  
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"  
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,  
—Which often times will genius fetter,—  
Read works of fancy, it is said;  
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?  
Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?  
Of poetry, though patron god,  
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus lov'd verse ;—and took so much delight in't,  
That his prescriptions, he resolv'd to write in't,  
No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels;  
In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables,  
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse !—and where's the treason ?  
'Tis simple honest dealing ;—not a crime ;  
When patients swallow physic without reason,  
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,  
Some three miles from the town—it might be four ;  
To whom one evening Bolus sent an article—  
In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,  
And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote a verse ;  
Which one should think was clear enough,  
And terse.

*" When taken  
To be well shaken."*

Next morning early, Bolus rose ;  
And to the patient's house he goes !

Upon his pad,  
Who a vile trick of stumbling had :  
It was indeed a very sorry hack ;

But that's of course :  
For what's expected from a horse,  
With an apothecary on his back ?

Bolus arriv'd, and gave a double tap,  
Between a single and a double rap—  
Knocks of this kind

Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance,  
By fiddlers, and by opera singers :

One loud, and then a little one behind.

As if the knocker fell, by chance,  
Out of their fingers—

The servant lets him in with dismal face,  
Long as a courtier's out of place—  
Portending some disaster—

John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,  
As if the Apothecary had physick'd him,  
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said;

John shook his head.

"Indeed?—hum!—ha!—that's very odd;

He took the draught?"—John gave a nod!

"Well—how?—What then?—Speak out you dunce."

"Why then," says John, we *shook* him once."

"Shook him!—how?" Bolus stammer'd out:

"We jolted him about."

"What! shake a patient, man—a shake wont do."

"No, Sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes!—you horse!

'Twould make the patient worse."

"It did so, Sir—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—"Then, Sir, my master—  
died!"

Colman.

### *Pity for Poor Africans.*

I own I am shocked at the purchase of slaves,  
And fear those who buy them and sell them are  
knaves;

What I hear of their hardships, their tortures, and  
Is almost enough to draw pity from stones. [groans,

I pity them greatly, but I must be mum,  
For how could we do without sugar and rum?

Especially sugar, so needful we see—

What! give up our desserts, our coffee, and tea!

Besides, if we do, the French, Dutch, and Danes,  
Will heartily thank us, no doubt, for our pains;

If *we* do not buy the poor creatures, *they* will,  
And tortures and groans will be multiplied still.

If foreigners likewise would give up the trade,  
Much more in behalf of your wish might be said:

But, while they get riches by purchasing blacks,  
Pray tell me why we may not also go snacks?

Your scruples and arguments bring to my mind,  
A story so pat, you may think it is coined,  
On purpose to answer you, out of my mind;  
But I can assure you I saw it in print.

A youngster at school more sedate than the rest,  
Had once his integrity put to the test;  
His comrades had plotted an orchard to rob,  
And asked him to go and assist in the job.

He was shocked, Sir, like you, and answered—"Oh  
no!

What! rob our good neighbour! I pray you don't go;  
Besides the man's poor, his orchard's his bread,  
Then think of his children, for they must be fed."

"You speak very fine, and you look very grave,  
But apples we want, and apples we'll have;  
If you will go with us, you shall have a share,  
If not, you shall have neither apple nor pear."

They spoke, and Tom pondered—"I see they will  
Poor man! What a pity to injure him so! [go;  
Poor man! I would save him his fruit if I could,  
But staying behind will do him no good.

"If the matter depended alone upon me,  
His apples might hang till they dropped from the tree;  
But, since they will take them, I think I'll go too,  
He will lose none by me, though I get a few."

His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,  
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;  
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:  
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.

Cowper.

## EXTRACT FROM THE LITANY.

From all blindness of heart ; from pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy ; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

From fornication, and all other deadly sin ; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

From lightning and tempest ; from plague, pestilence, and famine ; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion ; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism ; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation, by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision, by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat, by thy Cross and Passion, by thy precious Death and Burial, by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,

*Good Lord, deliver us.*

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God ; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way,

*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, thy servant George, our most gracious King and Governor,

*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to rule his heart in thy faith, fear, and love, and that he may evermore have

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affiance in thee, and ever seek thy honour and glory,  
*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to be his defender and  
keeper, giving him the victory over all his enemies,  
*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to bless and preserve all  
the Royal Family,

*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops,  
Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and under-  
standing of thy Word; and that both by their preach-  
ing and living they may set it forth, and shew it ac-  
cordingly,

*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies,  
persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts,  
*We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.*

This excellent prayer of the Church of England we intended to put at the end of 'Pulpit Eloquence,' but, as it happened to be omitted, we have inserted it in this place. There is peculiar scope in this supplication for the good reader; who by increasing in elevation, and, if possible, in solemn and serious earnestness, at each of the particulars, must be very impressive. *Good Lord* must evidently terminate with the rising inflection. Here, as in all extracts, Nature directs us how to address God Almighty. Want of becoming seriousness, or any thing like levity or affectation, must here be a crime of the greatest magnitude. It must be noticed that *good Lord* is not used in the same form throughout. It is changed at *We sinners do beseech thee*—consequently, *good Lord* assumes the falling inflection, and *may* the rising. In the prayer books which we have seen, the point used before *We beseech thee* is a semicolon, for which we see no reason. The close connection evidently subsisting between the parts cannot, in our opinion, admit of such a separation. We have, therefore, changed it to the comma.







